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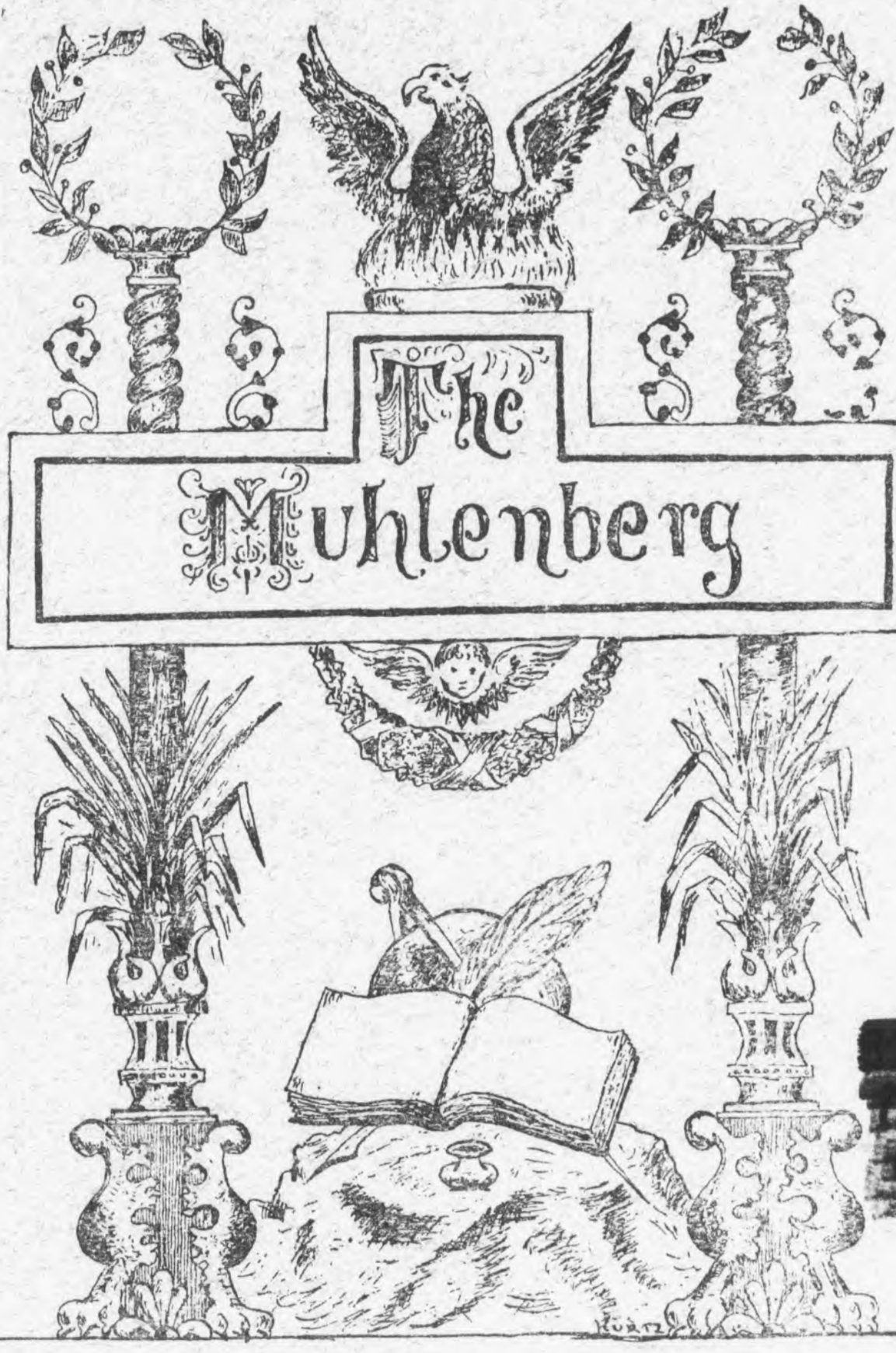

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THE MUHLENBERG.

"Literæ Sine Ingenio Vanæ."

VOL. XXI. ALLENTOWN, PA., SEPTEMBER, 1903. No. 1.

OPENING ADDRESS.

REV. PROF. JOHN A. BAUMAN, PH. D., '73.

(September 3d, 1903.)

Respected President, fellow members of the Faculty, students, ladies and gentlemen, friends of Muhlenberg College! It is with much uneasiness of mind that I rise to address you this morning. New departures are always more or less experiments, and my address is a new departure. Heretofore these opening addresses have not been made by members of the Faculty, but by prominent people in the Church and the community, and there was good reason for such a course. The people of this day, like the Athenians of old want to hear something new, and students are that sort of people, too. Even the dulcet tones of the Faculty grow wearisome by too frequent reiteration to these patient, long-suffering, humble young men who form the students of Muhlenberg. Hence I fear the outcome of this experiment. But there is even more reason to fear it than has been mentioned. You all know how the subject of mathematics is regarded, by the uninitiated at least, as awfully dry and distasteful, and mathematical professors as arid as the subject itself. No wonder that I tremble at the prospect. It may be asked why I assumed so heavy a responsibility and risked so doubtful an experiment. It was to set you, young gentlemen, a good example of obedience. We professors expect your prompt obedience in the class-room, but we, too, are under authority —therefore, I am here. The venerable and beloved President of this institution expressed it as his wish that I should undertake this duty, and, therefore, with high appreciation of the honor, and with the hope that the experiment may not

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prove entirely a dismal failure, nor your stock of patience completely exhausted, I beg your attention for 2—x hours this morning.

Students of Muhlenberg! Whether you realize it or not, whether you believe it or not, you are heartily to be congratulated at the beginning of another college year. To you, with some variation of word and meaning, may be addressed the words of the Lord to His disciples, "Blessed are the eyes which see the things ye see, for many have desired to see those things which ye see and have not seen them, and to hear those things which ye hear and have not heard them;" for, notwithstanding the numerous facilities for higher education in our favored land, there are still many who for one reason or another can not avail themselves of them. How true it is that frequently the one who has the opportunity does not value it, and the one who does value it does not have it.

This was the case with Esau. As the eldest son the birthright was his, but one day, after an unsuccessful hunt, he returns footsore, faint, and hungry, to find Jacob cooking a mess of savory pottage. In his distress he readily acquiesces in the sharp and unbrotherly suggestion of Jacob to sell his birthright for some of that same red pottage, or, to put it into modern phraseology, for bread and baked beans. If ever any poor, weak fool made a mess of it, he did that day, and this style of fool has not all been killed off yet; though thousands of them die every year. The species seems to be extraordinarily prolific, and some of them even enter college. The more one contemplates the folly of Esau, the more colossal it becomes. Think of it! For the sake of *at once* gratifying his appetite (for surely he himself could soon have found the means of appeasing it, had he possessed the grit to endure a little while longer) he bartered away a priceless boon. The readiness with which he parted with it demonstrates conclusively the esteem in which he held it, and fully justifies the words of Holy Writ, "Thus Esau despised his birthright."

Lest you be tempted to do likewise by a similar depreciation of your privileges, lest you forget what a heritage is yours, let us recall to mind what a college course may mean to each one of you. Rightly carried out you may go through college with a good record for scholarship, the esteem of your professors and your classmates, and graduate with a mind

stored with useful knowledge, and thoroughly disciplined for taking up and carrying to a successful finish any line of work you may choose, or circumstances determine. On the other hand, by placing a low estimate upon the real work and a high one on incidentals, by a failure to grasp the great importance of the four years to your future progress, by selling its glorious advantages for a mess of pottage or even less and worse, you will either fail to graduate, or if you do, you will come away from college a disappointment to your friends, an anxiety to your parents, a source of regret to your teachers. Let me then impress upon you the great advantages of a college training.

A college course will impart to you a large amount of useful knowledge on many varied subjects, from the earth at your feet to the glorious expanse of heaven, from the lowly amoeba to the complex organism of man's body, from the germ floating in the air to the lordly oak that crowns the mountain's brow, from the instinct of the animal to the many-sided and wonderful mind of man. And such knowledge is, in the first place, power. It is the lever of Archimedes wherewith to move the world, when the fulcrum of persistent effort and the energy of faithful application are added. It is the water in the boiler which is to be transformed into steam and energy by the fire of continual labor. The more a man knows, other things being equal, the more capable he is, as a farmer, a mechanic, a business man, a lawyer, a doctor, or a clergyman. This is truer to-day than it has ever been, and as the life of man becomes more and more complex, it will be still more the case. In the web of modern life many threads are woven, and the more complete your knowledge is of each, the more perfect will be your reasoning and the more correct your judgment. Please do not misunderstand me. Knowledge alone will not suffice, but knowledge is a very important factor, one which dare not be omitted if success is to crown your efforts.

In these days of homage to the money-making power of an individual, when the mass of the people have no other standard of success than the amount of money a man has accumulated, and the ideal put before young men is that of the "captains of industry" who have amassed their millions by means and ways not always legitimate or above suspicion,

this fact that knowledge increases the power to make a living, to acquire a competency, or to become rich, is very generally conceded; but the mistake is made of limiting the acquisition of knowledge to certain very narrow lines, and to despise every kind of knowledge which does not directly aid to this end, namely, the amassing of wealth.

But even for this end education may be based on too narrow a foundation and thus defeat its own purpose. The more rays your burning-glass can collect and converge to a single point, the more powerful will be its effect. It will not do to confine a man's acquisition of knowledge, even for money-earning purposes, to too small a compass.

Too much stress, however, may be placed upon the mere possession of wealth. Riches can do much for a person. What, indeed, can not be done with money in these days! Its power seems to be unlimited. And yet money can not do everything. Some of the best things in this world money can not purchase. Hence it is folly to view knowledge as power only to make a better living or to gain wealth.

Knowledge in the second place is a satisfaction, a delight, which alone is worth all the cost of getting it. What will it matter, my friends, if in the future you should not be the richest man in your community; you will have a constant source of enjoyment unknown to those who have not that broad range of knowledge you, as a college graduate, ought to have. In college you learn to know the thoughts of the wisest and the best men of the past, you learn to know the ideas which have swayed the minds of men for ages. Is it not worth much to know Homer and Socrates and Plato, Virgil, Caesar, and Cicero, and the other worthies of antiquity? Is it no satisfaction to learn the rise, progress, and decay of nations, and investigate the causes thereof, and thus be prepared to interpret the history of the present by the light of the past? Is it no pleasure to trace the plant from the tiny embryo to the tall and stately pine; to dig into the earth and read those massive books of stone whose pages are crowded with the evidence of former life in diversified and peculiar forms; to study the thoughts and forms of expression of the best writers of English; to become prepared to read the productions of the men of genius and thought of the Fatherland; to get an insight into the laws which regulate the combination

of the elements, and thus in some degree to understand how the chemist can from so unpromising a substance as coal tar produce dyes which rival the rainbow; to make oneself acquainted with the principles of that science which has weighed the sun, measured the swiftness of light, tunneled our mountains, laid tracks across the continent, and surveyed our estates; to study the phenomena of nature round about us and become familiar with the manifold uses to which man has made light and heat and electricity tributary; to gaze towards the sky and learn the wonderful method and order there manifested in the movements of planet and star, comet and nebula; to gaze within and learn the intricate workings of the human mind and the laws which regulate them? Surely, to a mind properly constituted, there is a pleasure and a delight in these items of knowledge which the mere acquisition and possession of money can not give.

And yet there are those who say, "I do not care for these things. I do not need them for my happiness." Alas, such small souls speak the truth. They do not need them. It does not take much to fill a pint cup. Give an ox a pleasant pasture in the day time and a comfortable shelter at night, and his little pint mug of happiness is full to the brim; but then he is only an ox, nothing more.

"'Tis not the whole of life to live" is true in a lower sense than that meant by the writer. Is it living, in the best sense of that word, for man, created in the image of his Maker, made a little lower than the angels, to find his happiness in satisfying the mere animal propensities of his nature? How pitiable to find him act as though he were the offspring of the monkey, the glutton, and the mole!

We live in an age of newspapers, of telephone and the telegraph. Our morning paper spreads before us a panorama of the world's life during the previous twenty-four hours. Not a phase of human thought, of human activity, of human achievement, whether in our own land or on the distant shores of Asia, is left untouched. Therefore, to do so simple a thing as to read one's newspaper with pleasure and intelligent appreciation one needs a broad and liberal culture, a many-sided attainment of knowledge which a college course such as ours is intended to impart. Even a college-bred man may have to refer occasionally to the dictionary and the

encyclopedia, and what a laborious task it must be to the man of lesser horizon to grasp with thorough appreciation the different items his paper contains!

When we then consider the books and magazines which are printed in such profusion in our land, and some of which a well-informed man is expected to read, and see how full of allusions they are to matters of literature, past and present, of science, of philosophy, of history, we notice again how a thorough course at college prepares a man rightly to enjoy his hours of leisure with a favorite book or magazine.

And this brings us to a matter which it seems to me has quite generally been lost sight of, how the broad curriculum of a college prepares a man to enjoy his moments of leisure, whether voluntary or involuntary. After a man has made a suitable competency and retires from active work, the question arises, "How shall I use my leisure for my own enjoyment and the blessing of others?" At such a time the liberally educated man has a great advantage over his equally rich neighbor, whose education has been altogether on technical lines. There are avenues upon avenues of intellectual pleasures open to the man of broad culture, which are closed to the other. He can take up any one of the sciences and find delight and profit in its pursuit. He can pass his days in delightful converse with the masters of prose and poetry. He can make himself thoroughly conversant with the life and thought of past days. He can travel, and when he does, the wonders of ocean and mountain, of island and valley, of lake and waterfall, of plain and forest, have a deeper significance, a stronger influence, a more invigorating potency for him than for his less liberally educated companion. In visiting the principal cities of Europe, the valley of the Nile, the Tigris and Euphrates, what a wealth of association, what a flood of memories, what a host of worthies will rise before him. These places will vividly recall to his mind's eye the important events that have transpired there, and the prominent actors in them. So Byron says:

"I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs;
A palace and a prison on each hand:
I saw from out the wave her structures rise,
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand:
A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
Around me, and a dying glory smiles
O'er the far times when many a subject land
Looked to the winged Lion's marble piles,
Where Venice sate in state, throned on her hundred isles!

"But unto us she hath a spell beyond
Her name in story, and her long array
Of mighty shadows, whose dim forms despond
Above the dogeless city's vanished sway;
Ours is a trophy which will not decay
With the Rialto; Shylock and the Moor,
And Pierre, can not be swept or worn away—
The keystone of the arch! though all were o'er,
For us repeopled were the solitary shore."

Knowledge is the wonderful magician at the touch of whose puissant wand the ruins of the past rise into stately structures, the tombs and the dust send forth the resurrected dead, the ocean bends under the weight of mighty armaments, and the earth trembles with the measured step of marching millions. The present disappears, and the man of knowledge sees the resplendent glory of the past replace the ruins, desolation, and desert wastes of the present. The man who knows has thus an unfailing source of enjoyment. He may lose health, money, friends—as long as his brain remains unimpaired, he has a perpetual fountain of delectation within him.

"His mind to him a kingdom is,
Such present joys therein he finds
That it excels all other bliss
That earth affords or grows by kind."—*Ed. Dyer.*

For him there are "tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything."

To sum up. What is the reward for the faithful student who has made full use of his great opportunities at college to lay up a store of knowledge? Let Mrs. Barbauld answer: "A large, comprehensive soul, well purged from vulgar fears and perturbations, and prejudices; able to comprehend and interpret the works of man—of God; a rich, flourishing, cul-

tivated mind, pregnant with inexhaustible stores of entertainment and reflection; a perpetual spring of fresh ideas; and the conscious dignity of superior intelligence."

Great as this is, however, it is not the whole nor even the largest boon an education imparts. The chief object, indeed, of a college course is not the acquisition of knowledge, though this feature of it is by no means to be lightly esteemed. It may be termed the raw material, which has to be put into useful and attractive forms by the complex machinery of the mind working at the bidding and under the direction of the man. For the production of any article, whether it be a palace or a hut, a steam-engine or a penknife, a floating fort or a yacht, there is needed the material, the machinery to manipulate it, and the skilled workman. Other nations can raise large armies and equip them with all the modern death-dealing weapons, but they can not put the same kind of men behind the guns as we of the land of "Old Glory" can do. A Lipton can build his Shamrocks, vying in beauty and almost in sailing qualities with our own Reliances, but he can not put a Captain Barr in command of them, and that is the reason why the cup has for fifty years remained on this side of the Atlantic, and is likely to remain fifty more.

A college course is then intended to do much more than impart knowledge, it is to train the mind to handle knowledge skillfully, usefully, beneficially. This is indeed its chief use. The acquisition of facts is a daily occurrence, it should be the matter of a life time, but the ability to assimilate, sift, classify, and apply them effectively to the work on hand is largely the result of training in the years of our preparation.

At this point it may be well to emphasize the word mind. When one reads the reports of college doings in the papers from week to week, one can form but one idea of the work done there, and one wonders why such places, where, according to the papers, they seem to do nothing but play foot-ball and base-ball and basket-ball and sing college songs, need any professors of languages, of mathematics, or of sciences, why such places should be called institutions of learning at all. On investigation, however, we discover that these games are largely the concern of a very small proportion of the students, and that the main body of them and even the participants in these games, to a greater or less extent, are devoted to study.

The newspapers are largely responsible for the wrong impression made upon the public, but not the newspapers only, the public, too, is to blame. What do the majority of our citizens care whether the students are studying hard and making good progress? That is too intangible. That requires too much mental effort on their part to appreciate. But the dear public can go to a foot-ball contest and see the scrimmages and shout itself hoarse and work itself into a frenzy over the victors and get ingloriously intoxicated in the celebrating. It is no strain on the intellect, and so that is the kind of thing they want, and the newspapers supply the demand. The mischief is that students and patrons form a wrong idea of college. A true college is not a physical training school, nor a manual training school, not even a technical school. These are all legitimate in their place, but they are not colleges. A true college does recognize the importance of the maxim "a sound mind in a sound body," and provides in a more or less complete form facilities for play as well as work, for a systematic training of the body as well as of the mind, but only as a secondary affair—as something helpful to its true aim, not the object itself. Colleges were not founded and endowed in order to give young men a chance for bodily training and development, and surely not Muhlenberg College. The task of bringing Muhlenberg to its present status has been no easy one. Even for the creation of a "Greater Muhlenberg" the response has not been as hearty as could be wished. What would it have been for a school whose main efforts were to be directed toward the proper development of the body. Our Pennsylvania German farmers would say, and correctly too, "My boy can get all that behind the mower and the reaper, the plow and the harrow, the hoe and the mattock."

No, a college is a mental training school, and its varied curriculum is chosen with this end in view, to train powers already active, to draw out and develop those that lie dormant, to direct the strong and to strengthen the weak, and in addition to give to the mind the power of keen, long-continued attention, of quick, alert, and concentrated activity, of logical reasoning from well-established premises.

The weakness of a special or an elective course lies in the fact that, as may be expected, a person chooses that for which he has a natural aptitude, or he elects that which will require

the least effort in the prosecution, and in so doing he fails to develop the very powers which most need it. This is as if a man with weak arms would only exercise his legs, because, forsooth, he could do it more easily, or *vice versa*. What physical director would advise or allow such a course? Does the folly become less so because it pertains to the mind rather than the body? Is a man with lop-sided mental training superior to a man with a lop-sided physical training? Is the one any better able to cope with the problems of life than the other. ?

The world at present is suffering from such one-sided and partial training. Men are in a hurry to get at their life's work, so they say, and so they want to take a short cut in their preparation to make money, for that is the measure of success with them. A college professor with his small salary, a preacher with his sparse income, are not their ideals, but a Carnegie, a Rockefeller, a Schwab, who by ways that are devious and not overly righteous amasses his millions and then spends them on libraries, schools, and organs. If money were the criterion of success then matters would be strangely jumbled. "A first-class cook," says one, "can earn more, or rather is paid more than a first-class college professor. Important as good cooking is for the physical and mental welfare of mankind, nobody would put the kitchen on a level with the professional chair." "A long-legged, shortwaisted Georgia boy, who has only recently attained his majority, is assured an income of $50,000 this year for his skill in riding horses on a race track. He does not know as much Greek as a Freshman, or as much about interest and discount as a broker's clerk. Yet he earns as much as the President of the biggest bank or the richest trust company." "There is something incongruous in our civilization by which a jockey is paid as much for his services as the President of the United States."

These examples will suffice to show how little money can be taken as the criterion of success. Men of one idea, who work only in one line all their life, are pretty sure of accomplishing their object, whatever it be, but how warped, how one-sided. What pitiful excuses they are for a well-balanced, well-rounded, God-created man. What are scientific, medical, and religious cranks, not to mention the hosts of others, but men so mastered by one idea that they can not grasp nor

comprehend anything else. Science has been so interpreted as to make it the bitter opponent of the true religion, by men trained to look at a matter from only one side, and in this way incalculable harm has been done. There is a scientific dogmatism more reprehensible than religious dogmatism, for it is far less defensible. There is scientific narrowness as well as religious narrowness. When a man can only see with the microscope his vision is very incomplete. A more candid survey, a broader knowledge, has more than once demolished what seemed to be well-intended theories. What wonder then that the true college has no love for any one-sided mental training.

The college curriculum offers a course in languages, ancient and modern, all tending to exercise a young man in choice of words, enrich his vocabulary, and develop his judgment, to compel attention to details, to make him exact.

It offers a course in mathematics to train him to rigid reasoning, to cultivate his powers of attention, application, and concentration, and to habituate him to a quick grasp of the main point in a problem and its various relations.

It offers a course in science to give him practice in grasping facts and making them the basis of reasoning and proper influence, to teach him to observe the world about him, and ruthlessly to reject whatever has been proved to be false.

It offers a course in history to teach the subtle relations between cause and effect in the rise and fall of empires, and to train the mind to detect the hidden impulses that led nations to victory or defeat, to help it to compare the results of the same dominant idea under different environments.

It offers a course in mental philosophy and logic to give a man skill in reasoning and argument and enable him from trustworthy premises to arrive at correct conclusions.

A true college also realizes that man is more than mind and body, that he is in addition a religious being, and provides for the training of this part of his nature, too.

Such is the feast of good things that awaits you. Yours is indeed a goodly heritage. To attain to all this is surely worth all the labor, the hardship, the self-denial you were obliged to endure to come here. Such a birthright should not be lightly esteemed.

And yet like Esau you may sell it for a mess of pottage. Let us see some of the ways in which this may be done.

Your education is an individual matter. It can not be delegated to others. No one else can do your studying for you, not even your teacher. If you wish to reap the benefits, you must perform the labor needed. Daniel Webster said: "Costly apparatus and splendid cabinets have no magical power to make scholars. In all circumstances, as a man is, under God, the master of his own fortune, so he is the maker of his own mind. The Creator has so constituted the human intellect, that it can only grow by its own action; and, by its own action and free will, it will certainly and necessarily grow. Every man must, therefore, educate himself. His book and teacher are but helps; the work is his." So for Webster.

The student, therefore, who does not apply himself to his studies and try to master them, who studies only what he must in order to go on with his class, is despising his birthright and bartering its inestimable blessings for the pottage of ease and self-indulgence. He unfits himself for future usefulness, or wastes precious time which can never be recovered.

The student who is too indolent to give the proper time and attention to his various studies, or prefers to give that time to the amusements and amenities of life, and in order to make a tolerably good showing in his class uses helps, or cheats, is certainly despising his birthright and bartering it for what will prove a curse to him in after life. Instead of receiving benefit, he is doing himself injury, instead of being trained for usefulness, he is mistraining himself and unfitting himself for work in after life. He comes out of college less able to cope with difficulties than he went in. His college course has unfitted him mentally and morally to do good, first-class work.

Young man, if you have to throw away your manhood and self-respect to acquire your Greek, Latin and Mathematics, you had better do without them and without a college training. It is not essential to a Christian character that a man should have gone over a little Latin and Greek, much less mastered them; but it is very essential that he should be an honest man, with a conscience void of offence toward God and man. The man who cheats in school or college is the

worst fool alive, for he is his own worst enemy ; he deliberately cheats himself out of what he pays the college authorities to give him. He sells his birthright for a very poor mess of pottage indeed. He is worse than Esau. Esau had some justification. He has none whatever.

The student who studies only what he likes and slights the rest of the curriculum is making a very poor choice and doing a very poor thing. Think ye life will be one long round of pleasant duties? Think ye there will be no disagreeable things to do, no tremendous obstacles to remove in your life's work? And do you think the proper way to fit yourselves for such disagreeable duties is to do only what you like now? Is a foot-ball expert made by lying supinely in a hammock and smoking his corn-cob pipe, or a skillful pianist by sitting in an easy chair listening to some performer? Nay, it takes a great deal of disagreeable work to master any art or study, and life is full of what is difficult and disagreeable, and the only way to be ready to overcome is to accustom oneself to doing hard and disagreeable things now. Man was made to have dominion—to be master, not to be mastered. Is there a branch of study not to your liking? There's your chance to show yourself a man, one who was intended to be conqueror and not conquered. Make up your mind that you are not going to be beaten, that you will triumph over it. Attack it with vigor, with industry, with persistency, and you will end with not only mastering it, but liking it. I know a lady at one of the best colleges in the land who, in her first year at college, was conditioned in mathematics. This so mortified her that she determined it should never happen again, and she ended by becoming professor of mathematics in that very institution. The conquering of a disliked study is the best of preparation for life. The same kind of grit which will keep you at some disagreeable study until you have mastered it will help you overcome every obstacle that may arise. We learn to overcome by overcoming. "Thou, therefore, endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ" is Paul's advice to a young recruit in the army of the Lord, and it would be well if our young men would train themselves in lower walks as well to endure hardships and privations. Do not barter away the precious opportunities for training yourself to endure and to overcome which you have in undertaking and

performing the disagreeable duties of college life, for a habit of cowardly evasion and baleful neglect.

Pernicious as are the results of the barterings thus mentioned, there is one far more ruinous in its effects, and far-reaching in its consequences. What is a man profited, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? What is a man profited if he gain a college education with all its attendant advantages, if in the getting thereof he lose his faith in Christ, his devotion to Christ's cause, and his hope of everlasting blessedness with Him? This would indeed be selling the most precious heritage of man for a mess of pottage. And it has happened. A young man has gone into college apparently with clean habits, good principles, and a Christian character, and he has left it a dissipated and besmirched soul and a pronounced unbeliever. New surroundings, new and peculiar temptations, a tampering with what was polluting, a compromising with attractive forms of sin, a lack of unceasing and prayerful vigilance over one's habits and doings and tendencies, a failure to use those means which God has so abundantly provided for our spiritual sustenance and upbuilding in His Word and sanctuary, a neglect of daily individual communion with Christ in the retirement of one's closet—all contribute their share to the young man's spiritual and moral undoing. Some of the studies even may add their influence. In these days of materialistic science, when the effort is so persistently made by narrow-minded scientists and superficial scribblers to array science against the religion of Jesus Christ, there is danger that a study of the sciences may unsettle the belief of a young man. Here the lines of Pope are directly applicable:

> "A *little* learning is a dangerous thing,
> Drink *deep*, or taste not the Pierian Spring."

The remedy for such an unsettling is a deeper, broader, and more capacious knowledge of God's threefold Book: the Book of Nature, the Book of Man, and the Book of God. There will be no sceptics at the great day of account. When we know even as we are known, we will see a beautiful harmony and mutual illustration in the three books. As God is the author of all three, there can be no disagreement nor discrepancy save that which arises from man's own short-sighted vision.

In conclusion, therefore, my dear young friends, while I

bid you welcome to the feast of good things provided for you by the friends of Muhlenberg, and by your fathers and mothers, I would at the same time urge you earnestly to set a high value upon the privileges here offered you, to place before you for daily imitation the life and character of the Lord Jesus Christ, who set us an example that we should follow His steps, to spend a part of each day in private prayer and meditation so that you may be able to resist and overcome every temptation to follow the bad example of Esau, who so far despised his birthright that he flung it away for a *mess of pottage.*

LEADERSHIP.

ELLIS W. ERNEY, '04.

Great men to whose wills our wills are to be subordinated and surrendered, and find themselves benefited in doing so, must be said to have the leadership over us. We are continually learning truth from men of all the different vocations of life especially the preacher, the teacher, the poet, the statesman, and the scientist. A man who tries to gain the leadership over others in a mean way, and for the sake of his own welfare, only fails, and ought to fail, for in such an action there would be a diabolic wrong.

People of the present age scrutinize into the private conduct and motives of individuals before they allow their wills to be subordinated by others. So we see that in order to gain the leadership over others we must possess qualities which are not challenged by truth.

The first essential, in my opinion, in order that we may possess the leadership over others, is to search after such truth as must be accepted by all people to be beneficial to them, so as to bring them nearer to that end in education at which we are all aiming, namely, perfection. We call him a weak-minded man who allows his will to be subordinated by any one who is mean, and tries to force obedience on others for the sake of his own personal gain. Such obedience is a vice instead of a virtue.

The preacher who discourses on the gospel, or on the way of salvation, ought to be such a man whose words and actions

are dependent upon truth, and who, like Luther, is so steadfast in his belief as to challenge every wrong that presents itself to him. Such a preacher, in the same manner as Luther, must be considered a great man. It is also a fact that men who are eager to learn truth will allow their wills to be subordinated and come under obedience to the will of such a man as Luther, who is willing to uphold the truth for the welfare of others.

The teacher is the next man to whom belongs the leadership, provided he is worthy of it, for it is he who by his supervision, guidance, and assistance moulds the character of his pupils. Some teachers complain of the disobedience of their pupils. Such teachers in many cases do not possess the qualities that a teacher should have. I do not blame the pupil for disobedience in such a case, for he who is worthy is the only one to be obeyed. A teacher, as well as any other person who wants to possess the power to command, must search after truth and use it in such a way that it will be beneficial to others.

To the poet who is able to put truth in the best language we must assign the leadership over man, for his works bear truth which is profitable to us. We might name a few of our American poets, as Whittier and Longfellow, who have sacrificed their time to put in beautiful language truth by which our minds can be more enriched, and directed to search still more into the mysteries of nature. Their works are such that we are willing to study them and feel that we are benefited by them.

The same may be said of the scientist: we call him a leader if he is able to discover some hidden secret in nature, and convinces us of the fact that it is true and of some use to us.

The statesman is the next important person to be considered, for on him depends in a great measure the prosperity of a country. Allow me to quote the words of Carlyle concerning statesmanship: "Find in any country the ablest man that exists there; raise him to the supreme place, and loyally reverence him; you have a perfect government for that country; no ballot box, parliamentary eloquence, voting, constitution building or other machinery whatsoever can improve it a whit. It is in the perfect state; an ideal coun-

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try." In every profession in the present age active men are needed who realize that they can not become too proficient for their work; such men are continually striving to become better fitted to perform their duties. The truth of the matter is that the present age demands the ablest men it can find for all professions. The man who performs all the duties that are connected with his work, in the best way that he is able, is the man that is needed. I say in the best way that he is able, for no man can be perfect. The present age needs men who are energetic and who are desirous to promote the welfare of their fellow men and country. In short I wish to say that everybody ought to be prepared for the work which he is to do, for the ablest man is the one who is victorious in the end.

THE MUHLENBERG.

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Editorial.

With this issue of the MUHLENBERG another new staff assumes the initiative. It shall be our purpose to endeavor to sustain the standard to which former staffs have raised it. We pledge you our assurance that we will put forth our best efforts in the discharge of our respective duties, and leave our readers and perusers judge as to whether we are maintaining the reputation of the journal. In this, our determination and resolution, we hope we may have the hearty support and earnest co-operation of both students and alumni. It is your journal operated by us, and unless you, as a subscriber and reader, do your share, you can not justly criticise us if our efforts are not productive of good results.

* * *

At the beginning of this volume you will find the opening address by Dr. Bauman published in full. We would especially recommend this address to our readers. It is an intellectual treat.

THE PENNSYLVANIA CHAUTAUQUA.

It is with great pleasure that we record the success of Muhlenberg's representative, Mr. Lee M. Erdman, in the oratorical contest at Mt. Gretna Park, Pa., July 31st, 1903. Mr. Erdman won the first prize of twenty dollars for his oration, "The Moral Law of Nations."

This is the second time in regular succession that Muhlenberg has won first prize.

The following is the entire program:

1. Franklin and Marshall College, "Our Attitude in Respect to the State," John Fulton, Lancaster, Pa.
2. Ursinus College, "Our Industrial Despot," Edwin Milton Sando, Lebanon, Pa.
3. Muhlenberg College, "The Moral Law of Nations," Lee M. Erdman, Allentown, Pa.
4. Haverford College, "Charles Sumner, the Statesman of Conscience," H. A. Domincovich, Philadelphia, Pa.
5. Lebanon Valley College, "The Reunion of the Puritan and Cavalier," John I. Shaud, Annville, Pa.

The judges were Dr. Anna J. McKeag, of Wellesley College; Prof. George P. Bible, of National School of Elocution, Philadelphia, and Prof. H. H. Stayd, Principal of Minersville Public Schools. The first prize of twenty dollars was won by Muhlenberg's representative; the second of fifteen dollars by Haverford's, and the third of five dollars by Franklin and Marshall's.

Personals.

Past—Vacation.

Present—Fair.

Future—Work.

The following persons have entered Franklin and Marshall College: Erdman and Hoffman, '04; Mueller and Renninger, '06.

Kriebel, 05, has taken up the Civil Engineering Course at Lehigh University.

Spohn, '05, entered the Sophomore Class at Princeton.

Kohler, '06, has undertaken to wield the rod for the coming school term.

The Freshman Class elected the following officers: President, Shimer; Vice President, Shock; Secretary, Lauer; Treasurer, Heckman; Monitor, Breidenbach.

The annual stair rush between the Sophomore and Freshman Classes took place on Friday, September 11th. The Sophomores, because of their superior strength and position, held the stairs until the finish. It was a vigorous contest and lasted about fifteen minutes. The Freshmen are to be congratulated for the zeal and enthusiasm with which they attacked the opposing Class.

At the annual meeting of the Franklin Literary Society the following officers were elected: President, Dry, '04; Vice President, Kern, '05; Secretary, Dr. Ettinger; Treasurer, Dr. Bauman; Curators, Huntsinger, '04, and Rhodes, '04.

One of the Seniors already Mark(s) the fact that Shakespeare used good logic when he wrote "Hamlet."

All the classes at college were represented at the Osborne Hotel, Atlantic City. The boys were employed as tip bearers.

S. O. Sigmond, of Ottawa, Ill., has entered the Junior Class.

Rhodes, '04, spent Sunday, September 13th, with Norman Ritter, at Pottstown.

Dr. Whitehorne (to Smith, '06): What are the opposite organs of a flower?" (Pause). "Well what does the word opposite mean?"

Smith, '06: "Unlike."

Dr. Bauman (to Krause, '06): "What is the Greek word for 'I am undone'?"

Krauss, 06: *Oichoinai* (I am off).

Delong, '05, has been appointed an alternate for the cadetship that this Congressional District is entitled to at West Point.

Keboch, 04, who was called home on account of his father's illness, has again resumed his duties in the classroom.

Keiter, '05, is able to be about again. He was compelled to relinquish his studies last spring on account of a very sore ankle.

Dorney, '05, has entered Lehigh University. He expects to take up the Civil Engineering Course.

Our Alumni.

'73. Rev. George G. Kunkle is secretary of the Carbon Collegiate Institute, East Mauch Chunk, Pa.

'73. The Rev. Dr. Nicum last night delivered his third lecture on the subject of "Babel and the Bible." He dwelt especially upon the code of Hammurabi, quite recently discovered at Lusa, and its relation to the Mosaic law. He said that Hammurabi was a contemporary of Abraham, probably from fifty to seventy-five years older than the patriarch, that he lived about 2200 before Christ, was for fifty-five years King of Chaldaea, and is twice mentioned in Genesis XIV, 1 and 9, as "Amraphel King Shinar," and as one of the five kings who waged war upon the King of Sodom and his allies. The two hundred and eighty-two laws are inscribed upon six tablets. Many of them are of a crude nature.

There are nineteen passages in the code of Hammurabi, which, it is claimed, in a greater or less degree correspond to passages in the 21st, 22d and 23d chapters of Exodus. The speaker said that he had examined them all, and that he found in only three instances an actual correspondence.

Rev. Dr. Nicum said "There is no doubt that Moses was familiar with the laws of Hammurabi, and it were strange if this were not the case. Moses was educated at the court of Pharaoh, in Egypt, and for thirty years was taught in all the wisdom of the Egyptians. And that wisdom or knowledge was comprehensive. Hammurabi lived fully 600 years before Moses, and his laws were certainly known in Egypt. In fact, it is probable that even Hammurabi was not the author or originator of these two hundred and eighty-two sections. It is much more probable that Hammurabi had before him the attempts of others and compiled from them. When Moses

was in Midiaes for forty years in the family of Jethro, he enjoyed the company of a man well versed in law and jurisprudence, as we learn from Exodus XVIII. It is not possible to believe that Moses should not have been well read in the laws of the different nations which existed in his time."—The Rochester, N. Y., *Post-Express*.

'74. We regret to announce the death of Alfred M. Kuntz, D. D. S., at Patchogue, Long Island. He was buried at Allentown, Pa.

'79. Judge Frank M. Trexler was this afternoon formally notified of his nomination for the President Judgeship of Lehigh County, and in a speech, brief and characteristic, but replete with good, sound sense, he accepted the honor.

The interesting ceremony took place at the home of Judge Trexler, on Walnut Street, near Tenth, and was brief and simple. The notification was in charge of the notification committee representing the Republican County Convention that nominated Judge Trexler three weeks ago. The committee consisted of E. H. Reninger, Esq., who was permanent chairman of the County Convention; Reuben J. Butz, Esq., and J. Taylor Roth, member of Select Council, Allentown; A. N. Ulrich and J. N. Fitzgerald, Esqs., Catasauqua; W. J. Gilbert, Coplay; S. J. Evans, Slatington; E. H. Semmel, West Bethlehem; D. H. Thomas, Hokendauqua, and John M. Jones, Washington Township. The committee was accompanied by Republican County Chairman James L. Marsteller.

Mr. Reninger acted as spokesman and in a very few words he stated the mission of the committee and referred to the pleasure it gave him and his fellow committeemen to notify the Judge of the action of the County Convention.

Judge Trexler accepted the honor in a short speech and the ceremonies then came to a close.

Judge Trexler in accepting the nomination said:

Gentlemen of the Committee—I beg to thank you most heartily for the honor conferred upon me by you, and the citizens whom you represent, in your tendering to me the nomination for Judge of the County.

In accepting this nomination at your hands, I take the opportunity of expressing very briefly my views as to the manner in which I intend, if elected, to perform the duties of my office.

First, and foremost—I regard the office of Judge as non-political. The sentiment of rejecting all partisanship in the election of Judges is gradually growing, and in a number of Counties of this Commonwealth, Judges are retained in office without regard to their political views. In the Republican County of Wayne, just a few days ago, the Republicans endorsed Judge Purdy, a Democrat. In Lackawanna County, the Democrats have kept upon the bench, Judge Edward, a Republican. The Republican voters of Lehigh County have consistently adhered to the same practice. In 1878, my predecessor, Judge Albright, was elected by the aid of Republican votes, and at each judicial election thereafter the Republicans voted for him, and endorsed him. Even those who are opposed to me concede that in the selection of a candidate for Judge partisan politics have no place, but, with a logic not taught in the schools, they nevertheless insist that in Lehigh County, the Judge should be a Democrat.

I do not intend, if elected, to administer the office for a partisan purpose. I will not use it to the prejudice of anyone, nor will I seek to establish a party machine. If any one expects to receive any favor through the support he may give me, he will be disappointed.

I make this assertion definitely and unequivocably, so that there may be, in the event of my election, no disappointment awaiting those who may entertain different views in this regard.

Second—There are certain duties of an administrative character which the law has cast upon the Court. Among these is the granting of licenses. In order that my position in this regard may be fully understood, I wish to say that the law establishes a certain system in the granting of licenses, and to the requirements of that system the Court is bound under its oath to conform. There is a discretion given to the Judge to grant or refuse licenses. This discretion the Courts have declared is not to be arbitrarily exercised, but is a judicial discretion. The necessity for the licensed place is to be determined by the facts in each case, "having due regard to the number and character of the petitioners for and against."

Third—I believe in the economical administration of County affairs. I do not think any one who knows me will accuse me of having extravagant ideas, either in public or private affairs. In such matters as the law renders the action of the Court necessary to the expenditures of public money, I shall do what is right for the best interests of the people, and will not countenance the wasteful expenditure of money.

Last—I am in sympathy with anything that tends to the moral advancement of the community. The Judge of the Court should be on the side of good order, and, within the

legitimate methods appointed by law, should lend his aid to the repression of crime and the furtherance of good government.

The elements fitting a person for the important office of Judge are varied. The matter of temperment, age, character, legal ability, and judgment are to be considered. For any one to claim that he is pre-eminently fitted for such an office would be the best proof that he either fails to grasp the immense responsibility of the position or that he has an extraordinary good opinion of himself. I can only promise, if elected, I will bring to the discharge of my duty, the measure of ability that Providence has given to me, and in the language of one of the gentlemen who placed me in nomination, whatever I do, I trust will be done in the fear of God. I intend to conduct my campaign along legitimate lines. The office of Judge is an honorable office and should only be obtained through honorable means.

During the short time in which I have occupied the position of Judge, I have endeavored to do my duty conscientiously, without fear, favor or affection. Whether I have succeeded I will leave to the good people of the County to determine. I again thank you, gentlemen, for the honor bestowed upon me.—Allentown *Chronicle and News.*

The Philadelphia *Press* which for many years has stood steadfastly by that doctrine of a non-partisan judiciary, and which was one of the most ardent supporters of the late Judge Albright in 1888 and 1898, on Monday printed a lengthy editorial on the same subject, with especial reference to the pending contest in Lehigh County. The *Press* has never departed from its position no matter whether the judicial candidate was a Democrat or Republican, and its opinion will therefore have an especial force and value.

The *Press* commenting upon Judge Trexler's speech of acceptance, says:

Judge Frank M. Trexler, of Lehigh, in accepting the Republican nomination for a full term on Saturday, declared:

"I do not intend, if elected, to use the office for a partisan purpose. I will not use it to the prejudice of any one, nor will I seek to establish a party machine. If any one expects to receive any favor through the support he may give me he will be disappointed."

This is the true platform on which a Judge should be elected. It covers concisely all the points, and is a pledge against every danger to which a purely partisan Judge exposes

himself. It puts Judge Trexler in that position of independence so necessary to a faithful and honest administration of justice.

Those who know Judge Trexler will accept this publicly made pledge as entirely sincere. It is unfortunate that the Democratic leaders of the district could not have taken the same high view of the judiciary, and, instead of making a partisan nomination, given Judge Trexler their indorsement. He has been on the bench by gubernatorial appointment the better part of the year, and by his course has justified the support of men of all parties. He has been independent, dignified and capable, in every way a fit successor to the late Judge Albright, who, though a Democrat, was twice re-elected by the substantially united vote of both parties.

There has been no partisan contest for Judge in Lehigh County for a quarter of a century. The Democrats, however, have this year turned upon the precedent. Without giving any public reason why Judge Trexler should not be continued on the bench they have nominated a candidate of their own. It is a partisan nomination. It is a declaration that they want the Court to be put into Democratic hands for party purposes. It can have no other significance, for it is not pretended that the Democratic candidate has any better qualifications for the Judgeship than Judge Trexler possesses. They would support Judge Trexler if they did not want to use the Court for partisan reasons.

Every citizen of Lehigh County, whether Republican or Democrat, who desires a Court independent and free from partisanship will indorse the manly declaration of Judge Trexler. His election is of less consequence to him personally than to the people of the district. After their long experience with a non-partisan Court and non-partisan judiciary elections it would be a remarkable step backward to remove from the bench a Judge who is not partisan to put in his place one who expected to serve a party purpose.

'80. A pretty home wedding occurred at the home of Colonel and Mrs. Thomas D. Fister, Kutztown, when their daughter, Miss Mary, was wedded to Rev. James F. Beates, pastor of St. John's Church, Wilkes-Barre, in the presence of the families of the high contracting parties. The spacious parlor was handsomely decorated with potted plants, ferns and flowers. The ring ceremony was performed by Rev. Seneker, Rev. Weiskotten and Rev. Beates, of Ohio, a brother of the bridegroom. The bride was dressed in pure white and carried a bouquet of white roses. In the wedding march the happy

couple was preceded by two nieces and a nephew of the bride, who each carried a bouquet of flowers.

The three daughters of Colonel and Mrs. Fister are now happily wedded to Lutheran ministers, which is an incident in but very few families. The happy couple left on a ten days' wedding trip. On their return they will take possession of his parsonage at Wilkes-Barre. The wedding presents, which were all of cut glass and solid silver, were not only uncommonly numerous but very elaborate and appropriate.—Allentown *Morning Call.*

'80. Rev. J. Walker Klingler has resigned his charge at Dushore, Pa., and has accepted a call to Tremont, Pa.

'86. J. Jeremiah Snyder, Esq., is one of the editors of the Allentown *Chronicle and News.*

'89. Dr. J. Wyllis Hassler, of Philadelphia, formerly of Allentown, attended the fifty-ninth annual meeting of the American Institute of Homeopathy in Boston. He read a paper on surgery.

'91. Rev. and Mrs. M. J. Bieber gave a reception last evening in honor of the fifth anniversary of their wedding, at the parsonage of the Lutheran church on Stuart Street. Mr. and Mrs. O. S. Heller assisted them to receive in the front parlor, and Fritz Ingwall and George Greif acted as ushers. The Misses Olga Ingwall and Alma Lofstrom presented the guests to the receiving party, and Mrs. Matilda Holden and Miss Etta Merritt attended the guests on the second floor.

Refreshments, consisting of ice cream and cake were served to the guests in the dining-room by Mrs. A. E. Potter, assisted by Misses Alma Kaeppel, Matilda Moehle and Edna Marthis. Misses Caroline Belle Rogers and Alice Hopton presided at the punch bowl, which was placed on the front porch. The rooms were prettily decorated for the occasion with golden-rod, palms, and cut flowers.

The hours of the reception were from 8 to 10 o'clock and a continual stream of callers was arriving during that time. A number of handsome and costly presents were received by Mr. and Mrs. Bieber as remembrances of the occasion. Among them were an elegant antique oak china closet and a mahogany pedestal from the congregation, an ebony book case

with a marble top from the Ministerial Association and numerous other presents of furniture and books from members of the congregation and friends. There were several hundred members of the congregation and friends who took this opportunity of congratulating Mr. and Mrs. Bieber, and the clergy of the city were well represented.—Bingampton, N. Y., *Republican.*

'92. Rev. Edward H. Trafford has resigned his charge at Kimberton, Pa., to go to India as a missionary.

'97. We have received a copy of the Lancaster, Pa., *New Era*, containing the sermon preached by Rev. Gomer B. Matthews on "Christian Citizenship." It is a thoughtful and suggestive discourse on an important subject.

'98. Dr. John T. Eckert, of Allentown, will be senior resident physician at the Allentown Hospital after Monday. He is one of this year's graduates of the University of Pennsylvania. He is a graduate of Muhlenberg College, Class of 1899. He was a close and attentive student at the university. Dr. Eckert is a son of Mrs. Hannah Eckert, of No. 335 North Seventh Street. Arrangements are on foot for an ambulance service with headquarters at the hospital, and a proposition will probably be made to councils to have the city ambulance located there. In that event one of the physicians would go out on the ambulance to meet all calls.—Allentown *Morning Call.*

'98. While sojourning along Long Island Sound last summer, Marvin Lehman Kleppinger, of Allentown, and Miss Margaret Hughes Horn, of West Bethlehem, were quietly married at the St. James Episcopal Church, New London, Conn., by Rev. Alfred Poole Grint. They visited many places of interest in Connecticut and Rhode Island, and after taking a trip to Newport, returned to their homes.

The bride, who held a position as teacher in the West Bethlehem schools, had just received a promotion and was anxious to fill the new position for one term, so they decided to keep their marriage a secret, considering that it would be embarrassing to teach under a married name, although not illegal. The scheme proved very successful, for no one had

an inkling of their marriage, with the exception of the parents on both sides, until the announcements were sent out yesterday afternoon.

Mr. Kleppinger is employed by the Prince Metallic Paint Company, in this city. The couple will reside with Mr. Kleppinger's parents at Muhlenberg College for the summer. Arrangements for their future home will be decided later.—Allentown *Morning Call.*

'00. There was a pretty home wedding at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Guth, of No. 409 Sixth Street, at six o'clock last evening, when their daughter, Miss Elsie Guth, became the bride of Rev. George R. Deisher, of Rohrerstown, Lancaster County. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Barndt, of Maxatawny, a warm friend of the bridegroom. The bridesmaid was Miss Florence Ochs, of this city, while Ray Guth, a brother of the bride, acted as best man. After a wedding supper the happy couple left on the Black Diamond Express for Atlantic City, where they will spend two weeks. Upon their return they will reside at Rohrerstown, where Rev. Deisher is pastor of the Lutheran Church.

The bride is a graduate of the Allentown High School, Class of '97. For several years she had been a teacher in the Seventh Ward schools. The bridegroom graduated this year from the Mt. Airy Theological Seminary and was ordained into the ministry last month. He is also a graduate of Muhlenberg College, Class of '00.

'00. Charles K. Fegley, son of Rev. Dr. H. N. Fegley, of St. Mark's Lutheran Church, was ordained to the office of the ministry of the Lutheran Church on last Monday night in Philadelphia. He is now spending a few days with his parents here, and the latter part of next week he will leave for Allegheny, Pa., having received a unanimous call to the pastorate of Emanuel Church there.—The Mechanicsburg, Pa., *Daily.*

'00. Rev. Arthur G. Flexer and Miss Jennie A. Griffith were quietly married this afternoon at 2 o'clock at the residence of the bride, No. 1105 Linden Street. Rev. J. F. Pollock conducted the ceremony. The couple were attended only by the immediate families, and Misses Daisy Reichard,

Mame Smith and Dolly Steltz and William M. Horn, of Reading. A reception was held after the wedding. Ray J. G. Ritter played the wedding march from "Lohengrin." The couple will leave this evening for Ocean Grove, where they will spend their honeymoon.

Rev. Flexer is a son of Milton A. Flexer, of No. 1123 Hamilton Street, of the firm of George & Flexer, coal dealers. He graduated from Muhlenberg College, Class of '00, and took a year's course at the Princeton Theological Seminary. He has been preaching at Herndon recently. The bride is the daughter of Hugh Griffith, of this city, and is a teacher in the Eleventh Ward schools. She is a graduate of the Allentown High School, Class of '89. The couple are both very popular and enjoy a large circle of friends who wish them every success.

'01. A dispatch to the Philadelphia papers on Saturday announced that Percy B. Ruhe, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. Lehman Ruhe, of No. 521 Chew Street, this city, had met with a serious accident at Bridgeton, N. J. Mr. Ruhe is a telephone inspector and is located at Millville, N. J. On Saturday he was attending to the duties of a lineman who had been ill. His duties called him to Bridgeton, N. J. While inspecting the wires at the corner of Commerce and Laurel Streets he was perched on the top of a very high maple tree, when a dead limb, upon which he was standing, broke, precipitating him headforemost to the brick sidewalk, forty feet below. He was removed to the office of Dr. Comwell in an insensible state. The reports stated that both his arms were broken, both wrists dislocated, his nose broken and one rib dislocated. It was also feared that he was injured internally.

Mr. and Mrs. Ruhe were in Philadelphia yesterday and did not learn of the accident to their son until their return home last evening. Mr. Ruhe succeeded in getting a telephone message to Mr. Horton, formerly of this city, now with the telephone company at Trenton. Mr. Horton stated that the young man's injuries were not as severe as were at first reported. A dispatch received by Mr. Ruhe this morning also stated that his injuries were not so severe and that there was no danger. Mr. Ruhe accompanied by Claude S. King left for Millville this morning. Mr. King formerly worked with

Mr. Ruhe at the latter place. Mrs. Ruhe stated that judging from the latest reports received Mr. Ruhe will not remove his son to this city for some time.—Allentown *Chronicle and News.*

We are happy to be able to report that Mr. Ruhe has recovered and is able to go out.

'02. Clinton Zerwick has secured a scholarship at Yale and will pursue postgraduate work in English.

Athletics.

At a recent meeting of the Athletic Association the following officers were elected:

President, Haines, '04; Vice President, Kidd, '05; Secretary, Swank, '04; Treasurer, Griesemer, '04.

The basket-ball manager resigned, and, on the acceptance of his resignation, Haines, '04, was elected to fill the vacancy.

Shankweiler, '05, was elected assistant basket-ball manager.

Bastian, '05, was elected assistant foot-ball manager.

Reinert, '05, was elected assistant base ball manager.

The following have been named to constitute the advisory board for this year:

S. E. Ochsenford, D. D., '76; Max S. Erdman, Esq., '94; Frederick R. Bousch, '00; W. R. Kleckner, '04; Claude G. Shankweiler, '05.

Capt. Haines of the foot-ball team suggests that the Freshmen-Sophomore foot-ball game should come off earlier this year so that we can see what available material is on hand for the regular team.

Let every student take a true interest in college sports of the year, and thereby lighten the tasks of the "staunchest few," and insure to their efforts many a signal victory.

Book Review.

THE METTLE OF THE PASTURE. By James Lane Allen. Macmillan Company New York.

"There is no more dangerous foe to literature of the highest sort than the conviction that a book is of value chiefly because it is a source of information, and one should read principally for the acquirement of knowledge." These words were found in an article entitled, "Why do We Read?" printed in one of the leading city dailies. The truth of the statement is apparent to any observer of the present reading public. By far too many people read books with no other purpose than to secure information. To them, history is nothing but a succession of events and a record of dates; biography, the events in a person's life, orderly arranged; and fiction, simply stories. Such a purpose may be needful to purely intellectual people, but literature is too imaginative to be thus limited. For the "highest sort" is not informing, but inspiring; not physical, but spiritual. It can not be compassed or measured by crude mentality, for it is a matter of the heart, a phase of the soul. The sooner the reading public is taught to see this, the sooner will the quality of our accumulating volumes be improved, for the demand of good productions will constantly grow more exacting and more persistent. Books will then be read, not for a few stray bits of knowledge that may be gleaned from their pages, but for the culture and edification they impart; for the soul-broadening they afford; and for a fuller and diviner understanding of the motives of the race.

Mr. James Lane Allen, by his work as a novelist, has done much—probably more than any other author—toward bringing the tastes of the people to this level. His writings are invested with that charm which draws readers away from the exciting in fiction, and leads them toward the aesthetic. The dominant feature of all his works is a fine spirituality, not overwrought or overpassionate, but eminently true to nature. Especially is this true of the "Reign of Law," which is the record of an intense soul-struggle in an earnest young student. His works have hardly any plots, or at most, simple ones, but they have a higher value. and that is the fact that they are finished workings-out of "the life of the spirit."

In "The Mettle of the Pasture" Mr. Allen has followed,

in the main, his former methods of work. There is only a very slight plot, but a careful study of type and character. It is an old story, told with new significance and power. Isabel Conyers and Rowan Meredith are engaged to be married. On the evening before the day of the ceremony he confides to her a secret of his life which he thinks she has a right to know. In consequence of this revelation the engagement is broken by Isabel, who thenceforth discards him. For a long time she travels through many lands, and he finds his solace in managing the paternal estate. Many minor characters and incidents are introduced, but they are inserted more or less as "between the acts" stage settings. The main theme concerns itself solely with the hero and heroine, and the interest in these two persons never wanes. The final outcome, however, is withheld from the reader until the second last chapter. The closing chapter records the untimely death of the hero, hastened undoubtedly by the stormy period in his early life. It is one of the finest bits of pathetic writing that can be found in literature.

As a character, Rowan Meredith is a type of truthfulness. Rather than run the risk of an unhappy marriage he reveals to the woman he loves the fatal secret of his youth, thereby nipping the tree of his hope in the bud. He bears the reverse calmly and with dignity, but his nature is undermined. The soul was powerful and serene, but the body too weak to bear the imposed burden, thus hastening the early end. It is this quality of his manhood—readiness to suffer for principle—that gives the title to the work; for all our sterner elements of character can be traced to our ancestors of the soil.

Isabel belongs to that class of humanity which acts on the spur of the moment and takes time to think afterward. She spurned her lover for being honest and truthful. She sought relief in absence, travel and pleasure. A feeling within her left her in continual unrest. Finally she realized that her return was not a question of duty or preference but of love. She did return in time, and made amends for her misguided actions. Her character can not be called strong, but well deserves the designation of "sweet;" sweet in its constancy, and its simplicity.

The book is well poised throughout, and the story well sustained. For artistic treatment, beauty of style, and grace of movement, this is by far the masterpiece of all Mr. Allen's works.

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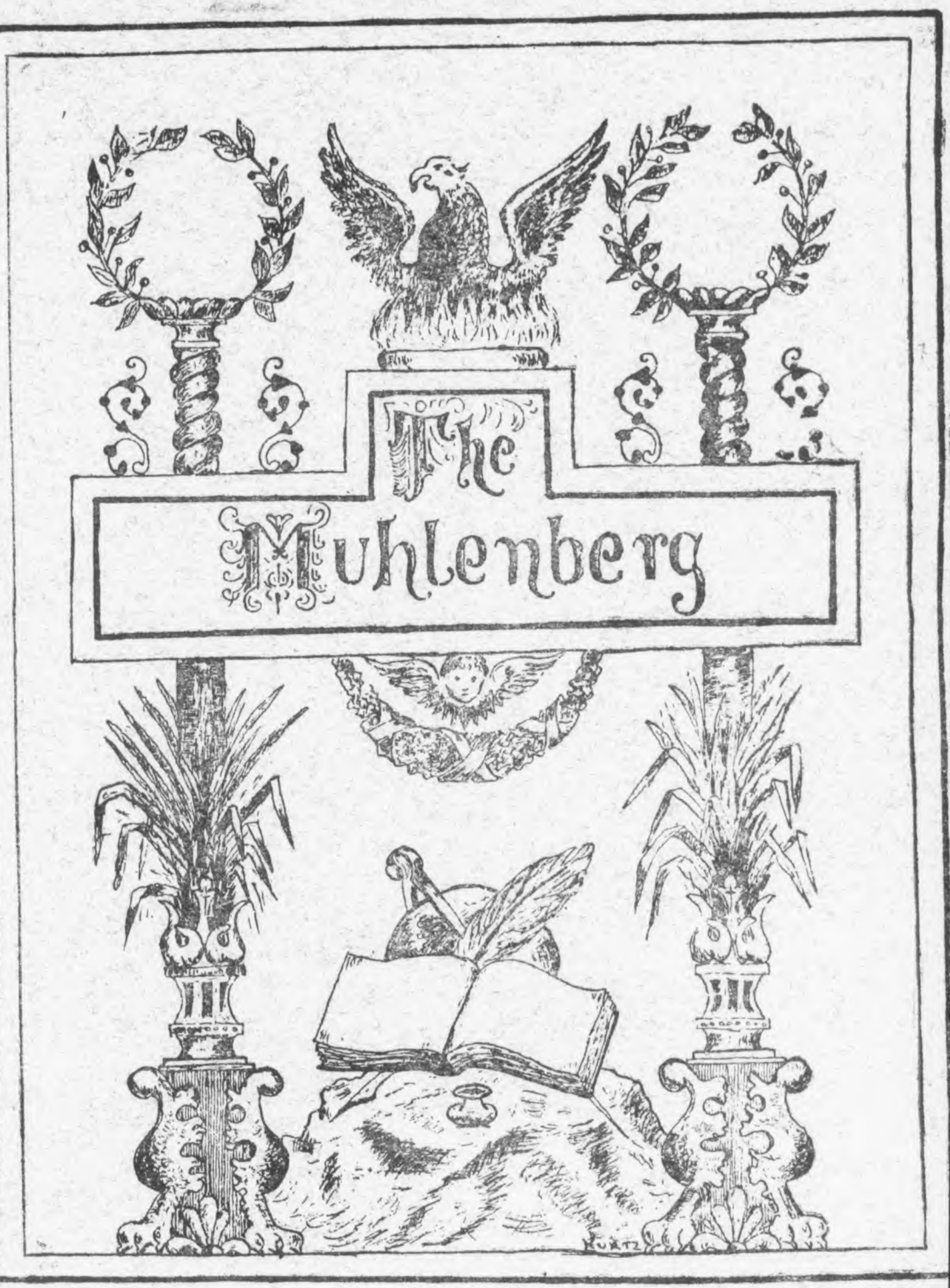

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THE MUHLENBERG.

"Literæ Sine Ingenio Vanæ."

VOL. XXI. ALLENTOWN, PA., OCTOBER, 1903. No. 2.

THE SONG OF THE UNIVERSE.

The golden moon in heaven's blue waveless sea,
In splendor greets the shining evening star;
And bathes the mountain and the flow'ry lea,
With golden showers falling from afar.

The stars together sing of heavenly love,
And grateful Earth sends back a grand reply;
That fills the vast empyrean above,
With melodies so sweet they can not die.

All Nature sings a single mighty song—
God's glory is the universal theme;
And all the stars the swelling strain prolong
Till endless realms of space with music teem.

Still on and on the glorious anthem rolls,
And to the listening ear of God ascends;
Its echo soothes the troubled, yearning souls,
And back to heaven a sweeter message sends.

The sweetest strains in Earth's celestial song
Are noble men whose lives are good and pure,
Who move their bark with steady stroke along,
And in the roaring storms of life endure.

The golden moon is sinking in the West,
And, in the East, the morning star is bright.
Soon will the sweet-tongued birds awake from rest,
And, singing, greet the welcome rosy light.

And ever thus this universal song,
In June's fair day, shall charm some mortal ear,
Shall sweetly sound when nights are bleak and long,
And with a benediction close the year.

J. B., '06.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

C. A. SMITH, '04.

Washington Irving, the first author who brought American literature to a European plane and gave it a place in European minds, was born in New York City, the third of April, 1783. His parents, though of good origin, began life in humble circumstances.

His father was born on the island of Shapmiska. His family, one of the most respectable in Scotland, traced its descent from William De Irwyn, the secretary and armor-bearer of Robert Bruce. In 1761 he was married to Sarah Sanders, who had the distinction of being the granddaughter of a curate. Two years after their marriage, they embarked for New York, where they landed, July 13th, 1763.

Washington Irving was born in a house on William Street half way between Fulton and John. At this time the Patriot Army was occupying the city. His mother said: "Washington's work is ended and the child shall be named after him." A very pretty little anecdote is connected with the childhood of Irving. It was while Washington was again in New York, as the first President, that a Scotch maidservant of the family, catching the popular enthusiasm, one day followed the hero into a shop and presented the lad to him, "Please your honor," said Lizzie, all aglow; "here's a bairn was named after you." And the grave Virginian placed his hand on the boy's head and gave him a blessing. The touch could not have been more effective, though it might have lingered longer if he had known he was propitiating his future biographer.

Irving's parents having come to New York, struggling for existence, with eleven children, could hardly afford to have their son Washington educated, as were the brilliant schoolboys, Bryant and Longfellow. As a consequence he pursued education under incompetent masters. He studied Latin a few months, but made no further incursion into the classics. He was no doubt a dawdler in routine studies but he assimilated what suited him. He perused the pages of Chaucer and Spencer and Addison; also found food in "Robinson Crusoe" and "Sinbad."

At the age of sixteen he entered a law office, but, instead

of devoting his time to the dry pages of Blackstone, he spent his time reading literature. In 1798 we find him passing a summer holiday in Westchester County, and exploring with his gun the Sleepy Hollow region which he was afterwards to make an enchanted realm. In 1802 he became a law student in the office of Josiah Ogden Hoffman, and began that enduring intimacy with the refined and cultured Hoffman family which was so deeply to influence all his life.

His health had always been delicate and his friends were now alarmed by symptoms of pulmonary disease. During the next two or three years he consumed much of his time in excursions up the Hudson and the Mohawk, and in journeys into the wilds of Ogdensburg, which greatly improved his physical condition and at the same time gave him material for future use. At this time, and for several years more, he had a tendency towards the idle life of a society man. It is very doubtful whether the literary impulse born in him would have been cultivated but for the necessities of his subsequent condition.

His first literary production was a series of letters signed Jonathan Oldstyle, contributed in 1802 to the *Morning Chronicle*, a newspaper then recently established by his brother Peter. The letters are open imitations of the "Spectator" and the "Tattler," and are of very little consequence at present.

Irving's health continued so much impaired when he came of age in 1804 that his brothers determined to send him to Europe. He took passage for Bordeaux in a sailing vessel, and reached his destination on the 25th of June. His consumptive appearance when he boarded the ship caused the captain to say: "There's a chap will go overboard before we get across." However the voyage improved his condition.

While in Europe he spent quite a while in Paris, he also visited Marseilles, the Island of Sicily, Naples, and Rome. In the latter place he saw a great deal of Roman society. One of his special friends was Torlonia, a banker. When he was making his adieus, it turned out that Tourlonia had all along supposed he was a relative of Gen. Washington. This mistake is offset by another that occurred later, after Irving had obtained some celebrity in England. An English lady passing through an Italian gallery stopped before a bust of

Washington. The daughter said, "Mother who was Washington?" "Why, my dear, don't you know?" was the astonished reply, "Author of the 'Sketch Book'."

By way of the Netherlands he reached London in October. Here his greatest attractions seem to have been the theatre. His first sojourn abroad was not immediately fruitful in a literary way. It was the irresolute pilgrimage of a man who had not yet received his vocation.

Irving's health was much improved on his return to America, in February, 1806. He was not admitted to the bar, but still was very eager to practice law.

Society more than ever attracted his attention. He was one of a number of young fellows of literary tastes and convivial habits who delighted to be known as "the Nine Worthies." These social worthies had jolly suppers at humble taverns in the city, and wilder revelries in an old country house, which is celebrated in the "Salmagundi" papers as Cockloft Hall. At these dinners it was scarcely good manners not to get a little tipsy, and to be laid under the table by the compulsory bumper was not a discredit to the guest.

Not long after the discontinuance of "Salmagundi," Irving, in connection with his brother Peter, projected the work that was to make him famous. At first nothing more was intended than a satire upon the "Picture of New York," by Dr. Samuel Mitchell, just then published. The satire was pretty well advanced when business called Peter to Europe and fortunately its completion was left to Washington. He condensed what they had written conjointly into five introductory chapters, and then finished "A History of New York," by Diedrich Knickerbocker. This was in 1809, when Irving was only 26 years old.

Before he had the humorous creation completed, the author endured the terrible bereavement which was to color all his life. He had formed a deep and tender passion for Matilda Hoffman, the daughter of his former preceptor, and his love was ardently reciprocated. He was restlessly casting about for some assured means of a livelihood, which would enable him to marry her, when, after a short illness, Miss Hoffman died, in the eighteenth year of her age. She was no dazzling beauty, but was lovely in person and mind, with most engaging manners, and a delicate and playful humor. The

loss was a crushing blow to Irving, from the effects of which he never recovered, although the time softened the bitterness of his grief into a tender and sacred memory.

In May of 1815 he embarked for England to visit his brother, intending only a short sojourn. However he remained abroad seventeen years. Some of his chief literary productions, which abroad were "The Tales of a Traveller," which he published in 1824, and the "Life of Columbus," which he published in 1826. His sojourn in Spain was one of the most fruitful periods of his life. While here he wrote "The Alhambra," "The Conquest of Granada," "The Legends of the Conquest of Spain," and "The Lives of Columbus and his Companions."

While Irving was abroad some of his fellow countrymen doubted his fidelity to his native land. But his reception when he returned to New York in May, 1832, dissipated all those doubts. His surprise was no greater than his delight at the progress New York had made during the seventeen years abroad. It had became a city of 200,000 inhabitants, the accumulation of wealth and the activity of trade astonished him and the literary stir was scarcely less unexpected. The steamboat had come to be used, so that he seemed to be transported from place to place by magic.

Irving was now longing to indulge in the sweetness of domestic and rural life, and to have a home where he could pursue his calling undisturbed. The spot he chose for his "Rest" was a little farm on the river bank at Tarrytown, close to the old Sleepy Hollow haunt, one of the loveliest of all situations on the Hudson.

In 1842 Irving was tendered the honor of the mission to Madrid. He looked upon it as the crowning honor of his life, still, when the news reached him, he paced up and down his room, excited and astonished, revolving in his mind the separation from home and from his friends. At this time he was engaged in writing the "Life of Washington," but thinking that it would not interfere with his duties he accepted it.

During his mission he did not seek to meet prominent people as he had done on his previous visits abroad, but lived more secluded. He was always anxious and heartsick to come back to the home which was so dear to him, his cottage "Sunny Side." It was on the 19th of September, 1846, that

the impatient longing of his heart was gratified, and he found himself restored to his home for the thirteen years of happy life still remaining to him.

The last years of Irving's life were full of activity and enjoyment, but offer little new in the development of his character. The calls of friendship and honor were many and his correspondence was large. He also made many excursions to scenes that were filled with pleasant memories, going as far South as Virginia.

But his delight was in the domestic circle at Sunny Side. He also had time to revise his works. But while he was at the height of popularity his books had very little sale. From 1842 to 1848 they were out of print, with the exception of some stray copies of a cheap Philadelphia edition.

His character is perfectly transparent, his predominant traits were humor and sentiment; his temperament was gay with a dash of melancholy. He died on the 28th of November, 1859, at the close of a lovely day of that Indian Summer which is nowhere more full of a melancholy charm than on the banks of the lower Hudson, and which was in perfect accord with the ripe and peaceful close of his life. He was buried on a little elevation overlooking Sleepy Hollow and the river he loved, midst the scenes which his magic pen has made classic and his sepulchre hallow.

A NIGHT OF ALARMS.

F. E. REICHARD, '04.

It was a dreary day in October. The trees were putting on their holiday attire, and the hills seemed like a canvas bedaubed with many bright colors by an unskilled painter. The sky was hazy, and the air was sultry and heavily laden with moisture. The grass fields presented a sombre hue, and the newly sown grain was just large enough to give the bare fields an emerald tint.

"Did you hear about the bank robbery that took place last night?" said Mr. Gibling to his wife, as he was coming home from the cornfield, tired and footsore.

"No," she replied. "What bank?"

"Why, the Rural Savings Bank in Cairo—robbed of $20,000. The robbers gained entrance through the cellar

window and up the inside stairway in the rear end of the building, forcing open the safe with iron bars."

This little incident produced quite an excitement in the otherwise peaceful and happy family. However neither of them said anything further, as they were people of few words and generally too busy to indulge in long conversation during working hours.

Mr. and Mrs. Gibling had lived in the community ever since they were married, having bought a small piece of land in what was then yet the wilds of Illinois, cleared it, and built a comfortable little home. They lived together happily, always having enough and not much to spare. So they were neither hampered by excess nor embarrassed by deficiency. But a few days previous they had received a bequest of $500 from a rich uncle who had died, and what to do with it was a question which was puzzling them to the extreme. After supper, when the children had all retired, they consulted together where they could best place the money so that it should be safe. Naturally they came to the conclusion that the safest place was under the pillow, and, with the bank robbery fresh on their minds, they retired, taking their treasure along with them—to rest not on the same pillow but underneath it.

Naturally with such thoughts on the mind, one is not apt to fall asleep so soon, neither to sleep soundly thereafter. Mrs. Gibling, having just merged into a stupor heard a bump in the back kitchen. She roused her husband, and both sat up and listened, but not hearing anything more they resumed their quiet repose. Soon the noise was repeated, and this time it was plain enough. Shivering with cold and fear Mr. Gibling made his way cautiously downstairs to find that it was only an innocent shutter which was left unfastened, and which, blown to and fro by the gusts of wind, was the sole cause of raising the alarm. Fastening it he rejoined his wife in the bedroom and told her the cause of the noise.

He retired again only to be disturbed a few hours afterwards by Mrs. Gibling, who said that she was sure she smelled smoke. Mr. Gibling got up in the dark, and, sniffing the air in all directions like a dog smelling game, he concluded that it came from downstairs. Making his way through the hall, after stumbling over half a dozen chairs, he reached the

kitchen only to find the kitchen fire all right, and everything in a normal condition. Censuring his wife's imagination as well as his own, and being tired he soon found himself alternating between sleeping and dozing.

It was going towards morning when in one of his semi-unconscious stupors he was sure he heard sounds of footsteps on the back porch, as of persons walking slowly. He listened and the sounds were repeated. This time he was sure that it was somebody. He roused his wife and his twelve-year-old son, and together they proceeded downstairs to the kitchen. Mr. Gibling armed himself with a dipper filled with cold water. He directed his wife to open the door, keeping behind it in case the supposed burglar would shoot. He himself stood on the other side of the door, and his son behind him. When all was ready he gave the sign and back flew the door. But there was nothing outside to be seen. After a thorough investigation it was discovered that the oxen had broken out of the yard and evidently were the guilty intruders, as was shown by the footprints the next morning.

Mr. Gibling now again retired with his family, and slept till the October sun was peeping over the Eastern horizon. But long after this he never heard the end of how he once armed himself with a dipper full of cold water to meet a burglar, intending to stun him by pouring it in his face and before he would have time to recover from the shock to fall on him in the best way possible.

CHARACTER.

G. LUTHER WEIBEL, '05.

In studying the history of the world, a race, a nation, or an individual, we study but the character of men. We may start in the beginning of the world's history and we find there men of high principles—God-fearing men, and men, selfish and mean, who did not fear God, and did not hesitate to commit the foulest murder. In other words, men of good and bad characters.

We show our character in every daily act. Yet not one single act can form it. We are forming it from childhood to old age. Yes, till death.

We see the child, not yet old enough to go to school, who

is cross and selfish. We see him in school. He is stubborn and disobedient, always in mischief, and generally a fighter. We see him a young man. He generally has few friends and finds trouble wherever he goes. Unless such a child is brought under refined and favorable environments he will grow up to be a man who is liked by few.

What do we see when we look into the lives of such men like Judas Iscariot, Jesse James, J. J. Holmes, or Czolgoz, which we would take for our pattern? What made these men what they were? Their low, debased characters.

We read a life of Washington, Lincoln, Stanley, Luther, McKinley, or any great man, and we see behind their actions something which draws us toward them; something which makes us feel like being nobler men. It is their character.

Man may inherit a strong constitution, wealth, and position in society; but character he must form. He must choose his own course through life, fight the battles of life himself, and prepare for eternity that soul which God has given him. Character shines through a man's life like a cut diamond in the sunlight. Like a diamond it is desired and longed for by all.

The king on his throne spends hours and days trying to find means whereby he may make his name more loved and honored by his people. The man in the cell would give the world to have a good character. Indeed, no one in the world can live without character. The vilest, most degraded man always has some followers, whose every aim is to be like him or to surpass him in the downward way.

We, as a nation, as individuals, are treading a dangerous path. We, indeed, sit in our easy chairs and think we are very great. We have wealth, industries, good friends, happy homes, and, in a word, are happy. We look around us and say that we are progressing. It is true; we are progressing. We are leading the world in the manufacture of many things. We are leading the world in the march of civilization, in the manner of conducting warfare, and in arbitration.

And yet, I say, we are treading a dangerous path. Where shall we look for this great evil which, I say, is detrimental to our welfare? To our young men and young women. We need look no farther than ourselves. In nearly every gathering of young men there are some who will try to turn the

drift of the conversation to some smutty, indecent language or stories. There are, I am sorry to say, *very* few gatherings of young men in which indecent language is not used, unless the meeting be called for religious purposes. Far too many, even of those who expect eventually to become ministers of the gospel, do not hesitate to repeat the vilest language, and to call down the curses of God on every person and everything which does not coincide with their particular moods.

If we listen to the talk on the streets, what do we hear? I have yet to hear of one city in which the street talk is pure. Surely, we reveal our characters by our language as well as by our actions; and the character of the nation by the character of the men. We may, it is true, deceive our friends as to our true character, but when once revealed, it looks so much the blacker.

We read that the Scribes and Pharisees appeared outwardly to be righteous to men, but within were full of hypocrisy and iniquity. Many a man with a clerical coat, a sober face, and a white tie is a man with a black soul. Many a man in rags has a clean character. There is perhaps no cloak under which a bad character seeks to hide so common as religion. There is perhaps no crime which has not been associated with religion. The Chinese believed it a blessing to throw their infants into the rivers. The Roman Catholic Church at one time killed thousands of Christians, believing it to be to the greater glory of God. And even our own German ancestors at one time killed all feeble infants and the aged and infirm. I know a saloon-keeper, who sells such liquors as have sent many men to ruin and destruction, who always reads a portion of Scripture before he retires, and pays a certain amount every year toward the preacher's salary.

But, friends, our religion does not sanction such proceedings. We are told plainly that by our words we shall be justified or condemned. The Children of Israel blasphemed against God and were punished. And as surely as they were punished so shall we be, not only as individuals but as a nation.

We can find a remedy only in ourselves. Each one must take hold of this grand work and try to elevate his own character not only in the sight of man, but in the sight of God.

And as his own character is made purer so will the character and welfare of the nation be raised. Let us then do our part in this grand work of reformation, and learn by experience that "character is the only foundation for real success."

A MYSTERY SOLVED.

WILLIAM H. KEBOCH, '04.

Mr. Smith first saw her at the opera. It was her sweet face that attracted him, a face that bespoke some great sorrow. She kept her eyes turned upon the stage, but he noticed that it was where there was acting rather than music. All those in the box with her were chatting during the opera, while she, resting her cheek on her hand and her arm on the rail, her figure partly covered by a curtain, seemed to be absorbed by her own dreams. The opera was "Faust." During the scene where Mephistopheles and the nurse are walking in the garden and Faust and Marguerite are singing their love she turned her eyes away, and they fell on Smith in parquet, his head turned toward her, his eyes fixed intensely on hers. She blushed slightly, and looked again at the figures on the stage.

When the opera was ended and all rose to go, Smith was watching her box. An elderly man put a wrap around her shoulders, and the others of the party were also getting ready to leave. Smith watched to see some of them speak to her; but, though they were chatting with each other, no one said a single word to her. Then they all went out, and it seemed as if the electric lights had been turned off.

Winter passed into summer, and Smith went to the seashore. The morning after his arrival, at bathing time, he strolled down to the beach. There, sitting under a sun umbrella, was the girl he had seen at the opera. She was peering far out where the water and sky met, and here and there a glint of sunshine on the horizon bespoke a sail. She was alone. Smith would have given worlds for some one to take him to her and introduce him, but he knew no one there. He had come to be alone and for rest. He waited, expecting that some of her friends would join her, but they did not, and after the bathing she rose and went away. As she passed him she started. Evidently she remembered him.

The next morning he was at the beach early, watching for her. When she came, it was with a party of girls and an elderly man, all in bathing suits. What symmetry! Her hair, instead of being coiled under one of those unbecoming bathing caps, was streaming down her back, as it is sometimes worn by very young girls while bathing. All the party save her were talking and laughing. She alone was quiet. Surely she must have some sorrow.

The beach was shelving, and few dared venture beyond the breakers. The man of the party took the fair one by the hand and led her beyond their depth. Suddenly Smith saw him struggling in the water. The fair one had gone under. With all his clothes on Smith plunged in and brought her out.

They stood on the beach, Smith presenting a poor appearance in his dripping clothes. The fair one looked at him with an expression so distressed that he thought she regretted that he had saved her. Then without a word of thanks she turned and ran away to the bathing house. The man who had taken her beyond her depth had been dragged out of the water, and Smith saw him coming toward him. Smith, indignant, turned his back upon him and walked away. The next evening he saw the fair one being driven toward the railroad station. As she passed she regarded him with the same pained glance.

Winter came again, and Smith, who had detested society for its hollowness, plunged into the gay world, hoping that he might meet the girl who had absorbed his whole being. He appeared at teas, receptions, and balls; he went to the opera, to concerts, everywhere where music was to be heard. At last, at a musical entertainment at the home of one of his most intimate friends, he saw her, but where? Sitting alone in a recess, so immersed behind curtains as almost to be indistinguishable! Although he was looking for her, when he found her he was taken completely aback. He stood still and trembled.

"Pardon me," he said. "I am permitted to speak to you here under our mutual friend's roof, but I will not avail myself of the privilege. Remain here for a few minutes, and I will bring him to introduce me." Without awaiting for her consent he hurried away, found the host and brought him to the recess. It was empty. In vain he dragged the man through the rooms looking for her. She was not to be found

in any of the rooms below. They waited in the hall, and presently she came down, followed by her maid.

"Ah!" said the host, "Now I understand. That is Miss Marion Van Buttler, an orphan. She is a deaf-mute."

Smith went home in great distress. He was desperately in love, but he is a practical man and considered what it would be, to be tied to one upon whom there was such a blight. For a week he suffered torture, then made up his mind that to go on through life suffering without her would be worse than suffering with her. Then he spent some time studying the deaf-mute sign language. This mastered, without calling in any one as a go between, he wrote to her, intimating that he knew of her misfortune and begged to be permitted to share it with her. When the two met the next evening at her home, Smith astonished her by addressing her by her own method of communicating. They soon became engaged, and when married Smith found, to his surprise that her misfortune only drew them closer together and made their married life the happier.

Oh! ye who dwell in stately halls,
Where wealth and fame are known,
Remember you may yet be poor,
Neglected and alone!
But, oh! remember this broad truth,
Ere others' faults you scan,
Your wealth may make a thousand fools—
But virtue makes the man.—C. Jillson.

A pebble in the streamlet scant,
Has turned the course of many a river;
A dew drop on the tender plant,
Has warped the giant oak forever.

Rugged strength and radiant beauty—
These were one in nature's plan;
Humble toil and heavenward duty—
These will form the perfect man.

—Mrs. Hale.

THE MUHLENBERG.

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Editorial.

It is astounding to note how little time is spent by the students in supplementary and promiscuous reading. Why this state of affairs exists is a problem that does not readily admit of a solution. To justify ourselves by saying that we do not have enough books at the institution, or that we do not have enough time to do extensive reading, would be incorrect, yea, even absurd. There are three large libraries at this college, to which all students of the college have access. In view of this fact, who would dare to find consolation in such a fragile, tottering, and pusillanimous apology. Crowded as the average student's program may be, and undeniably is, yet there is never a schedule so compact, if properly arranged, that it is impossible to have a few spare moments; neither is there a course of study so inflexible that it does not admit of an appendix. The cause of this woful neglect must therefore lie within the students themselves. Consequently, the students either feel indisposed to good reading by virtue of the fact

that they do not care to develop their God-given faculties, or they have not as yet cultivated a taste for reading. Surrounded by and engrossed in an intellectual atmosphere as all college students are, it almost seems incredible that any one, who views education from a standpoint of development, would not take advantage of these golden opportunities. What a feast of good things are we sacrificing through our negligence and indifference. It is in the library that we come in contact with the best thoughts that man has ever produced, and it is the place where only those books which have withstood the criterion and criticism of ages, are allowed to remain. "Books are the friends of the friendless and the homes of the homeless." We can have no better, truer, or nobler friend in this world than a good book. Let us not then feel indisposed to good reading, be it supplementary or incidental, but let us on the other hand earnestly and assiduously strive to occupy our spare moments by reading *intelligently* as many books as our time will permit. Thus will our minds develop more rapidly, our views will become broader and new ideas will spring up within us. All these advantages have a tendency to raise us upon a higher plane of life which after all is the ultimate end in education.

* * *

The first of October was, and ever will be, a memorable day in the history of the Lutheran Church of Berks County. It was on that day that the Lutherans of Berks County manifested their determination to build a dormitory on the grounds of Greater Muhlenberg, in the event of laying the corner stone of that building, which shall be known as Berks Hall. The corner stone was laid with appropriate and fitting services in which several prominent clergymen and laymen of that County participated. The weather was delightful and many people had gathered to witness the event. The Athletic Band of Reading furnished the music.

The building is to cost thirty-five thousand dollars, and when once completed it will not only be a lasting monument to the loyalty of the Lutherans of that County, but it will also be a structure reared to the cause of education. Upon this the Lutherans of Berks County are to be congratulated, and

we hope that their strenuous efforts may be crowned with success.

The following is the programme in full:

Music.
Responsive Reading, Selections from the Psalms, Led by Rev. A. M. Weber, Boyertown, Pa.
Reading of Scripture, Rev. H. C. Kline, Hamburg, Pa.
Prayer, Rev. Z. H. Gable, Reading, Pa.
Laying of Corner Stone, Rev. E. T. Horne, D. D., President of Reading Conference, Reading, Pa.
The Lord's Prayer.
List of Articles Placed in Stone, Mr. Charles F. Reed, Reading, Pa.
Music.
Procession from Building to Grove.
Music.
Address, Rev. M. C. Horine, D. D., Reading, Pa.
Hymn, "A mighty Fortress is Our God."
Address in German, Rev. J. J. Cressman, Kutztown, Pa.
Music.
Address, Mr. E. S. Wertz, Reading, Pa.
Music.
Offerings.
Hymn, "Lord, Keep us Steadfast in Thy Word."
Benediction, Rev. Schantz, D. D., Myerstown, Pa.

Personal and Local.

Past—Firemen's Convention.

Present—Study.

Future—Thanksgiving Recess.

F. C. Harrer, from Utica, N. Y., has entered the Freshmen Class. Mr. Harrer will no doubt be a good addition to the foot-ball team since he seems to understand the game.

Dry, '06, addressed St. Stephens Luther League on Sunday, October 4th.

Wieder, ex-'05, who proved his skill in athletics while at college has just established a record worth having as a champion on the bowling alley.

Dr. O. (in Old English): "What does a line of poetry consist of?"

Wessner, '06, (being prompted): "Two heavy sticks (hemistichs)."

According to the foolish wisdom of a Sophomore the time comprised by Mediaeval History is 24 years, namely, from 375 A. D. to 351 A. D.

Keller, '04, translated *lac concretum*, condensed milk. Mr. Keller evidently had forgotten that the people in those days did not know any thing about condensed milk.

Mr. Benedict: "Mr. Huntsinger, I have a pupil who spells her name H-u-n-s-i-c-k-e-r. Is she related to you?

Huntsinger, '04: "No, I am the only one in the city by my name."

Breidenbach, '07: "No telling how soon another one in the city will have your name."

Dr. W. (to Reinert, extracting one of Kern's hairs): "You surely don't want to plant that on your head, Mr. Reinert?"

Dr. Ettinger (to Sigmond, who, in translating Latin, pauses at the word *vestiret*): "Just take the first part of the word. That which you do not have on to-day."

Sigmond, '05: "That gives me some sort of an idea, but yet it doesn't help me out."

Dr. W. (who overhears a wandering Junior pronounce a certain thing as "bum"): "Well now please don't "bum" so much yourself."

Dr. B.: "What declension is *pteros?*"
Smith, '06. "First."
Dr. B.: "No."
Smith, '06. "Well second then."
Dr. B.: "No sir, now you can't miss it."
Smith, '06. "The fourth."

Dr. W. (addressing Sophomores): "Are you 'Huns'?"
"'Huns' can not be separated from their ponies."

Our Alumni.

'69. Rev. Dr. Weidner has returned from a very restful vacation spent in Europe, ready to take up his work in the Chicago Seminary, October 1st, when the prospects are that this Western School of the Prophets will open with a largely increased attendance.—*The Lutheran.*

'71. Rev. J. F. Ohl, Mus. Doc., city missionary in Philadelphia, has been appointed by Governor Pennypacker as one of the official delegates to represent the Pennsylvania Prison Society and the State at the National Prison Congress, which meets in Louisville, Ky., October 3d to 8th.

'73. Rev. J. S. Erb, Slatington, Pa., was the Lutheran speaker at the corner stone laying of a new union Sunday-school building at Walnutport, Pa.

'74. Ex-Mayor James L. Schaadt and wife, of Allentown, Pa., have returned from their European trip.

'76. Rev. Prof. S. E. Ochsenford, D. D., of the faculty of Muhlenberg College, is the English secretary of the General Council of the Lutheran Church of North America, which convenes at Norristown, Pa., in October.

'78. Prof. Oliver J. Schadt, formerly of Allentown, now of Temple College, Philadelphia, has been appointed by Nicholas Ladygrensky, Russian Consul General in New York City, director of the exhibit of American school supplies at the International Scientific Industrial Exhibition, to be held in St. Petersburg, Russia, next November. Dr. Schadt is especially qualified for the position on account of his familiarity with Russian customs and life, which he learned during several years spent as a private tutor in the house of Prince Bobrinskoy, the great-grandson of Queen Catharine the Second, and secretary to the Czar. He is an Allentonian by birth, and was graduated from the Allentown High School and later from Muhlenberg College.—Allentown *Item.*

'79. George D. Krause, Lebanon, Pa., is chairman of the banquet committee of the Pennsylvania German Society, whose next meeting will be held in Lebanon, October 22d.

'80. We learn that Robert W. Steckel will move to California, largely for the benefit of Mrs. Steckel's health.

'81. Rev. Charles E. Sandt, Allentown, Pa., has a very lucrative position as managing agent for a large cement company.

'81. Prof. S. C. Schmucker, Ph. D., of the West Chester Normal School, was one of the lecturers at the recent session of the New York Chautauqua.

'83. The educational number of *The Lutheran* contains an article on "Education in the Evangelical Lutheran Synod of Iowa and other States," by Rev. W. A. Sadtler, Ph. D., of the Dubuque Theological Seminary. The same paper also prints an appeal "To the Young Lutheran at College," from the same pen.

'84. Rev. W. D. C. Keiter, of West Bethlehem, Pa., is the president of the Allentown Conference of the Ministerium of Pennsylvania.

'85. Howard S. Seip, D. D. S., is a member of the Board of Health of Allentown, Pa.

'85. Rev. J. F. Nicholas, of Elmer, N. J., has accepted the call to the pastorate of the First Presbyterian Church, of this town. He is a graduate of Muhlenberg College and the theological department of Yale University. For eight years he was pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Huntingdon Valley, near Philadelphia.

'86. J. Jeremiah Snyder, Esq., and Dr. Alfred J. Yost, '90, were aides to the marshal of the great firemen's parade that occurred in Allentown during convention week of the Pennsylvania State Firemen's Association.

'91. Reuben H. Bachman has removed from Livingston, Ala., to Edenton, N. C., where he is teaching.

'92. A correspondent of the Phoenix *Republican*, of Saturday, August 15th, gives a most interesting account, in its columns, of the reception and reunion, given by our newly appointed missionary, Rev. E. H. Trafford, to the members of his flock, who were received into the Pikeland charge during his pastorate.

He writes as follows:

"The reunion of those received into church membership during the pastorate of Rev. E. H. Trafford, was largely attended in Upper Pikeland Lutheran Church on Sunday morning. With the exception of those living in Pottstown, Norristown, Philadelphia, etc., all were present and responded to the pastor's roll call.

"A sermon appropriate to the occasion was preached by Pastor Trafford, on the text, Luke 9:62, 'No man having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God.' He admonished every one to plough straight and deep with religion, to continue steadfast in the faith, so as to be able to say with St. Paul, 'I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept *the* faith.'

"On Tuesday evening, though the weather was inclement, there assembled at the parsonage in Kimberton, twenty-five out of the fifty to partake of the bountiful repast prepared by Pastor Trafford. The cakes and ice cream were by Pastor Trafford himself. The evening was spent in a social manner.

"Just before time for departing to their homes, Mr. M. A. Pennypacker, in well-chosen words, presented the pastor, whom they all honor and respect, with one dozen sterling silver knives and forks, one-half dozen dessert spoons, one-half dozen teaspoons, as a mark and token of love and esteem. Pastor Trafford responded with feeling and thanked them for the gift, which is part of his outfit for India.

"On Wednesday evening the Mite Society met at the parsonage. An unusually large number were present. The program was good and well rendered. The dues and collection amounted to $14. After the doxology had been sung the meeting adjourned. A large table was then placed on the front porch, illuminated by Chinese lanterns, and another in the dining-room, around which all gathered and partook freely of the refreshments furnished by the Mite Society. The young folks then enjoyed themselves with games on the lawn, while the older ones were in the house having social talks. Just before leaving, Pastor Trafford, who had all evening been attending to the comfort of his guests, was told that some strangers had arrived. He at once started for the front door, only to be greeted by Dr. R. W. Griffith, A. Pennypacker and H. H. McBride, all carrying bundles. This time Mr. McBride was the spokesman. He certainly did his part well.

"'Since you are going on a long voyage to India,' said he, 'the members of the Upper Pikeland Lutheran Church desire that you shall go comfortably. That you may not take a chill on the ocean we present to you this beautiful steamer rug, and that you may not have to stand, in this envelope you will find funds with which you are to procure a steamer chair. After you arrive in India you will need a bed, so we present you with one dozen sheets and one dozen pillow slips. Then, knowing that the climate is very hot, and knowing that you are fond of swimming, we present to you one dozen turkish towels to dry yourself, and, in the event of the perspiration coming out too profusely, you can use them as a kerchief. And now, what the catechumens have commenced we wish to finish. We therefore present to you one-half dozen dessert spoons and one-half dozen teaspoons, and a sugar shell; thus making a dozen of each. But, I almost forgot, there is still another package, although it is not here—it is coming. It contains table-cloths and napkins. These things we give you as a token of our appreciation of what you have done for us during your pastorate. We see on every side the results of your labors. These things would never have been had it not been for your generosity and energy. You truly have left your mark, and though you are going far away, we never can forget you as long as the church and parsonage stand and the well of water flows. I, therefore, on behalf of the congregation, present to you these tokens of love.'

"Pastor Trafford responded, saying his heart was too full for utterance. He assured the congregation that all that he did during the pastorate was not to receive reward at the hands of his people. 'I have only tried to do my duty. And wherever I have failed I ask forbearance. I, too, can never forget this my first love. When I am on my journey I will think of you; when I recline at night I will think of you; when I sit down to my meals I will think of you. There will be a token of your love always staring me in the face. And in this spirit do I accept them, and not as a reward for what I have done. I ask the prayers of all for my health and for the Lord's blessing upon my work. And now may the Lord bless you and keep you. The Lord make His face to shine upon you, and be gracious unto you. The Lord lift up His countenance upon you, and give you peace. Amen.'

"We all bade the pastor good-night and wished him God-speed. One by one we returned to our homes with great satisfaction and delight, knowing that we only did what we ought to have done."

Missionary Trafford will be consecrated some time in October. The prayers of the Church will accompany him on his noble mission of love to the benighted souls in far-off India.—*The Lutheran.*

'93. We are very glad to be able to report that Rev. P. George Sieger, of Lancaster, Pa., is recovering from a serious attack of typhoid fever.

'95. Rev. P. A. Behler, of Grantville, Pa., has received a call to the Perkasie-Hilltown parish, in the Norristown Conference.

'96. Rev. F. E. Cooper, South Bethlehem, Pa., read a paper on "The Thematic Harmony of the Introit, Collect and Epistle for the First Sunday after Epiphany," before the Lutheran Pastoral Association at its meeting held at Easton, September 14th.

'96. St. Paul's Lutheran Congregation, Allentown, Pa., Rev. George A. Griess, pastor, is erecting a magnificent new church on Eighth Street.

'96. We were greatly pleased to receive a call from Rev. William Marion Weaver, of Lunenburg, Nova Scotia, who reports that the Muhlenberg boys in Nova Scotia are happy, busy, and prosperous.

'96. Rev. M. U. Reinhard, recently elected to the Brickerville, Lancaster County charge has resigned and will remove to Allentown.

'98. Rev. Emile J. Keuling, of Perth Amboy, N. J., has been admitted to the Lutheran Synod of New York and New England.

'99. Rev. F. N. D. Buchman, of Overbrook, Pa., and J. Howard Worth, of Mt. Airy Seminary, have returned from a delightful summer tour in Europe.

'99. The marriage of Miss Jennie A. Kuntz and Dr. Rein K. Hartzell was solemnized this afternoon at three o'clock at the residence of the bride's parents, at Treichlers, by the Rev.

Dr. J. D. Schindel. Only the immediate families of the bride and bridegroom were present at the ceremony, and the couple were unattended. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David A. Kuntz, of Treichlers, and the bridegroom is the son of Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Hartzell, of this city. Dr. Hartzell is a graduate of Muhlenberg College, Class of 1899, and of Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, Class of 1902, and a member of Alpha Tau Omega Fraternity. He is one of the most popular of Allentown's young physicians, and already enjoys a large practice. Mrs. Hartzell, who is a graduate of the Mauch Chunk High School, Class of 1896, is a talented and estimable young lady, with a large circle of friends. The couple left this afternoon on a wedding tour to Atlantic City and Washington, to be gone ten days. They will reside at Dr. Hartzell's residence, No. 22 North Eighth Street.—Allentown *Chronicle and News.*

'99. Dr. William A. Hausman, Jr., who resigned his position as resident physician of the Allentown Hospital on account of his health, has "hung out his shingle" at his home on Union Street above Fifth, where he deserves to establish a large practice.

'99. The pleasant quarters of Epsilon Deuteron Chapter, Phi Gamma Delta, at 1120 Walnut Street, was the scene of a most enjoyable event last evening, when Ambrose A. Kunkle, a popular member of the Fraternity, entertained a large party of his friends at a farewell bachelor's social. Mr. Kunkle, having but forty-eight hours of bachelorhood left to his disposal, determined to make the best of it, and the result was a jolly good time for everyone present. An appetizing luncheon was served by Henry Sinclair, the American Hotel caterer.

Those present were: Peter Trumbower and Howard Shimer, of Nazareth; John Geisinger, Bethlehem; Charles E. Ochs, Ralph Ludwig, Charles O. Hunsicker, Herbert Wagner, Daniel Hamm, Harry McCullough, Fred. Hausman, Percy B. Ruhe, Harry Hornbeck, Frank Rinn, Ray Ritter, Harvey Hartzell, Ed. Nagle, Dr. W. A. Hausman, Jr., Winfield DeLong, Charles Kriebel, Charles Reinhart, Frank Reiter, Samuel Raub, Fred. Reagel, E. G. Kunkle, Walter Shock, Fred. Harrar, Warren Acker, Lawrence Rupp, Lawrence Griesemer, George Specht, Ralph Kline, Dr. Fred. Fetherold,

Ray Lentz, and Moulton McFetridge, of Hokendauqua.—Allentown *Chronicle and News.*

. '99. A wedding of great interest to a large circle of friends and acquaintances occurred last evening when Miss Lulu Alice Koch became the bride of Ambrose Adolphus Kunkel. The beautiful ring ceremony of the Lutheran Church was used. The ceremony was held in St. Matthew's Lutheran Church, corner of Ninth and Turner Streets, by the Rev. George Kunkel, of Summit Hill, father of the bridegroom, assisted by Rev. Albert Steinhaeuser. The bride was given away by her father, George J. Koch.

The bride looked charming in a gown of white silk mousseline over white liberty satin with tulle veil and carried a bouquet of bride roses. She wore a pearl tiara, the gift of the bridegroom. The maid of honor, Miss Sadie Koch, sister of the bride wore a gown of mousseline de soie over pink taffeta, and carried La France roses. The bridesmaids, the Misses Elizabeth Weil, Mary Repass, Tryphena Uhrich, Sadie Blank, Florence Shock, and Mamie Hunsicker, wore white organdie with pink rosebuds, and carried La France Roses.

The best man was the bridegroom's brother, George Kunkel, and the ushers, the Messrs. Fred. Reagle, Ralph Ludwig, Dr. W. A. Hausman, George Rubrecht, Edward Wackernagel, and Frederick B. Gernerd. The flower girl was little Mary Elizabeth Delahunty, of West Pittston, and Herbert Koch was the page. Organist Edward Kocher gave a recital before the ceremony, and the church choir rendered the bridal chorus from Lohengrin. A larger number of people than that assembled last evening has never witnessed a wedding in St Matthew's Church. The most happy circumstances attended the event. The day was selected because of its being the birthday of the bridegroom. After the services in the church, the bridal party was driven to the residence of the bride, 831 Linden Street, where a wedding supper was served. The happy couple after receiving the congratulations of all left on the 8.18 Lehigh Valley train for a point unknown, but presumably a Southern trip.

The gifts of the bride to the maid of honor, page, and flower girl were signet rings, and to the maids, silver sash pins. The gifts of the bridegroom to his best man and ushers

were pearl stick pins. The couple after their return will take up their residence at their home, 38 North Jefferson Street.

The bride is the daughter of George J. Koch, of Koch & Haas, and is an accomplished and popular young lady. She is a graduate of the Allentown High School. Class of 1897, and has a host of the warmest friends, who desire for her the fullest measure of happiness. Her disposition is the sunniest, and her hospitality unbounded. The bridegroom is to be envied but, most of all, congratulated on his great fortune.

The bridegroom is the efficient principal of the Tenth Ward schools, and has, since his graduation from Muhlenberg College in 1899, steadily worked himself up by his merit and personality to a leading position among the younger professional men of the town. He is popular in social circles and highly esteemed in educational and church circles.—Allentown *Morning Call.*

'99. The latest number of the *Luther League Review* contains a good portrait of Rev. William J. Seiberling, of Mulberry, Ind., who is the president of the Indiana State Luther League.

'03. Charles Trexler, of Bernville, who graduated from Muhlenberg College, is spending a few days in town on his way to New York, where he has accepted the post of secretary in a branch Y. M. C. A —Reading *Herald.*

'03. Charles W. Webb, Allentown, Pa., has received a scholarship in the Law Department of the University of Pennsylvania, where he expects to take a complete course.

'03. Orlando S. Yerger and Mervin J. Wertman have charge of the Academic department of Muhlenberg.

'03. Jacob D. Heilman has obtained a scholarship at the University of Pennsylvania and will take a post-graduate course in the department of Philosophy.

Athletics.

Awake! Arise! the athlete's arm
Loses its strength by too much rest.—*Longfellow.*

At the beginning of this new year we wish to ring this sentiment into the ears of our student band.

In this late day of greater activity we now and then still find some enthusiast, who, contentedly indifferent to athletic sports, runs the whole gamut of ambition, and disregarding the laws of development, in penitence, ultimately lays before the God of Healing his plea, "bind my wounds."

To this character we feel free to say for his welfare, break the shackles of physical lethargy; for if thy mind be warped and thy ideals oppose the principles of complete living, thou art doomed to a sure dismissal from the stage of active and professional life.

To lighten the tasks of the student is first of all to see that the mind be receptive, and the body strengthened and refreshed; unless this be so the physical person will not be in a position to give ear even to a "solemn musing of Wordsworth's or the homeliest greeting of Father Chaucer's."

Not for physical benefit and comfort alone do we encourage athletics but, that we may hold a place on the gridiron and in general athletics on an equal basis with other institutions of our ilk.

To the indifferent student then we raise the cry, awake! and rise to the spirit of the age and day.

The following is the foot-ball schedule to date:

October 10—Perkiomen Seminary, Pennsburg.
" 17—K. S. N. S., Kutztown.
" 24—Moravians, Rittersville.
" 31—Albright, Myerstown.
November 7—Penn Wheelmen, Reading.
" 14—Lebanon Valley, Annville.

Book Review.

"SESAME AND LILIES." By John Ruskin, LL. D. John Wiley and Sons.

Many people look for light literature by the reading of which they may pass their time; others read for the purpose of gaining knowledge of the arts and sciences, and of history and events; some read because they desire to gain that discipline of the mind which reading alone can impart; still others indulge extensively in reading for this reason uppermost in their minds, namely, that they may continually develop more

power as to character. The markets of the world are flooded with literature suited for the various classes of readers.

John Ruskin immortalized his name by producing *such* literature that has for its mighty undercurrent the love of truth, which is bound to touch the best and most sacred in the human being; and he so breathes his life into the readers of his books that they are raised unconsciously to a higher plane of living.

The life of the author of almost ideal literature can not be entirely withheld. He was born of Scotch parents in London, February 8th, 1819, and died at Brantwood, January 20th, 1900. He received his preparatory education at home from tutors; in 1836 he was matriculated at Christ College, Oxford; while an undergraduate there, his literary career properly began with, "The Poetry of Architecture."

The works of Thomas Carlyle, a comtemporary of Ruskin, in some respects attain to the quality of the latter, but the remarkable tenderness and the inextinguishable hopefulness of Ruskin stand in marked contrast with the villainous fierceness and intolerant pessimism of Carlyle's productions.

The works of Ruskin are numerous. The first volume of the "Modern Painters," a series of five, appeared in 1843. With these he purposed to create fidelity to nature, not only in its outward form, but in its invisible spirit or life. "The King of the Golden River," a fairy tale, he wrote for a beautiful Scotch maiden who later became his wife. A close relation between morality and art, and a noble plea for sincerity and truth is pointed out by his popular work "The Seven Lamps of Architecture."

In "Sesame and Lilies" John Ruskin utilizes very forcibly his customary ability for charming his readers to see the relation to their fellow men, and to their Creator in regard to the true function of life. This work is composed of three parts or lectures. "Of Kings' Treasures," the first points out clearly the duty of man (*vir*) relating to his home, State, and nation, and how to become most efficient for performing his duty. The second, "Of Queens' Gardens," keenly marks out the various ways by which a woman should make herself a power for the purpose of securing a still higher quality of order, comfort, and loveliness, not only in her immediate environment, but, if possible, in the more remote. And the

last, "Mystery of Life and its Arts," brings the two preceding main thoughts together and calls the union, as it were, life; furthermore it shows how different, individual persons are qualified for a certain "station in life" for a certain length of time; and how later they, by fulfilling certain laws, fit themselves for a higher one, and thus advance themselves if not in worldly position nevertheless in the order of the degree of life.

Exchange.

With this number we extend the hand of welcome to all our various exchanges, and wish them a successful year.

An exchange which we highly appreciate is the *Midland*, published by the Literary Societies of Midland College. It was the first college paper to greet us at the beginning of school. Among its contents we find an excellent article on, "The Penalty of Greatness." The writer says in part: "Is this greatness, vague in its highest forms, worth striving for? Fame is sweet, indeed, but many are the penalties that must be undergone to secure it. But all external good has a tax, and greatness is not an exception to the general rule. The farmer doubtless envies the President in his hall of state, little deeming how dearly that residence was bought. Held up in the lime-light of publicity, he must hourly watch his every action, in order not to offend the critical multitude. Peace and quietude he has not. Every action is reported in a thousand papers, and discussed by the inhabitants of a vast country. Is this greatness, then, which carried with it so many penalties, w th the price? In spite of all, we answer, "yes." The good . gs of life, if easily won, would become commonplace from t.. t very fact, and would lose their value. Just as virtue is its own reward, so greatness, despite its penalties, amply repays the time and trouble spent in its pursuit."

We consider the article, "The American Negro," in the *Thielensian*, worthy of special mention. We agree with the view taken by the author, and heartily recommend it as well worth reading.

The *Lafayette* reports good prospects for a strong foot-ball team this year.

Among our many exchanges there is none that we welcome more than the *Lutheran.*

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"Collecting souvenirs," she said.
"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"
"My fad is not spoons, kind sir," she said.—*Ex.*

Man is carried away by his ideas when he gets in a train of thought.—*Ex.*

In an English railway station:
Passenger: "Does it rain, porter?"
Porter: "No, sir; it rains water."—*Ex.*

Father: "Young man, you were out after ten last night."
Son: "No, sir; I was only after one."—*Ex.*

Prof.: "What are you doing; learning something?"
Student: "No, sir—listening to you."—*Red and Black.*

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Vol. XXI

No. 3

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THE MUHLENBERG.

"Literæ Sine Ingenio Vanæ."

VOL. XXI. ALLENTOWN, PA., NOVEMBER, 1903. No. 3.

TIME.

'Twas Spring but a moment past,
And Summer, too, is gone;
Golden Autumn follows fast,
Oh, how the "swift seasons roll!"

With hurried tread we follow
"The music of the spheres;"
No backward step, but on we go,
Down through the coming years.

Thus whirl we through life's busy round;
Our duties done, no more we're found!

P. A. B., '06.

A SCATTERED NATION.

CHARLES A. HAINES, '04.

Homeless, friendless, and alone. Of all the words which it is given human lips to frame, are there any which convey greater depths of pathos or a deeper tinge of sadness than these? They express the profundity of sorrow. They set forth the abomination of desolation. Decay, disease, disaster, even death itself can be borne with comparative fortitude because the approach of the end can be seen. But to be physically well, yet shattered in hopes and spirits, to be an alien among all the races of mankind, to be of a religion which has no established abiding place, to be of a nation which flaunts no standard among the banners of the armies of the earth, which sends no ambassadors to the Courts of either Emperor, Kaiser or Czar—who can imagine greater woe? Who can conceive of a spectacle more calculated to

arouse the sympathy of civilization? Yet it is the condition of over eleven millions of the children of Abraham. It is the state of that unfortunate people whose story for two thousand years has been written with blood and iron upon the blackest portion of the scroll of history.

The tale of the Jews is the tragedy of the nations. Other peoples have had their lowly beginning, their rise, their time of flowering conquest, and then, mayhap, their abject fall and complete obliteration. For the Jews, however, the course of events rolled on in quite a different channel. Instead of arriving, after years of sorrow and tribulation to a position of honor and esteem, from their origin they were the chosen of God, his well-beloved. For them He instituted the only theocratic government which the world has ever beheld. Without labor and with no cost but obedience to the divine behests they were established in a kingdom, and dominion was given to them over all the land of Gilead and the territory round about. The enemies of Israel were the enemies of the Most High, and with the swords of Gideon and Jephthah and in a hundred other ways He punished those who were presumptuous enough to dispute the rule of the sons of the patriarchs. His patience was almost unfailing. While in the wilderness, ten times had the people, then just rescued from bondage by a series of the most convincing miracles, tempted the Almighty's wrath for their disobedience. Nevertheless for sixteen hundred years more they were permitted to exist as a nation. Kings, judges, and prophets were given to them to teach the divine will and the laws of the elders. They were rescued from the most dire distresses. When good and true, loyal to God and zealous in the faith, the vineyards of their enemies were their prize, and the overflowing cornucopia of plenty was permitted to rain its pleasing contents most prodigally over the land. When, in the arrogance of might, reckless in profligacy, heedless of the Power to which they owed all the rich blessings they so keenly enjoyed, they turned away from Jehovah; even as a loving father who chideth but to reform, attempting to recall them to their duty, He permitted their enemies temporarily to triumph over them. So this tragedy continued for some sixteen centuries. With constantly shifting scenes and changing actors, in a state of flux and reflux this drama of the failure of a nation

continued to unfold itself to human gaze. Yet it was in vain that calamity after calamity followed sin, for when the heart of Jehovah was touched, and they were received back into his grace in the hope that the law and the prophets might be obeyed, it availed nothing. In the wilderness the Lord had denounced them unto Moses as a stiff-necked people, and from that time on naught has occurred to show that the denomination should be changed.

Profanely considered, the climax of this world tragedy took place in the year seventy A. D. The scene was in Judah, at Jerusalem. The occasion was the destruction of that city by Titus, then at the head of the Roman legions, afterwards Emperor of the domain of the Eternal City. It is impossible to portray in detail that gigantic contest which resulted in one of earth's most famed catastrophes. Josephus has left us an account which for circumstantiality stands forth pre-eminently among descriptions. At the head of one hundred thousand legionaries, a terrible onslaught was made upon the outer walls of Jerusalem. For days the contest raged. Human blood was poured forth as though it belonged but to the foulest beasts, while lives were sacrificed with barbarian wantonness, each side striving to gain vantage or repulse advances, not counting the cost. Wall after wall was lost by the beleagured forces. The country for miles around was swept by the invading armies for articles of food and munitions of war until the substance of the inhabitants was eaten up as cleanly as though by a plague of Egyptian locusts. At length the fated hour struck. The doom of the city was sealed. The end was at hand. A breach was made in the last wall. The temple was fired, and, although prodigies of valor were performed by the brave defenders, like hungry jackals the mercenaries of Rome swarmed into the devoted city, and fire, destruction, and devastation reigned supreme. Of the Jews, Josephus states, one million one hundred thousand were slain and ninety-seven thousand were sold into captivity. Now began the wanderings of this people. Like Adam and Eve thrust out of the gates of Paradise by the angel with the flaming sword,

> "Some natural tears they dropp'd, but wiped them soon:
> The world was all before them, where to choose
> Their place of rest."

From that time on to this the Jewish nation has led a life of misery. Its ancient City has been given up to Christians, Armenians, and Mohammedans. In place of the glories of the temple, its hangings, its draperies and the sacred contents of its holy of holies, there are to be found naught but ruins. The heritage of Israel has gone forth from her and nothing remains but never-to-be-forgotten memories of a glorious past. Instead of the pomp and circumstance of religious services rendered magnificent by every trapping which wealth or art could command, there is heard but the lamentations of the Jews from their wailing place. All that remains to them of their former greatness and grandeur, of their one-time temporal dominion, is a stone wall by which they utter their never ceasing cries of despair; and even this poor privilege they have by the grace of a Sultan who is not friendly to their tribes or faith.

Scattered by the hand of the Infinite; like the interstellar dust of the universe, unseen, unsuspected, unbidden, they have settled in every nook and cranny of the globe. For them torrid suns can not be too hot or arctic blasts too severe. Denied the bles'd privilege of annihilation, bearing upon their physiognomy the undeniable and indelible stamp of their origin, not in clans or tribes, but each family for itself, they have born their burdens with no willing ear to hearken unto them, or any government to render them assistance or even protect them in their rights. Is it not wonderful, even marvellous that under such circumstances they have made themselves a power in the world at once hated, respected and feared: hated for their religion and history, respected for their wealth, and feared for the anticipated baneful influence which their presence is supposed to bring.

It would require far more time and ability than present circumstances allow to give consideration to those mental qualities which have made the Jews loom up from the dregs of mankind to be the money kings of the earth. Mayhap their very servitude and dispersement contributed in no small degree to give them those qualities of patience, acquisitiveness, and economy which, together with the fact that at any given place one of their number could be found, made them the money changers of the Middle Ages and the bankers of modern times. Is it not more than passing strange that this

people, denied a foot of soil upon the whole globe which they could term their country, have, through their wealth, financed crusades, built cities, ransomed rulers, floated public debts, raised the means of carrying on wars, and made their power felt at every capital of Europe to such an extent as to change the course of empire, aye, even to the extent of the setting up and dethronement of monarchs?

Like terrible physical disturbances, history can point out occasions when whole nations appear to have lost their equilibrium, when the very balance of judgment appears to be disturbed. Occasionally, now from this quarter, again from that, we hear stories of uprisings against the people of the Hebrew tongue when unreasoning mobs sacrifice innocent women and children to flames and the sword.

My Countrymen! When such things happen, when such dastardly deeds are done, let us remember some of the kindly qualities for which the Jew is noted, his love of wife and child and home, the protecting care he always gives to his family, and let us not forget the manifold afflictions which it has pleased God to place upon him. Not by governmental protest, for our country can not be the protector of the poor and oppressed of all the earth, but by quiet sympathy and persistent education let us instil the principles taught by the good Samaritan. Pass not by upon the other side. See to it that old-world prejudices do not gain a foothold in our land. Like another St. George, mounted upon the steed of justice with the spear of reason, let us slay the relic of old-time superstition, the reeking dragon of anti-semitism.

WHAT TO READ.

EUGENE M. HANDWERK, '04.

There is probably no question so frequently asked and so variously, and often foolishly, answered as the question, "What shall we read?"

The popular opinion of to-day is that we should read *intelligently* only such material which concerns the promotion of our social and financial conditions. Others hold that the more a man reads and reflects the clearer will he know and the better will he understand his relation to his family, his State, and his religion, and therefore the more prone to criti-

cize, condemn, despise, and help to mutilate these social and divine institutions. This is the Catholic view. Their laymen shall not read the Bible, because, not having had the training of the priest, they are likely to misinterpret it, and thus become irreligious, which is, however, only an excuse, for the fact is that they do not wish their people to know the truth and thus expose the church to abuse through the influence which such men might have in exposing the false doctrines of their church. The common opinion is that because a man daily reads of thefts, suicides, murders, and divorces he is aided in thieving, prepared for suicide, skilled for murder, and learned in the art of making excuses for divorce.

While these are narrow views to take of reading, they are, however, not altogether without foundation and ought to be carefully considered by those who furnish reading material for others; and here is just where parents and guardians are most negligent when they ought to exercise the greatest care. Parents often pride themselves because they see their sons and daughters devouring book after book and they ought to be proud if they were careful in selecting books; but too often parents have no idea of the books which their children are reading, and thus in the presence of pious and educated parents children often read the most malicious books, and acquire the most infamous habits. Then parents wonder where they acquire these habits, and blame teachers and school directors for introducing such books into the school curriculum when they themselves bought the books and carried them home from the bookseller without examining their contents.

The effect that one book or newspaper article has upon a young man, who receives and retains impressions so easily, is really wonderful. One great writer says: "The reading of one bad book while I was young made such an impression on me that twenty years afterwards the thoughts of that book were an immense burden to my mind, and often kept me from studying for hours." If one book had such an influence on a man who was constantly trying to forget it, what influence will many books have on a young mind in which evil thoughts are constantly cherished? Let the reader decide for himself. Suffice it to say that the future welfare of our country depends largely upon the doctrines and principles that are inculcated into the minds of the young who are in

the formative and plastic stages of life, and that literature is one of the powerful factors in disseminating these doctrines and principles.

In selecting reading material let us remember the doctrine of Horace Mann: "The one former is worth a thousand reformers." Then if we are diligent readers we will know what reading material to provide for the coming generation, and those who are not diligent readers themselves can with a few inquiries always find out what reading material to procure for those who have not yet formed lasting habits of reading. One book read while a child is young, if it is read right, will decide for always the reading material for that person. Parents who are diligent readers should never forget the example they are setting, for children are likely to imitate superiors, and rightly so.

The newspaper is the most common sort of reading, and should be read in every home. Children should have the newspaper always at hand, and especially a local paper, for home news always interests children and affords them a stimulus to learn to read and write.

We should, however, always be on guard that we do not become intemperate in newspaper reading. The man who sits back of his newspaper from morn to midnight, and from New Year to New Year, will hardly be any wiser, stronger, or better than he was ten years before. If a man daily spends half an hour or, let us say, an hour, that is all the time that any man can afford to spend on the newspaper. He who spends more rather wastes his time than uses it. The newspaper reader should be careful to select and read only what is useful to him, and not open the newspaper and begin to read and read to the end; that is a waste of time and a useless expense of energy, and the reward for it is a confusion of the mind and a weakening of the body. If a man has more time to read he should read, not the times, but the eternities.

Magazines furnish important reading matter for the public. They are the connecting link between the newspaper and the book. They are far superior to the newspaper in the reading material they furnish, and to a large extent free from that partisan spirit that pervades all newspapers. The magazine editor is more liberal in his views, and furnishes us with common sense views on all political questions, tells us our faults in a mod-

erate way, and gives us good advice to remedy them. Magazines furnish us material for enjoyment as well as for culture, and make us acquainted with all modern inventions, solve our educational problems, and, in short, make us acquainted with that progressive spirit that pervades all America.

Books furnish the highest type of reading, and nobody can have a high spiritual personality in a good physical organism unless he is acquainted with good books. But, among books as among people, there are sheep and goats, and the reader must be carefnl to accept the former and discard the latter. This is often difficult and takes time until the reader discovers the fact, but as soon as he finds this out he should drop the book. The following two rules may be helpful:

1. Read only famed books.
2. Read no book that has not been in print a year or more.

A certain book lover had his books placed on two shelves. Over one he put the form of a bird called the dipper, known for its caressing and joyful nature; over the other the form of an owl. This to my mind was a most sensible division. The "dipper" books are to be read for recreation and enjoyment, such as Irving, Cooper, and Hawthorne. The "owl" books should be read, and not only read but mastered and digested; such as Gibbons' Rome, Butler's Analogy, and many others.

Let us then form the habit of reading books in which "the life blood of a master spirit" is stored up, and then we will have at least one jewel for the crown which we are to wear in eternity.

OLD ENGLISH.

E. MAX BECK, '06.

The Angles and Saxons were tribes of that powerful nation, the Teutons, which conquered the Romans and exists to-day, while the flower of Rome has withered away. They inhabited the shores of the Baltic and North Seas and were very adventurous. In 449 A. D. they invaded Britain, conquered the inhabitants and founded a nation which is the

glory of the earth, and whose language is rapidly becoming the language of the world.

Since the Angles and the Saxons came from Germany, the purpose of this article is to show the close relation of their language to that of the Germans. We place modern English under the Teutonic group of the Aryan family of languages because it is the development of the language spoken by the Angles and Saxons.

Anglo-Saxon is a highly inflected language, its noun having five cases and several declensions, which are either strong or weak, similar to the German. The adjectives are also declined and have three genders. They are also divided into a weak and strong declension like the German. The pronouns are declined, and many of their oblique cases are still found in the English of to-day.

The verbs are either strong or weak, as is the characteristic of the German. Its infinitive ends in *an*, corresponding to the German *en*. The present participle ends in *ende*, corresponding to the German *end*. The past participle is formed by prefixing *ge* to the stem, which is the same as in the German. We still have an example of the past participle in the word "yclept," used by Milton. Both participles are inflected. Many verbs are cognate to and seemed to be derived from the German, viz: *weorpan*, to throw, is similar to werfen; *bindan*, to bind, to binden; *sprecan*, to speak, to ſprechen; and many other verbs. It is interesting to note that the English "quoth" is similar to *cwaed*. The second and third personal endings, *est* and *eth* respectively, are derived from the Anglo-Saxon verb.

In the declension of nouns and adjectives the Anlgo-Saxon is very closely related to the German. The genitive singular ends in *es*, the dative in *e* of the strong, as in the German. In the weak declension the singular oblique cases end in *an*, which corresponds to the German *en* of the weak. What has been said of the verb can also be said about the noun as to its derivation. *Haelend* is a modification of the German Heiland. The adjective holy is a development of *halig*.

The genitive singular can be seen in nouns of to-day's English, when denoting possession. The apostrophe in modern English is the sign of omission, and generally the letter

that is omitted is *e*. Adding the omitted letter to *s* we get the genitive singular *es*.

The formation of words in Anglo-Saxon is very much similar to that of the German, and it is still seen in modern English. In poetry Anglo-Saxon has a prosody and a rime peculiar to itself. Alliteration is a poetical ornament which is a distinctive feature of Old English verse. It differs from modern English in having head rime instead of end rime, and its movement is wavy instead of choppy.

MEMORY.

DALLAS H. BASTIAN, '05.

Man, the individual, the unit of the human race, is richly endowed with faculties, the value and function of which he may, through their cultivation, realize, but perhaps never learn to recognize fully.

Though man enjoys the blessed privilege of becoming acquainted with the outside world through his numerous faculties, as memory, intellect, and sense perception, yet if he be deprived of the first, he will feel miserable indeed, then he can qualifiedly feel and recognize with his contemporaries, memory as the most precious of all his treasured powers.

Memory is the mental power of recognizing past knowledges. It is the exalter, the elevator of man. When in real life there is a duty devolving on him, he, without exception, draws on his memory for the consequences of performed or neglected duties. When his memory tells his conscience, that to neglect duty means misery, sin, and wretchedness to him, he will naturally be spurred on to perform unfalteringly his daily tasks. On observation we find this to be true not only in domestic life but in every sphere of activity.

The events of human history affirm this sentiment. The youth is restrained from committing wrong by a fear (memory) of evil consequences impressed upon the mind by the parent. When youth arrives in the province of true manhood he has learned that the greater joy and pleasure of life lies in doing nobly the tasks of the typical individual man. Then duty turns to be a pleasure instead of a burden.

Memory has given us an interesting and inexhaustible treasure of history. Because the contemporaries of men im-

mortalized on the fair pages of history recalled the actions, the causes and effects of the actions of such men, we have the everflowing fountain of historical beverages, from which the sons of the common family of man never ceased to draw the inspiring truths which have often kindled the flame of ambition within him and led him to select his course in life. The memory in referring us to volumes of history leads us along roads of wealth and happiness, for thus we gain a knowledge, not partial, but full and complete. Such we do not hesitate to call it, for it embraces in its scope a vivid picture not only of the world's honored, but also of the world's dishonored men and their relation to each other.

The attentive mind while considerate here finds lessons inspiring and entertaining for every minute in the brief span of its activity. Memory therefore serves as the main pipeway between the reservoir and spring.

Through such sentiment drainage, the spirit that fought the battle of Thermopylae has held sway in the heart on the field of strife and conquest, and has placed or caused the crown of victory to be placed on many a weary brow.

It is admitted by psychologists that the mirthful moments in life are more clearly recalled than the adverse moments. As man casts a retrospective eye as he is often wont to do when bent under the weight of years, there appear before his mind those bright moments, those fond reminiscences of earlier years which make old age blush and bow down before the cheery countenance of youth, which buries for a time at least the monotony of old age in the depth of youthful spirit.

If misfortune should lead me into error, and law doom me to some dark prison cell, memory then soothes my feelings when I recollect what Lovelace, the victim of a dark cellar, felt and put into words,

> "Stone walls do not a prison make,
> Nor iron bars a cage."

Memory is the connecting link between the past and the present. My future will be pleasant, successful, and happy in proportion to the mental assimilation and digestion of past data. Thus, the rightful use of memory in the true and pious personal turns the blossoms of past erratic deeds into the golden fruitage of future predilection.

THE WORLD'S POWER.

WALTER A. HUNTZINGER, '04.

Archimedes, the greatest of ancient geometers said: "Give me where I may stand and I will move the world." This may be said with reference to other spheres of life. We might identify woman with this saying. Woman has come up to the position of dignity and influence which Providence has evidently designed for her. Her influence is being felt everywhere pure as the breath of the morning, and merciful, yet powerful as the ministry of angels. She is ambitious, her ambition is to move the world with her matchless powers; her intellect is not for invention or creation, but finds expression in new and nobler directions, it is for sweet ordering, arrangement and decision. Toward man no brighter evidence of God's love, save only the gift of His Son, could possibly exist than the creation of woman to be his helpmeet. She knows without reasoning, and discovers without research.

Woman is the greatest power in the world for good or evil. Looking back into the history of the world, we behold notable examples emphasizing the truth of this statement. Many a man has sinned and even suffered death through the influence of some selfish, heartless sorceress, gifted and beautiful as she may have been; unpityingly beholding fate yet does not share it with him, but renews her allurements and reserves her arts for another victim.

Antony gave up ambition for a misguided and dishonorable passion. It took possession of his whole being. He was enslaved by Cleopatra, and whatever his doubts may have been as to her constancy, yet life without her seemed unbearable, despite her artful, designing, selfish ways, using him for her own ends.

In Holy Scripture we find the real downfall of Israel and the kings of Judah was owing to the wicked mothers whose sons did evil in the sight of the Lord. It is shown that the destruction of the nation was found in the nurseries of the kings, when their minds were trained by their Jezebel mothers. Being thus early led into sin, they in later years ascended the throne spreading their evil influence until the nation was carried into captivity.

But if the influence of woman is powerful for evil, it is

equally influential for good. In the early days of Rome, woman was considered the equal of man, she was his counsellor and friend in the affairs of life, full of love of home, chaste and industrious. But however honorable and exalted her position in pagan times, she was elevated to the pedestal of true honor and glory where she held to her breast the infant Jesus in the star-lit manger of Bethlehem. Her triumphant march has been onward and upward from the time a woman bathed the feet of our Saviour with her tears and wiped them with her hair; when in loving devotion she lingered at the cross on Calvary and hastened to the sepulcher of the Redeemer.

Woman's power is great and her influence is unlimited. Joan of Arc, "who had seen but sixteen summers," came from a humble home and pleaded before the court of France for the privilege of raising the siege of Orleans. At first she was refused, but the purity of soul and the determined will gained for her another opportunity to plead her cause. This time her step was that of a queen, her eyes flashed with the fire of inspiration, through falling tears of patriotic sympathy and love she approached the ruler and cried: "Only give me the commission and I will raise the siege of Orleans, and place again the crown upon the brow of the deposed monarch." She was given the commission, the army was encouraged by their inspired leader, and after one desperate charge the victory was won.

In the department of literature, science and art, woman has measured swords with man. The door of the profession of law and medicine is opening to her. We find her in nearly all the vocations of life, and through her affability, keen insight and intuition is meeting with marvelous success and exerting a wonderfully refining influence. She can give to literature works which man can scarcely equal. Works in the expression of noble thoughts and sentiments well befit her; the tenderest hymn in the English language, as pure in tone as it is tender in feeling was written by a woman—"Nearer, my God, to Thee."

The influence of woman in shaping the destiny of young men can not be comprehended. They can set a standard of intellectual and moral excellence which will be more effective in preventing transgression than the best code.

In real life everywhere the noble wife is seen always nip-

ping off from her husband's moral nature those little branches that are shooting out in the wrong direction. "We might say that the wife is the wielder of the moral pruning knife." It has almost grown into a proverb, that a man who has been successful in business or useful in society has been blessed with a prudent and excellent wife.

We owe all our best qualities to the influence of the first woman we knew, our mother. We are what our mothers made us. The light of a mother's eye is always the first to rise, and very often the last to set upon man's day of trials. She endures more for us, serves us more patiently, loves us more fondly, thinks of us more bravely than any other person we know on earth. O, how great is the tenderness of a mother's love toward her son! She will sacrifice every comfort, deny herself the necessaries of life that he may acquire a liberal education, and content herself as amply remunerated by beholding success and prosperity.

As a mother, who can better fix a limit to woman's responsibility? The component parts of society in the next generation are growing up in her house and under her eye, "and each of them has an immortal nature in which are bound up elements of character that will prove seeds of an eternal harvest of glory or woe." The character is formed during the first ten or twelve years of life, and it is the mother's plastic hand that chiefly forms it. It is her sweet voice that teaches truth and wisdom; it is her gentle hand that is to lead into the paths of virtue.

"The sweetest type of heaven is home." Home is the greatest object of life, it stands at the end of every day's labor, and beckons us to its bosom. The real source from which our Republic sprang was the Christian households which stepped from the cabin of the Mayflower or which set up the family altar of the Hollander and the Huguenot on Manhattan Island, or of the hardy, thrifty German bringing with him industry in his duties and reverence for God's Word. In those early days all our best characteristics, best legislation, best institutions, and best church life were cradled.

Home rules the nation. Woman is the queen. The government at Washington can not be compared with the government which rules the ten or twelve millions of homes in America. Consciously and unconsciously she puts into

everyday use influences that tend to move the destiny of the nation more than any man, crowned by the power of eloquence, can possibly effect. Men of the nation are what their mothers make them in the home, and the words that those men speak, in the expression of power, is the voice of the woman who bore and bred them. Washington, who broke the chain that held America in foreign vassalage, wore a chain around his own neck for forty years, which held a picture of her who had been his greatest inspiration.

Woman, your mission is great, there is scarcely a vocation in life where you can not be of service. You have an influence of purity, and truth, and love that will teach all needful lessons of order, meekness, patience and goodness. Strive to become more and more a true woman. Make your life a shining light, so that all who know you will call you blessed. Seek the possession of that inward grace, which will permeate and vitalize the affections and give a hallowed beauty even to your motions. You can accomplish much. There is no siege of Orleans to raise, but there are greater opportunities to-day than there were at that time for the hand and brain of the heroine. By a stroke of your matchless power you can raise the siege of sin around the heart of young manhood, and inspire it to noble thoughts and deeds.

Wives and mothers you have an influence over man, for time and eternity, which surpasses the power of language to describe. O Mother! It is in your power to form the future generation for a life of usefulness, and career of virtue and happiness beyond the grave. Above all things you need faith, genuine loving trust in the will of God. You are to lead your children to the mercy seat of prayer, and teach them such sweet songs of heaven that all the clamor of the world can not hush them in their souls.

"They say that man is mighty,
He governs land and sea;
He wields a mighty sceptre
O'er lesser powers that be.
But a mightier hand and stronger
Man from his throne has hurled,
And the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world."

THE PROGRESS OF CRIME IN MACBETH.

JOHN D. M. BROWN, '06.

As the growth of a grain of corn in the ground, so a man's growth in crime is gradual. He does not become a reckless criminal or murderer in a moment, but approaches that state slowly. Indeed the laws of nature are the same as the laws of the moral world. The transition from light to darkness is not a sudden one, neither does the darkness immediately follow the light, but there is an intervening space, called twilight, when the shades of night begin to *gradually* assert their influence and the light of day still lingers on the horizon. And, just as in nature, darkness, so in man, crime advances slowly.

One of the best examples of this is found in Shakespeare's Macbeth. Macbeth is first presented to us as a valiant soldier, fresh from the field of battle where he had won a great victory. He has then no evil intentions, for no one is his enemy, and he is going to the king to receive a reward for his valor. Consequently his future is bright and his mind serene.

But now a new power appears in his life. As he is standing on the dreary heath with Banquo, three witches come to him and utter those three greetings which were destined to have such a great effect on his actions in the future:

> "All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis!
> All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!
> All hail, Macbeth! that shall be king hereafter!"

We can readily perceive what a great effect these ghostly greetings had upon a mind as superstitious as Macbeth's was. His whole being is stirred. The words ring in his ears; he can not get rid of them. They become a part of himself, and occupy his mind and heart. At first he starts, when he hears them; but they sound so pleasantly that he wishes to know more. A great ambition now suddenly seizes him and begins to bind him with iron fetters; and now begins the first great struggle between his good and his evil nature. Now comes the crisis in his life. When temptation attacks a man, it always attacks him at the place where he is least able to resist it, just as a good general always attacks the enemy at the weakest point. Macbeth's one weakness was his desire for power, which is shown by the manner in which he acts when

the prophetic greetings are spoken. Had he not been ambitious, the words would have produced only a little effect on him, just as they did on Banquo. In this weak point temptation attacks him; he does not flee from it. He tries to argue with it, and by so doing makes a fatal mistake. He lingers too long. He listens to the voice of the siren and is caught in the deadly current. But even then his better nature rises up within him and he makes one last desperate effort to conquer his passion and reach a place of safety.

So powerfully does this good impulse possess him that even on the night of King Duncan's murder, when he, Macbeth, is standing on the edge of the precipice of crime, he turns his back upon temptation and cries out: "We will proceed no further in this business." But, alas, this declaration is not from the heart, and, when, a few minutes later, the temptation assails him again, and his wicked wife urges him on, he falls. He yields to "that suggestion whose horrid image doth unfix my hair and make my seated heart knock at my ribs against the law of nature." He murders Duncan who is his guest, and enters upon the broad highway of crime that leads to eternal death. And for what? For ambition's sake; for an earthly crown.

But he is not yet heartless and without feeling. He is sorry for what he has done, and afterwards in his agony cries out: "Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst!" "Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood clean from my hand?" Remorse seizes him. He can not go anywhere without having his bloody deed before him. The voice that seemed to cry: "Sleep no more. Macbeth doth murder sleep. Macbeth shall sleep no more," was but the voice of conscience, ringing in his ears.

However, he does not continue to be thus. He imagines that Banquo is plotting against him. Temptation again attacks him and this time it can conquer him more easily; for, having murdered one man, it does not require much of an effort to kill another. And so, in a fit of jealousy, he hires men to kill Banquo. They commit the murder and Macbeth descends one step lower in the scale of crime.

And yet the voice of conscience is not wholly stilled. Though Macbeth has been getting deeper and deeper into the quicksands of sin, there is yet a way of escape; for the still,

small voice of the soul has some power over him and if he will heed it, he may be a man once more. Banquo's ghost rises before his eyes as a horrible apparition. He is shaken both inwardly and outwardly by the sight. His self control leaves him. Fear rather than remorse possesses him. He sees only Banquo's ghost before him. His better nature makes its great final attempt to rescue him from worse crime, but it makes it in vain. It is but the last glimmer of light before the dreadful darkness; it is but the dying voice of conscience uttering its last appeal. Macbeth repents not. With the murder of Lady Macduff and her son his progress in crime is completed. He is now a hard-hearted, brutal, inhuman fiend, who knows no God.

Let us now take a look at the closing years of his life. We see before us a man ruined by vice and crime, who sneers at death and future punishment; who thinks "life to be but a walking shadow, a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." His wife is driven mad by her conscience, but Macbeth now feels no remorse. He has not "murdered sleep," but he has murdered his conscience. Although countless enemies rise against him, he is still the same. He enters the battle without fear, though he believes that his end is near. We see him for the last time, holding his warlike shield and bloodstained sword and crying: "Lay on, Macduff; and damned be he that cries, 'hold, enough'." So he dies, unrepentant, unforgiving and without hope.

Such was the progress of crime in Macbeth, one of Shakespeare's most wonderful characters. We have seen that the progress was a gradual one, and that when sin gains possession of a man it slowly but surely transforms him into a hardened criminal who is more like a beast than like a man. We have seen to what depths a man will descend, and for what earthly prizes he will sell his immortal soul. Let us take warning from these things. Let us never allow sin to gain access to our hearts, but let us always obey the voice of conscience, and try to do what is right. Let us apply this story of Macbeth to ourselves and profit by it.

"What profits us that we from Heaven derive
A soul immortal, and with looks erect
Survey the stars, if, like the brutal kind,
We follow where our Passions lead the way?"—*Claudian.*

THE MUHLENBERG.

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Editorial.

Complaint has been made by some of the subscribers to our journal that the former design on the cover was not satisfactory. In substantiation of their convictions they assert "that while the former design was good for amateur work, and reflected a great deal of credit upon the architect, yet there was something about it which was not as fascinating as the original cut. The present design is the one which was first used and should never have been changed." The persons who inaugurated this change no doubt did it with the best intentions, never thinking that it would meet with disapproval. Their idea was to vary the monotony of having one design. The present management, after having learned about this dissatisfaction, immediately gave it their closest attention and after due deliberation we decided to make the desired change. We are always willing to do all that lies in our power to advance the interest of this publication and any suggestions which might be made along this line are not only solicited but will be

gratefully received. We hope that this change will not only satisfy those who entered the complaint but that it will also insure the earnest cooperation of the subscribers and the management.

* * *

We regret to announce through this medium that we were unable to organize a foot-ball team this Fall. The material seemed to be at hand, but those who were physically strong enough to make good players did not feel inclined to engage in such vigorous exercise. Captain Haines did all that he could do to effect an organization, but his efforts proved futile. This is the reason for the deficiency in our Athletic Department thus far. We trust that the interest in college sports will be revived when the basket-ball season opens, and that we will endeavor to encourage the players by our presence.

* * *

There seem to be a few students in the building who do not appear to have any regard for the comfort and welfare of their fellow students. As a result, they can be heard making unnecessary noise early in the morning, disturbing those who do not desire to rise so early. It is a part of a liberal education to learn to respect the rights of those with whom we associate, as well as of those who reside in the same building. Some students prefer to work late at night, and in order that they may get the proper amount of sleep it is necessary that they should sleep somewhat longer in the morning. Others prefer to retire early in the evening and leave their work until the morning. Each one has the right to choose his own study hours, but inasmuch as they do not agree in their choice it does not necessarily follow that such licenses should conflict. These two divisions ought to work in harmony, and if both learn to respect the rights of those adjacent to them there will be no occasion for discord. Let those who rise early think of this, their plain duty, and avoid all unnecessary noise in the halls hereafter. No doubt it never occurred to them that they were annoying anyone, but it is exceedingly annoying to those who do not wish to rise at that time. We hope that by simply mentioning this matter, not in a dominating spirit, but by simply directing them to think over the matter, that it will remove all cause for complaint.

Every person is endowed with talents. These, like probabilities admit of degrees. Some possess a greater while others possess a less degree of ability. It behooves us, as the possessors, to develop and unfold these gifts as far as we are able. Some, in order that they may draw out their talents more fully and completely, attend higher institutions of learning; others do not have this opportunity, and consequently their talents will not be as fully developed. Hence it follows that more is expected of those who had special privileges. Having taken advantage of our opportunities, we have done nothing more than our plain duty. We have done nothing of which we can justly boast, for the reason that the more ability we represent by virtue of our superior advantages the more good is expected of us, and hence the greater is the responsibility. The more training one has had the clearer does this great truth become. It is very often the case that those who possess the least amount of knowledge make the most ado about it and are the least prone to acknowledge that their knowledge is very limited. When we pause to reflect and see how little we know in comparison to what is to be learned, is it not the boldest kind of presumption to boast about our knowledge? In this way, we only disclose our ignorance instead of making a favorable impression. "A little learning is a dangerous thing."

Personal.

A number of our students spent the first days of this month at home in order to make use of their rights as voters. The trip home was made at the expense of the various candidates, and the pleasure while at home was furnished by poor "bunny."

The Sophronia Literary Society elected the following officers to serve for the next six weeks: President, Kunkle, '04; Vice President, Rosenberger, '05; Clerk, Wessner, '06; Critics, Horace Ritter, '04, and Burger, '04; Monitor, Norman Ritter, '04; Pianist, Wuchter, '04; Chaplain, Heffner, '05.

Haines, '04, while refereeing a foot-ball game misjudges five yards gained for less.

Harrer, '07: "Who do you study mathematics under."

Dr. W.: "Who was Jacob's youngest son?"
Marcks, '07: "Judah."
Dr. W.: "No."
Marcks, '07: "Wasn't the youngest son a girl?"

Schantz, '06, translating Horace, halts at the word *amo*.
Dr. E.: "I don't hope you want to be a bachelor all your life."

Fisher, '04, and Karkau, '06, delivered addresses at St. Michael's Church on Sunday, November 1st.

A Junior (being asked) claimed it sufficient reason to believe that the word "Mesopotamia" was derived from "mess of pottage" since Jacob bought Esau's birthright for the latter and then proceeded to the former.

Weibel, '05, gave a very interesting talk on the "Marburg Colloquy" to St. Stephen's Luther League on Sunday, October 25th. Dietrich, '06, talked at the same place on Sunday, November 8th. His subject was "Luther at Home."

All previous records broken—Huntzinger spends twelve out of fourteen consecutive nights in Cupid's arms.

Fisher, '04: "Is a mackerel sky like a coagulated milk sky?"
Dr. B.: "Say it in German."
Fisher, '04: "Dicke milich himmel."
Griesemer, '04: "I heard that in Berks County."

Sultzbach, '04, absented himself from meteorology to deliver his latest lecture at institute entitled: "Is Hamlet sane or insane."

Dr. B.: "How can you tell that there are islands in the ocean when you can't see them?"
Wuchter, '04: "By the reflection in the water."

Dr. O.: "Was Holmes a success as a novelist?"
Kline, '05: "No, but they were good all right."

Dr. O.: "Name the first of Holmes' autocrat series."
Reinert, '05: "Over the Breakfast Table" instead of "On the Breakfast Table."

Dr. W.: "What is the translation of ogre?"

Bastian, '05: "The same at this end."

Dr. W.: "That's what the conductor at the rear end of the car on the Bath train says when the front conductor 'hollers' 'Bath'."

Athletic.

The annual Freshman-Sophomore foot-ball game was played at Rittersville on Wednesday, October 28th. The game was closely contested and resulted in a victory for the Sophs, the score being 7–5.

The teams seemed to be pretty evenly matched. After some fumbles on both sides the Freshmen regained the ball, and by long end runs by Harrer and Breidenbach, and line plunging by Marcks, carried the ball close to the line after which a touchdown was scored by Marks on a line plough through right tackle. By lifting Landis over the line the Sophs scored a touchdown and a touchback through Wessner.

The line up was—

FRESHMEN.		SOPHOMORES.
Gerberich	left end	Karkau.
Keller	left tackle	Wessner.
Heckman	left guard	Schantz.
Schoch	centre	Bachman.
Bittner	right guard	Ritter.
Carl	right tackle	Schneller.
Illick	right end	Reiter.
Lauer	quarterback	Neff.
Harrer	left halfback	Landis.
Breidenbach	right halfback	Bittner.
Marks	fullback	Beck.

Referee, Shankweiler; Umpire, Haines; Linesmen, Reinert and Kern. Time of halves, 20 minutes.

Book Review.

"THE ONE WOMAN," by Thomas Dixon, Jr. Doubleday, Page and Co.

Considering and gathering information concerning the vast amount of fiction produced by our own American authors, we invariably are confronted with this question: What is its

quality? As compared with the last decade's fiction of other nations that of our own nation is equal to it if not superior.

"The One Woman," a story of modern Utopia, is one of the strongest novels of the day, and carries a very weighty moral. This work bears a very faint relation to the idea prevailing most prominently in "Utopia" written by Sir Thomas More, who studied Plato's "Republic," which probably furnished him the thought of an ideal commonwealth or ideal society.

Christian socialism has gnawed its way into many a heart and poisoned the pure blood within. Rev. Gordon, the character appearing most frequently in "The One Woman," was comparatively of a pure religion, until he came to New York City.

Here spurred by prosperity and renowned popularity, he forgot the "best" and began to worship "beauty in pearl or opal, dewdrop or flower, the stars, or a woman's face, or form or eyes." At this time he was pastor of the Pilgrim church congregation. Soon he became dissatisfied with this church and also with his wife; having fallen in love with a beautiful, accomplished millionairess, he built an ideal church on the broad basis of universal freedom and brotherhood. Anxious to break his sacred marriage vow, and to wed Kate Ransom, he preached under the garb of his socialistic doctrine, that these "subconscious forces" were "the expression of the highest Moral Law." Now "he would be the prophet of the new era, and this beautiful woman, his comrade in leadership, in the Social Revolution it must bring."

His wife (the one woman), Mark Overman, Van Meter—three leading characters of the story—and others admonished him to abandon such absurd free thinking; they explained to him, that as a natural consequence it would lead to his ruin. Heedlessly he continued. He obtained a divorce. He was united to his ideal lady by the celebration of "The Wedding of the Annunciation." He soon preached in the magnificient new Temple of Humanity, with rare oratorical ability. Yet the inevitable clash came like a thunderbolt. He, in a quarrel, killed Overman, who had fallen in love with his second wife. The evil fruits of his satanic doctrine fell bruisingly upon him. The prison now had to provide him a home in a cell; the jury found him "guilty of murder in the

first degree." His first wife pleaded for his pardon, and finally secured it.

The leading characters of the story are few, well chosen, and vividly delineated. "The One Woman" (Mrs. Gordon) is the living symbol of faith and hope.

The story as a whole is a description of the evolution of that sneaking, yet cunning dragon of Socialism, in that social dreamer, Rev. Frank Gordon.

The "Leopard's Spots" by the same author brings out in an unusual manner the southern white man's attitude toward the negro problem.

Exchange.

Since our last issue we have been favored with a number of exchanges, so that our table has put on the appearance of an editor's headquarters.

As we look upon the many journals that are scattered about our room, they appear to us as friends, each bringing a message from the college world. They tell us of the many institutions of learning throughout this great country of ours that are placing on the field of action educated men and women. They bring us a message from the pen of thousands of college men and women who are striving to uplift the standard of college journalism.

And here we wish to emphasize the importance of grasping these advantages for developing and augmenting the literary faculties, by contributing to the college journal. From such sources many of our American novelists and essayists, and those who have engaged in literary work, after leaving college, have received their preliminary practice, which has enabled them to attain a high position in the world of letters.

Unlike many of its contemporaries, the *Georgetown College Journal*, receives nothing but praise from the ex-men who assume the role of critics in our college papers. This fact must be proof of its merit, for high indeed is the standard of that journal, whose columns these literary vultures are unable to pick to pieces. We cheerfully fall in line, and pay our humble tribute of respect to this one of our most popular exchanges.

Its varied departments are well managed, the editorials are sound, and the essays and poetry are excellent, showing it to have good support and an able staff. In the October number one of the articles that deserves comment is the speech delivered at the Georgetown-Columbian debate: "Publicity and Federal Regulation of Corporations." The subject is well defined, the arguments are clear and forcible, and on the whole the debate is good.

We welcome to our table *The Idealist*, edited by the young women of Kee Mar College. Its appearance is attractive and the literary matter good. Several articles of merit appear in the October issue, "The Course of Civilization" and the account of "The Eternal City."

The *Minnesota Magazine* made its first appearance on our table with the October number. This is one our best exchanges, and always brimful of interesting matter. We are sorry to hear that they have abandoned their exchange department.

The Mount Holyoke is always welcome. The prose work is good, and the poetry excellent, and it is interspersed at intervals so as to make it a truly up-to-date journal.

The Manitou Messenger maintains a high standard of excellence. It exchange column is especially well sustained. The October number contains an article in favor of the three-year college course. We will quote a few of the reasons given: "The college of one hundred years ago existed to prepare young men for the ministry, law or medicine; that of to-day exists to give a liberal education to every American youth, regardless of what is to be his or her walk in life. Can the college impart its four year course to a young man before the time when he ought to specialize for his chosen vocation? That the average young man, who has finished a college and professional course, enters upon the duties of life too late is a fact, recognized by most of the educators of our times. Also the question of means wherewith to procure an education. The question is then, where are the poorer classes to obtain the money that is needed to keep them at college for a siege of four years before they enter their professional training? If the course could be made to include only three

years, the number of college graduates would greatly increase; more college bred men and women would enter into society, church, and state, and the standard of education among the people at large would be raised."

We wish to commend in the highest terms the *Argus*, from the Harrisburg High School. Presenting an attractive exterior, abounding in creditable contributions, and marked by a number of well-edited departments, it is second to no college magazine on our exchange list. By an effort to raise the standard of their literary department, they have issued a Faculty Number, with the hope that the contributions hereafter will meet with the standard found in this number. We heartily endorse their plan and believe that special issues do much to make the magazine more popular.

In looking over the exchanges we find that a number of colleges during the year publish special editions in place of the regular monthly: as an "Alumni Issue," a "Foot-ball Number," a "Christmas Issue," and finally a "Commencment Issue."

He sailed out one evening,
To call on the fair young miss,
And when he reached her residence,

this

like

steps

the

up

Ran

Her papa met him at the door,
He did not see the miss,
He will not go back there anymore

For

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like

sıɥʇ —*Ex.*

We acknowledge the receipt of the following: *Ursinus Weekly*, *F. and M. Weekly*, *Brown and White*, *Buff and Blue*, *Sorosis*, *Comenian*, *College Folio*, *Thielensian*, *Perkiomenite*, *Dickinsonian*, *Midland*, *Susquehanna*, *Dickinson Union*, and *College Chips*.

Doctor: "Well, Mrs. O'Brien, I hope your husband has taken his medicine regularly?"

Mrs. O'Brien: "Shure then, doctor, Oi've been sorely puzzled. The label says, 'One pill to be taken three times a day,' and for the life of me Oi don't see how it can be taken more than *once!*"—*Ex.*

The lover and the gas are foes,
Without an earthly doubt;
For every time the one comes in
The other one goes out.—*Ex.*

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Vol. XXI

No. 4

THE MUHLENBERG

DECEMBER, 1903.

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THE MUHLENBERG.

"Litteræ Sine Ingenio Vanæ."

VOL. XXI. ALLENTOWN, PA., DECEMBER, 1903. No. 4.

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Editorial.

It is with bowed heads and heartfelt sorrow that we record the death of our most highly honored and much respected preceptor and President. While we sincerely lament his loss, and are keenly conscious of the deep wound which his departure has inflicted on our hearts, yet we humbly and submissively bow to God's will, knowing and realizing that "He doeth all things best."

God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform:
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Little did we think on Tuesday morning preceding his death, while attending to his class room duties apparently in good health, that in less than a week from that time he would be called from time to eternity. This is convincing proof of the fact that man is like grass which groweth up; in the morning it flourisheth and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down and withereth.

His death has not only caused a deep wound to be laid on the hearts of the surviving members of his family, as its head, but it has also brought sorrow to the hearts of those whose privilege it was to come in contact with him in the capacity of President of a Christian institution. In him we found an exemplary Christian, an able and conscientious instructor, and a highly respected and honored leader.

No one could come in his presence without being inspired and animated with those fundamental virtues which serve as a criterion for a true Christian life. Just as the rays of light emanate from one common source, viz., the sun, giving light to all the inhabitants on this terrestrial globe, so did his good Christian character furnish inspiration to every one with whom he came in contact. What higher and what nobler tribute can we pay to him, who once was our head, than to bear testimony to his pure and immaculate life?

As an instructor we have a high regard for him. He it was who, by virtue of his superior attainments and his increased mental calibre, furnished us with an incentive to study. He possessed the noblest and most essential qualifications for a successful instructor in that he not only taught by precept, but by example as well.

As President of the institution, he treated those who were committed to his charge as members of one common family, with him at its head and counsellor. That he filled this position with honor and fidelity is attested to by the fact that he had the respect and good will of each and every student. He never refused to comfort and console any student who was overburdened and weighed down with work, when his counsel was sought. We could feel free to approach him on any subject pertaining to our work.

Although he has been taken from our midst, and his body consigned to mother earth, yet the lessons which he has taught us by his pure life will never be forgotten. "The good that men

do lives after them.' The respect of all is due him who has so nobly and so impressively taught us the importance of a Christian education.

Let us, fellow students, take the lessons, of which he was the very embodiment, to heart, reflect and ponder over them, and let us earnestly endeavor to so model and shape our lives that when the summons comes to us, it may also be said of us that we have led a pure Christian life. We can wish for nothing better than this.

To his honor, as a token of our respect, we dedicate this number of the MUHLENBERG. In view of the number of friends he had among our readers this number will be gratefully received. We publish the details in connection with his death for the information of those who were unable to attend the funeral.

* * *

The funeral of the late Dr. Seip was held from his residence, in the west wing of the college building, on Thursday, December 3d, 1903.

The services at the house were private and according to his wish very simple. They consisted of a rendition of a selection by the College Glee Club and reading of a portion of Scripture as found in the first epistle of St. Paul to the Thessalonians, the first chapter, from the first to the eleventh verses. These services were conducted by the Rev. C. J. Cooper, D. D.

The procession was then formed to march to the church. The following is the order in which the procession followed the remains to St. John's Church on South Fifth Street. First came the immediate relatives and friends followed by the Board of Trustees, then the members of the alumni and students according to their graduation, and finally the friends and clergy. The Mt. Airy students who are graduates of this College attended the funeral in a body, and preceded the students in the order of march. The members of the Faculty were the pall bearers.

The services at the church were conducted by Rev. F. J. F. Schantz, D. D., Myerstown, President of the Evangelical Lutheran Ministerium of Eastern Pennsylvania and Adjacent States, and the Rev. Professor G. F. Spieker, D. D., of the

Lutheran Theological Seminary, of Philadelphia. The Rev. S. A. Repass, D. D., pastor of St. John's Church and of the family preached the funeral sermon, and Dr. G. F. Krotel, D. D., L.L. D., delivered an address, by special request of the family, on the life work of Dr. Seip. After the services at the church there was an opportunity given to all to view the remains, after which they were removed to their last resting place.

At the grave the services were in charge of Rev. Dr. W. Wackernagel, D. D., a member of the Faculty, and Rev. Dr. Ziegenfuss, of Philadelphia. Interment was made in Fairview Cemetery, Allentown.

The funeral was well attended; almost all the classes that ever graduated from this College were represented. The procession was long, giving evidence to the fact that the deceased had many friends, not only among the alumni but among other people as well. The floral tributes were numerous, and were composed of the handsomest offerings that have ever been seen at any funeral in Allentown.

The following is the list of those who presented floral tributes:

They comprised a large chair of roses and chrysanthemums, an exact duplicate of the chair which Dr. Seip used in his recitation room. This tribute was presented by the whole body of students of Muhlenberg College, and was a beautiful piece of work. The other designs were also beautiful and consisted of the following: White carnations with the college colors, Faculty; sago palms and roses, Board of Trustees; pink carnations, preparatory department; mound of roses and carnations, Class of '98; pink carnations, Alpha Tau Omega Fraternity; wreath of galax leaves and white roses, Phi Gamma Delta Fraternity; white carnations, Dr. and Mrs. C. I. Hoffman; pink carnations, Rev. Dr. C. J. Cooper and family; wreath of galax leaves and pink roses, Dr. and Mrs. H. H. Herbst; white roses, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Saeger; pink carnations, Mr. and Mrs. Robert P. Howell; red carnations, Hon. and Mrs. James L. Schaadt; white carnations, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Reninger; lilies of the valley, Dr. Seip's little friend, Amos A. Ettinger; silk flag, Women's Relief Corps; sago palms and carnations, Mr. and Mrs. William B. Anewalt; cross, family.

FUNERAL SERMON.

On the death of President T. L. Seip, D. D., by the Rev. Prof. S. A. Repass, D. D. in St. John's Lutheran Church, Allentown, I Thessalonians 5:11: "Wherefore comfort yourselves together, and edify one another."

A common sorrow has come to us who are assembled here, and not to us only, but to many near and far this death has brought and left a deep and real sense of loss. Those composing this congregation, large as it is, make only a small part of the much larger number of those whose hearts are with ours bound in grief over this death. Truly it is a common sorrow on a common loss. It is not less Christian than it is human to recognize such a visitation as a loss to the Church. It is, indeed, another kind of loss to the family, whose honored and affectionate head he was. We can at best only lightly share in their grief. Since his relation to them was not only more tender, but different in kind. And yet, the sorrow is ours also; ours who have known him well and long, and who were associated with him in a work dear to all our hearts.

God has taken him to Himself into a higher and better service; as into the joy of a life of which this is no more than a shadow. Far be it from us to murmur, or to complain on account of our loss. The very thought of his removal, even though it bring grief, is tempered by the sweet Christian hopes. We believe and rejoice in the truth that to them that believe death, what we call death, is the way of entrance to the life eternal. Concerning our brother departed we comfort ourselves and each other with the comfort of the gospel. He has entered into rest, a peaceful, blessed rest. To the Christian *death is gain*, and not gain only nor mainly in withdrawing from the conflict and labor of the present life, but gain in this, it is to "depart and be with Christ."

Should it not be much to us, brethren, that our fellow laborer, and brother beloved in the Gospel, has entered into rest? A rest remaineth to God's people; and that rest is their highest reward. Let us comfort ourselves together with this comfortable hope.

Our brother has left a good life-record behind him. His labors and work in the ministry and service of Christian education—which is not less a ministry than preaching the gos-

pel—is his own monument, the very cream of his life. His Christian character as reflected in his daily life in quiet devotion to his duty; his interest in his own congregation, as in the larger work of the Church; the influence he exerted on those who were brought in near relations to him, as in his diligence in whatever belonged to the State—he was called to fill—in all these he proved himself a Christian man, one the motive and inspiration of whose life was duty to God. There is a life that is "laid with Christ in God. As there are streams that run beneath the earth's surface concealed from our view, but rising here and there in springs of pure and sweet waters to refresh and gladden the thirsty, so with lives that draw their sources from the communion with God in Christ. They do not seek the favor or flattery of men, a waste effort in the endeavor to dazzle or win admiration from others. Theirs is to occupy the station in which they are placed in the providence of God, and *quietly* to do their work. It is not nearly so important to them that they should be appreciated, or praised, as that they should prove faithful in their station. To God belongs our service, and from Him comes the award, whether men praise or blame.

That I have correctly characterized him of whom I have spoken, you, as I believe, know equally well with myself. He fitted well into the high position which for so many years he filled with fidelity and success. Speaking now as one who has been his pastor, and that of his family, for nearly a score of years, I am not expected to trace his work as the President of Muhlenberg College for the same period of time. It is the character of the man as known by his pastor, and as learned from an association somewhat intimate in the various relations in which we were brought together. It can be said with truth that Dr. Seip did not seek honor and position. The rather did he shirk from these, preferring to stand close by the post where he had been placed, and to give to it his entire mind and attention. Honors came to him, honors the highest within the gift of our large and venerable Ministerium. But he never sought them, and accepted them only under a sense of duty to God and His Church. That he filled them well and faithfully, bearing the honor more as a responsibility, and bearing it most modestly, you know, fathers and brethren, as well as myself. True, he introduced nothing

new, and did nothing brilliant during his term of service in any state he occupied. But he did much more and better by faithful work on foundations laid by others, seeking to strengthen these as he was able, and to carry them on towards completion. That only is a true growth, and real increase that recognizes what precedes, and seeks to add to what was well done by others. This marked clearly the work and life of our friend and brother, marked it in the college, in the more private activities of the Christian life, and marked it in the broader work of the Church. Truly, do we account him a man faithful to the past, faithful to the present, and leaving a work for others to take up and carry forward. It is not profane in us to say in fervent spirit, "well done, thou good and faithful servant."

There is something comforting and strengthening in the completion of such a life, and indeed of every well-lived Christian life. We may gather inspiration and courage from those who have finished their course well, having kept the faith unto the end nor is it wrong, or unchristian to praise what they have done, and to hold forth their example for imitation. We do but magnify the grace of God in the lives of His saints in placing emphasis on what He has wrought through them. True, no man is justified before God by his work; not even a Paul, a Luther, or our brother departed of whose work we now speak. All are alike sinners before God, saved only through the salvation of our common Lord. But having redeemed them, and called them to labor in His kingdom we indeed do well to hold them in reverent remembrance, and to speak well of their work. There is no man that liveth and sinneth not, and no one whose sin can be removed by any tears or labor of his own. But O! the greatness of the grace that redeems and saves sinners; then making them laborers together with God, and even pillars in His Temple. We may, indeed, comfort ourselves in the life and work of him who has finished his labors and entered into rest. Thinking now of that life closed forever on earth it appears the man beautiful; as the glow of the sunset imparts a new glory to the clouds that drape the horizon above him. Let us find courage and comfort in the life he lived.

There are gathered here many of those who were his students in the remote and the more recent years. Those having

been under his teaching and subject to his mature experience and strong Christian character have profoundly felt the influence of his life, as we are persuaded they do now of his death. Young men do not generally recognize and appreciate the strength of the relation formed and growing between them and instructors during college life. Those instructing them, as they insist, constitute one class, they another; and between them runs a very clearly marked line. But when the teacher possesses a sympathetic nature, united to a distinct personality, which is one of the very best qualities of a man called to teach, an unconscious influence is exerted on them placed under him scarcely less active in the formation of true manliness and character in education indeed, than the instruction imparted in the class room. In some real sense the young men becoming formed after his life, and making his virtues and qualities their own, his influence and character lives on in them. The truth of this becomes more real as your own life grows more real, and you awaken to a new appreciation of your indebtedness to them who have instructed and led you on in the way of knowledge. Surely, I am not mistaken in the judgment that among those gathered here today none, outside the immediate family of Dr. Seip, more sincerely sorrow over his removal than those who were once his pupils. His warm interest in them both in College and after they passed out into active life, following them by his prayers and affectionate counsel, no less than the encouragement that came to him as he learned that they were doing their work well, all are now more clearly recognized. And since he is removed from these earthly scenes, and we see him no more, his very death will give new strength to the reverent regard in which you will cherish his memory and seek to produce in your own lives his teaching and influence. "He being dead yet speaketh," speaketh to you and in you and through you to as many as you reach by your own influence. Let me affectionately exhort you by his memory, by the interest he cherished in you, by his earnest endeavor to incite you to a high and noble Christian manhood, and exhort you by his death, that you strive lawfully in the arena where your life is thrown. Take comfort and courage, and relying on God prove yourselves men, workmen that need not to be ashamed.

This death again interrupts the history of our College in the removal of its President and the head of its Faculty. Within no more than a few years two ex-Presidents, Drs. Muhlenberg and Sadtler, and two Professors, Drs. Garber and Richards have been called from earth to, as we are comforted in believing, the Heavenly reward. In the death of Dr. Seip the College is left without a President, or any one who has occupied that position of responsibility in the history of the institution. True, the work goes on though the veteran workmen are removed from the scenes of their hard earthly labor. Others have entered and will continue to enter into their labors, leading on the work to continually increasing efficiency. Our hope for the future is in Him who has led and blessed us in the past; and as the work is His He will both provide the workmen and give the increase to their and our labors. We comfort ourselves together in that truth, and to-day even in our fresh and most real sense of loss take new courage for the future. Words of ours reminding you, members of the Faculty, of your loss in his death would scarcely be fitly spoken, since you yourselves are deeply conscious of that loss. The Faculty of what are known as our smaller colleges is a very closely united body of men. It is, ideally conceived, an organization of educated men united by a common unselfish interest in the higher education of young men. The spirit actuating them is the very motive of the organization of the Faculty itself, giving to it power in the government and instruction of young men, yea, containing the secret and the key to the influence controlling college life. I rejoice in this confidence we have concerning you: his loss to you, deeply as you now feel and will feel it, does not and will not affect your interest and efficiency in Muhlenberg College. That will live and grow as the years move on. Trustees, Faculty, students, friends of the College, let us find in his life, now closed here, inspiration to even better work, comforting ourselves together in God. The loss, we repeat again, is a common loss, reaching us all, and bringing sorrow to all. To the dear family that loss is deeper than we can fully appreciate. No one can adequately enter into the sorrows of another, and make those his own. Only He who is our Elder Brother can do this, being touched with, yea, we may say, having indeed taken on Himself and carried our sorrows. He is never nearer to His people, or

more truly and tenderly present, than when He leads them in and through the furnace of trial. The riches of His grace specially abound when He withdraws earthly comfort and support, and as He brings us to stand before Him bereft of all other help. I commend you to Him, the God of all comfort and grace in this time of need. He is faithful to His promise to you; and He will keep you faithful to Him unto the end. There is much, very much, in that Scripture which says: "He is the husband to the widow and the father to the fatherless;" as He is the support of all who trust Him. We are comforted, beloved, in the comfort wherewith you are comforted in your sorrow; and knowing your election of God are persuaded that His grace will abound towards you and in you. We thank God for his life and work, and bury him, in this Advent Season, in the sweet Christian hope of the resurrection of the body, and of the reunion in the world to come. God is with us, with us in present sorrow and losses, leading and directing all to His own glory. "Wherefore comfort yourselves together, and edify one another."

ADDRESS.

By the Rev. Dr. G. T. Krotel, New York, at the funeral of Rev Prof. T. L. Seip, D. D., St. John's Lutheran Church, December 3d, 1903, on "The Lifework of Dr. Seip."

You know his lifework and need not be told of a life spent in a work in which you are all interested. It was at the request of the family that I am allowed to pay my tribute; requested, I suppose, because I am the only surviving member of the faculty of the seminary at its inception and because Dr. Seip has always honored me with his confidence and friendship. Often have I been under his roof, and his family have learned to know and share his love for me.

I can remember him distinctly as he presented himself as a tall, handsome student in the first class in the seminary, and I was with him six months ago at the corner-stone laying which marked for him the beginning of a work which he had long dreamed of, hoped, and labored for. I was present at his ordination as a clergyman and was present again at his inauguration as President of the College.

The lines of Dr. Seip's life were cast in pleasant places. His was a goodly heritage in a Christian home and parents. In home and school he received a splendid education. A desire to enter the ministry sent him to college, and then to the seminary. Little did he dream that war would come and take him from the halls of college into the ranks of the Union army. Later his steps were turned aside into the work of the sanitary commission. His genial presence and handsome appearance no doubt made him welcome wherever he went. He would have been a splendid pastor but it pleased God, who guides our path, who bestows His talents as He pleases, to lead him into the line of education, to be an educator. Called to Allentown he became identified with the college at its opening. Little by little he was led from the position of an assistant to a professorship. He labored with conscientiousness and pleasantness and in the Providence of God was called to the presidency. Everybody felt he had grown up for the position. His were the mental and heart qualifications. Everything fitted him to be a co-worker with the faculty and be an instruction and example to the students. Dr. Seip was a fisher of men. The faculty of a college make the men. They must attract the men. When a college has a harmoniously working faculty it will labor successfully. Such a spirit is of a greater value than buildings, for buildings will come with such a feeling. God allowed him to see the beginning of a work which will be an honor to the institution, the Church, and to Allentown. God fitted him for his lifework which was well done by the grace of God as a faithful servant.

That world to which he has gone will not be inferior to this and there will be a calling of all the talents and gifts we have. He knows and we shall know when we have faithfully ended our life work.

Such was his life work. Long we desired an institution such as Muhlenberg. Dr. Seip was well fitted to be its head. He had been reared here, could speak to the people in their language, was one of them. His work will last. It will not be forgotten. On that foundation work we can safely build. His work was spent in duty and service to man. The young men will not forget him, he was a kind, earnest, sympathetic friend, always ready to welcome one. Young men will re-

member how much good men have had to do with their character formation. May it be our lot when we have passed away to have it said of us as of him 'Well done, good and faithful servant.'

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

BY THE FACULTY.

At a special meeting of the Faculty, called for that purpose, Monday, November 30th, the following resolutions were adopted with reference to the death of President T. L. Seip:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God, in His all-wise Providence, to call home the highly esteemed and distinguished President of Muhlenberg College, the Rev. Theodore Lorenzo Seip, D. D., and

WHEREAS, We, his associates in the Faculty of the College deeply feel the loss of his wise counsel and faithful service in behalf of the institution with which he was connected for thirty-six years and for nearly eighteen years its President; therefore,

Resolved, That we do hereby express our most sincere sorrow at his removal and put on record our hearty appreciation of his ability as a teacher and as the executive head of the College.

Resolved, That we furthermore express our keen sense of personal loss, in the removal from our midst of a dear friend for whose Christian character and scholarly attainments we had the highest regard, and with whom, for many years, we had been so intimately connected in the educational work of the Church.

Resolved, That we deeply feel the loss this institution has sustained by the death of one whose life-long devotion and fidelity to the interests of the same were so marked and whose labors in its behalf were so eminently successful.

Resolved, That, as a mark of our sorrow and respect, all the exercises of the College be suspended until Monday, December 7th, 1903.

Resolved, That these resolutions be published in the city papers and *The Lutheran*, and that a copy be transmitted to the family of the deceased as an assurance of our heartfelt sympathy with them in their great sorrow, and of our prayers in their behalf.

By order of the Faculty,

GEORGE T. ETTINGER,
S. E. OCHSENFORD,
W. WACKERNAGEL.

BY THE STUDENTS.

The student body of Muhlenberg College adopted the following resolutions on the death of President Seip:

WHEREAS, Our Heavenly Father, in His infinite wisdom and providence, has taken from us our beloved President, the Rev. Theodore Lorenzo Seip, D. D.; and

WHEREAS, We, the student body of Muhlenberg College, most sincerely realize the loss we have sustained in the death of him whose constant care was the welfare of this institution, and whose fervent prayers always interceded at the throne of grace for our eternal good; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we record our deep and heartfelt sorrow at his death, but cheerfully bear witness of his firm yet kind administration as President, his thorough and inspiring instruction as a teacher, and, above all, gladly give willing testimony to the sincere and tender, even anxious parental devotion with which he was wont to care for us all.

Resolved, That the precepts of wisdom and truth so forcibly presented to us in the class room by our departed President, should spur us on to more determined efforts to attain that noble and honorable manhood, and that loftier and greater usefulness of which his life has in truth been a most worthy exponent.

Resolved, That we extend our sincere sympathy to the bereaved family, knowing that, heartfelt as our sorrow is, theirs must be keen, yet trusting in the Redeemer of mankind to comfort and console them.

Resolved, That, as a mark of our great love and respect for him, we attend the funeral services in a body.

Resolved, That these resolutions be engrossed and be presented to the family of the deceased; that the same be printed in the local papers, in *The Lutheran* and in THE MUHLENBERG; that a copy be preserved among the archives of the college.

E. GEORGE KUNKLE,
J. FRANKLIN KELLER,
J. R. TALLMAN,
S. O. SIGMOND,
J. D. M. BROWN,
J. W. B. SCHANTZ,
H. L. BREIDENBACH,
WM. H. C. LAUER,
Committee.

ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE OF DR. SEIP.

D. H. B. '05.

Theodore Lorenzo Seip, born at Easton, June 25th, 1842, was of German descent. His early ancestors emigrated from Germany and settled in Northampton County. His paternal ancestors served in the wars of 1776 and 1812. His maternal grandfather, William Henry Hemsing, came to Allentown from Philadelphia in the capacity of a parish teacher and organist, and married Miss Margaretta Spinner, of Salisbury. They spent the first year of their married life in the Livingston Mansion, now the east wing of Muhlenberg College. Then they moved to Easton, where his grandfather, respected by all who knew him, spent the rest of his life as a teacher, giving careful training to the mother of Dr. Seip in English and German, and especially in music. Dr. Seip's parents were Reuben L. and Sarah A. Seip. When sixteen years of age he entered the Weaversville Academy. then under the principalship of Prof. H. F. Savage, a graduate of Amherst, to prepare for college. On the advice of Rev. Dr. C. F. Schaeffer, he entered the preparatory department of Pennsylvania College, Gettysburg, in 1859, from which he was admitted to the college the following year, and was graduated in 1864. Among his teachers there was Dr. F. A. Muhlenberg, who in 1867 became the first president of the institution of which he was later to become the distinguished head.

In 1863 when General Lee invaded Pennsylvania, and was making his way to Gettysburg, he joined the College company, and was mustered into service with Company A, 23rd Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. He was assigned to duty at headquarters with the staff of Major-General D. N. Crouch, with whom he served until the armies had recrossed the Potomac.

The spring vacation of 1864, extended by leave of absence from college, he spent as a delegate in the service of the U. S. Christian Commission, in Tennessee and Georgia, in the army under the command of General W. T. Sherman.

He had charge of the office work of the U. S. Christian Commission in the hospitals of Murfreesboro, Tennessee.

While there he secured a bequest for the Orphan's Home of Germantown, then recently established, from a German

soldier who was under his care in the hospital, and died there with no relatives in this country. His services were always welcomed by the Eleventh Army Corps, which consisted mostly of Germans; this was so especially as he was for a time the only delegate at the post who could minister to them in their own language. After the expiration of his term of service at Murfreesboro, he proceeded to Chattanooga, "and was sent to the front, where General Sherman was fighting his way to Atlanta." He concluded his services as delegate in the battle of Rescaca, Georgia. During his term of service in the South he visited a southern family sad in the miseries of war, and when the lady of the house, whose husband had gone to war, pleaded with him that he should pray for the Confederacy, he promised that he would pray for the right. To this she agreed.

In 1864 he entered the Lutheran Theologicial Seminary in Philadelphia. He was present at the inauguration of the faculty and the opening of the Seminary, being a member of the first class to receive the full three years' course.

In the spring of 1865 he received an appointment as agent of the U. S. Sanitary Commission, and started on a tour of inspection of work stations in the army under General U. S. Grant, on the James and Appomattox Rivers in Virginia. He returned, and, in Lancaster County as his field, delivered addresses on the work and "organized Ladies' Aid Societies in all the towns and villages to aid in furnishing supplies for the sick and wounded." In this position he served until the surrender of Lee.

When the Allentown Collegiate Institute was about to be transformed into Muhlenberg College in the spring of 1867, the authorities invited Dr. Seip, then spending his senior vacation, to assist in instruction to the end of the school term and year, also the end of the Collegiate Institute. On May 21st of that year he was elected principal of the Academic Department and provisional professor of German. Declining a call as pastor from St. John's Lutheran Church at Quakertown he accepted. Thus he entered upon a long and useful career as a teacher.

Upon the election of Rev. H. N. Riis as professor of German, Dr. Seip was made assistant professor of Greek in addition to the principalship of the Academic Department. He

also served as instructor in English literature. He held the principalship until the year 1872, when the trustees elected him to the Latin professorship; he, however, continued his instruction in Greek, assisting the President.

"The financial panic of 1873, and the complete stagnation in the great iron industries of the valley greatly impaired the prospects of the institution by reduction in the number of students and the loss in its income." For some years the finances were growing worse, and when, in 1876, a crisis was reached, the trustees elected Dr. Seip as financial agent, relieving him from the duties of his chair until he should resign as agent. In June, 1877, Dr. Seip resigned the agency to return to his duties as instructor, having secured about $33,000 for endowment and current expenses. During the summer vacation of 1880, Dr. Seip secured from the firm, Messrs. James K. Mosser and Thomas Keck, "well known for its generous and intelligent interest in every good work," the sum of $20,000 (later increased to $30,000) for the professorship of the Greek language and literature. At a special meeting of the board, held to accept the endowment, Dr. Seip was elected "Mosser-Keck Professor of the Greek Language and Literature," retaining higher Latin in connection.

His greatest step was, however, yet to be made; so when Dr. Sadtler had resigned, he was elected President of the College November 5, 1885, which position he held up to his death. He was installed January 6, 1886, in St. John's Lutheran Church, by Rev. Drs. F. A. Muhlenberg, G. F. Krotel and C. W. Schaeffer, and Rev. William Rath. Besides his service as President, Dr. Seip was professor of Greek, Moral Science, and Natural Theology. His death leaves Rev. Dr. Wackernagel the senior member of the faculty. Dr. Seip preached the baccalaureate sermon to each graduating class from 1886 to 1901 inclusive.

At the first meeting of the faculty, preliminary to the opening of the college, Dr. Seip was chosen secretary of the faculty, and held the office until elected President. His life's ambition was to bring about the erection of more modern and better fitted buildings for the college, and he lived to see the commencement and partial completion, but, as has been said, "the tools fell from his hands at the very threshold of a higher, a greater, and a nobler Muhlenberg."

Dr. Seip was one of the founders of the College Association of Pennsylvania in 1887, served as the first chairman of its Executive Committee, and as first vice-president in 1889. He wrote a history of the organization, and read a paper on the "Taxation of College Property," at Princeton. He was a frequent contributor to the *Church Messenger*, the *Lutheran*, the *Church Review*, and the MUHLENBERG. His address on "Education" before the Ministerium of Pennsylvania at Philadelphia, in 1887, was published in pamphlet form, also "Why I am a Lutheran," prepared for Luther Leagues.

Dr. Seip was president of the ministerium from 1895-97, and for many years a member of the examining committee. He was delegate to every council since 1888, and received the highest vote for the office this last year at the Norristown convention.

He received the degree A. M. in 1867 from Pennsylvania College, and D. D. from University of Pennsylvania, in 1866. He was a member of the American Institute of Christian Philosophy, the American Society of Church History, the American Society for the extension of University Teaching, and of the Society of Science, Letters, and Art, of London, England.

Some years ago Dr. Seip made an extended tour through England, France, Switzerland, and Germany, visiting the institutions of learning in England and on the Continent. On this tour he represented the Ministerium of Pennsylvania at the bi-centennial of the University of Halle, and took part in the ceremonies of that celebration.

At the death of President Garfield he was appointed chairman of the Committee on Resolutions at a meeting of the citizens of Allentown. He drew up the resolutions with great credit to himself.

At a public meeting in 1885, to take suitable action on the death of General Grant, Dr. Seip presided by the invitation of his fellow citizens, and delivered an address on the "Life and Death of General U. S. Grant," which was published on request.

Dr. Seip was married twice. His first wife was Miss Emma Elizabeth Shimer, of Bath, confirmed in the same class with him by Rev. A. Fuchs, who also married them in 1866. She died in 1873. In 1877 he was married by Rev. Dr. Hill to

Miss Rebecca Keck, of Allentown, who survives him. He had four children, all by his first marriage, Howard Shimer Seip, A. M., D. D. S., Allentown; Frank Muhlenberg Seip, A. M., who died in 1898; Annie Elizabeth Seip, of Allentown; and Theodore Lorenzo Seip, Jr., who died in infancy in 1873. Three grandchildren survive him, and one brother and two sisters, namely: Dr. W. H. Seip, of Bath; Mrs Annie M., wife of Dr. C. J. Hoffman, of Lebanon; and Miss Hattie E. Seip, residing with him.

Dr. Seip was the only member of the faculty originally inaugurated who served the college uninterruptedly from its birth till now.

From his faithful devotion to the cause of the institution of which he was the distinguished head is now rising a new institution, a fitting monument to his work and memory.

LETTERS OF CONDOLENCE.

Of the many letters of condolence received by the authorities of Muhlenberg College upon the death of President Seip, it has been deemed proper to publish the following, as they show the high esteem in which he was held by his colleagues in the field of education:

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

December 2, 1903.

DEAR SIR:—I was directed by the Trustees of the University of Pennsylvania, at their meeting held yesterday, to transmit to the Trustees and Faculty of Muhlenberg College the following resolution:

"*Resolved*, That the Trustees of the University of Pennsylvania extend to the Trustees and Faculty of Muhlenberg College, their sympathy in the loss sustained by the death of the Rev. Theodore Lorenzo Seip, D. D., President of the College. Dr. Seip's eminent service in the cause of religion and of education was formally recognized by the University of Pennsylvania in conferring upon him its honourary degree, and now, that service being ended by his death, it desires to pay tribute to his memory."

With sincere personal concurrence in this tribute, I remain,

Respectfully yours,

JESSE Y. BURK, *Secretary*.

To the Secretary of Muhlenberg College, Allentown, Pa.

LEHIGH UNIVERSITY.

SOUTH BETHLEHEM, PA., December 1st, 1903.

The President of Lehigh University desires for himself, and for his colleagues in the Faculty, to express to the Faculty of Muhlenberg College sincere sympathy in the loss they have sustained in the death of their President, Dr. Seip.

His high attainments as a scholar and educator, combined with a lovable personality, attached to him a host of admirers and friends who will sadly miss his gracious presence.

THE PENNSYLVANIA STATE COLLEGE.

STATE COLLEGE, PA., December 5th, 1903.

Secretary of the Faculty, Muhlenberg College,
Allentown, Pa.

DEAR SIR:—I received in due course of mail the announcement of the death of President Seip, mention of which I had already noticed in the newspapers.

I was unfortunately away from home for several days at that time, and for that reason unable to attend the funeral services.

I regret that I could not have had the opportunity of joining with his other friends in an expression of my respect and appreciation, and sense of private and public loss, but I can not let the occasion pass without expressing to his associates and immediate friends, through you, my high respect for his character and my sense of loss to the cause of higher education in Pennsylvania. I have been associated with Dr. Seip as a fellow member of the College and University Council ever since its organization, and, while no circumstances have brought us into specially intimate relations, our entire intercourse has been of the most cordial and friendly character, and I have learned to appreciate very highly his sterling qualities of solid and substantial worth, and his broad Christian charity.

As I am not fortunate enough to have any personal acquaintance with members of his immediate family, I shall be indebted to you if you will, in your own way, express my sympathy to them, or the proper persons among them. I understand very well that all expressions of sympathy on such occasions have a very perfunctory sound, but, on the other hand, the relatives and friends of a good man are entitled to know something of the extent to which he is appreciated by those who have come in contact with him in less personal and intimate relations.

Yours very respectfully,

GEO. W. ATHERTON.

ALLEGHENY COLLEGE.

MEADVILLE, PA., December 3d, 1903.

Secretary Muhlenberg College,
Allentown, Pa.

MY DEAR SIR:—Permit me on behalf of the faculty and officers of this college to extend to you and your associates, as well as to students, alumni, and friends of your institution, our sincere sympathy in the great bereavement sustained in the death of your honored President.

Very sincerely yours,
WM. H. CRAWFORD.

SUSQUEHANNA UNIVERSITY.

SELINSGROVE, PA., December 8th, 1903.

DR. S. E. OCHSENFORD:

DEAR BROTHER:—I enclose the following resolution showing our reception of the notice of President T. L. Seip's death and our appreciation of his life:

WHEREAS, we have received the notice of the death of President T. L. Seip, of Muhlenberg College, therefore—

RESOLVED: That we have duly appreciated the life, work, and successes of our fellow laborer in the great cause of higher education and sincerely regret his early departure from our busy and hopeful ranks.

Committee: { J. R. DIMM, D. D.
{ GEO. H. FISHER, A. M.

Very respectfully yours,
T. B. BIRCH, *Secretary of Faculty*.

WITTENBERG COLLEGE.

SPRINGFIELD, OHIO, December 3, 1903.

Secretary of the Faculty, Muhlenberg College,
Allentown, Pa.

DEAR SIR:—Speaking for myself and the Faculty of Wittenberg College, I desire to express to the Faculty of Muhlenberg College our sincere sorrow on learning of the death of your distinguished President, Theodore L. Seip, D. D. His long and successful career as Professor and President of your institution placed him in the front ranks of the educators of our day. His work was well done, and your loss just at this time of your movement for expansion will be very great.

Trusting that this dispensation of Providence will be overruled for the good of Muhlenberg College and thereby for the good of the great Lutheran Church, I remain,

Yours sincerely,

CHARLES G. HECKERT.

UNION COLLEGE.

SCHENECTADY, N. Y., December 2, 1903.

The President, Trustees and Faculty of Union College hereby express to the Trustees and Faculty of Muhlenberg College their profound sympathy at the death of the distinguished President of Muhlenberg College, the Reverend Theodore L. Seip, D. D.

BETHANY COLLEGE.

LINDSBORG, Ks., December 5, 1903.

To the Faculty of Muhlenberg College,

Allentown, Pa.

GENTLEMEN:—It was with deep sorrow that we received the announcement of the death of President Seip. To us he always seemed the very embodiment of Christian manhood and scholarship. We sympathize with you in your great bereavement and loss, and most respectfully request you to convey to the family our heartfelt condolence.

Very sincerely yours,

CARL SWENSSON, *President.*

(Telegram.)

UPSALA COLLEGE.

NEW ORANGE, N. J., December 3, 1903.

Faculty Muhlenberg College,

Allentown, Pa.

Faculty of Upsala College sympathizes sincerely in your great loss. E. C. CARLETON, *Secretary.*

DELAWARE COLLEGE.

NEWARK, DEL., December 2, 1903.

Faculty of Muhlenberg College,

Allentown, Pa.

DEAR SIRS:—I learned with sincere regret of the death of

Dr. Seip and wish you would express to the family my sympathy for them in their bereavement. I am,

Very truly yours,

GEO. A. HARTER, *President.*

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE.

ANNAPOLIS, MD., December 2, 1903.

The President and Faculty of St. John's College desire to express their sincere regret at the death of Rev. Theodore L. Seip, D. D., and beg to convey their sympathy with the Faculty of Muhlenberg College in their loss.

THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF AMERICA.

WASHINGTON, D. C., December 2, 1903.

The Faculty of Muhlenberg College.

GENTLEMEN:—The undersigned, in the absence of the Rt. Rev. Rector O'Connell, of the Catholic University, desires to offer in his name, great sympathy for the loss which has befallen Muhlenberg College in the death of President T. L. Seip, D. D.

Very respectfully,

GEORGE A. DOUGHERTY, *Secretary.*

MOUNTAIN SEMINARY.

BIRMINGHAM, PA., December 2, 1903.

GENTLEMEN:—I wish to send you a line of sympathy in your affliction, in the loss of your honored President by death on November 28th, and trust the future may hold much that is good for your institution. If it were possible I would like to be present at the funeral services.

Very sincerely, A. R. GRIER.

To the Faculty of Muhlenberg College.

Exchanges.

With the issue of the Thanksgiving number the *Elizabethan* makes its first appearance for this year. We find it interesting from cover to cover, and the variety of its contents, indeed, makes it an up-to-date magazine. Among its pages we find an excellent article on Wordsworth—"A study of the

limitations and excellences of his poetry." The writer says in part: "Wordsworth believed himself able to write at any time and under any circumstances, not waiting for moments of inspiration. He seemed unable to distinguish in his works between the supreme and the commonplace. His genius is better shown in his short poems, his imagination not being sustained sufficiently to carry him through long odes. History had little value to him only as it revealed characters. Man was interesting to him only in his essential nature, only as man. Nature is his best-loved theme. Nearly all of his poems contain some brilliant description of

"The Being that is in the clouds and air,
That is in the green leaves among the groves,
Maintains a deep and revential care
For th' unoffending creatures whom he loves."

It gives us great pleasure to welcome to our table the first number of the first issue of the *Schuylkill Seminary Narrator*. It has made its appearance looking fresh and eager to pursue the mission for which it is intended. We wish to congratulate the staff on their first production, and heartily extend our best wishes for the future.

The *Free Lance* is a regular visitor at our table. The story, "The Secret of a Cushion," deserves mention. Also the poem entitled "Foot-Ball Days" is very timely. Its contents comprise chiefly local interests; yet it is an exchange we gladly welcome to our table.

The *College Folio*, published by our sister institution, Allentown College for Women, greets us with its cheery cover and literary cargo. We wish the *Folio* success, and trust the day is not far distant when it shall stand at the head of women's publications.

We welcome to our table for the first time the *Bethany Messenger*. Its prose work indicates thought and ability. "Candidates for the Ministry" is an article that would be of interest to many of our readers. Several other articles, well worth reading, also appear.

We must congratulate the *Sorosis* for its early appearance each month; its number is always first to reach our table. Well may other magazines look to the *Sorosis* as an example

in this respect. Every issue of a monthly publication ought to leave the printers' hands at least by the 15th of every month, and after this change is once made it will be just as easy to have a journal out in the beginning as in the end of the month, and thus spare the editors the anxiety lest they may not be able to have the issue out before the end of the month.

"A Violet Wreath," in the *Forum*, we consider worthy of special mention. The story is short but interesting, and we think it one of the best of its kind that has appeared recently on our exchange list. The plot is simple, the style is plain, and, on the whole, the story is good.

The *Sibyl* we gladly welcome. Good common sense is displayed in the editorial matter. We heartily endorse the sentiment of the editorial on borrowing. This is especially prevalent in the *College World*.

"Garner the beautiful as you go,
Wait not for a day of leisure,
The hours of toil may be long and slow,
And the moments few, of pleasure;
And beauty stays by the common ways,
And calls to the dullest hearing;
Then let not thine ear be deaf to hear,
Or thine eye be slow in seeing."—*Ex.*

Recently completed statistics show the attendance at the larger institutions to be as follows:

Harvard, 6,740; Columbia, 5,352; University of Chicago, 4,296; University of Michigan, 3,813: University of California, 3,696; University of Minnesota, 3,505; University of Illinois, 3,288; Cornell, 3,004; Yale, 2,584; University of Pennsylvania, 2,573.—*Ex.*

Jack was the apple of her eye—
Alas, and woe betide her!
She ate him up, and then he was
Just applejack in cider.—*Ex.*

Book Review.

"CHERRY." By Booth Tarkington. Harper and Bros.

Versatility is a quality possessed by but few authors. Many attempted to sally out into a new field simply for the

purpose of discovering whether they were able to turn their mind from the old channel in which they worked, and direct it into an avenue heretofore unacquainted to them. And they learned ever so soon that the critics and even the public detected their inability of moving and working successfully. Many writers have but *one book;* the others are merely continuations, with some repetitions, having separate titles. Other writers have only *one thought*, clothed in a varied language.

Reputable authority states that Booth Tarkington possesses a versatile mind, proof for this assertion is found in the fact that two others of his works—"The Gentleman from Indiana" and Monsieur Beaucaire"—are strikingly of a different nature.

"Cherry" is dedicated to the members of the happy class of 1893, at Nassau Hall. The author calls it "this heroic tale of the days when commencement came in September." Truly, it is a love story as it was told by Mr. Sudgeberry, just as it happened over a century and a quarter ago. Yet in, back and above this lies the majestic plea for pure thinking, speaking, and living.

Strange, indeed, is the title, and yet how naturally did the suggestion appear to his mind; as, in the beginning of the first chapter, he says: "for, as I sat engaged in the composition of a treatise upon a subject worthy of the profoundest concentration, there suddenly fluttered before my mental eyes some cherry-colored ribbons." Under vastly different circumstances did these cherry-colored ribbons flash into the mind of Will Fentriss—another admirer of the maiden who wore those ribbons—who, at a banquet, when the toasts to the ladies were called, arose saying "I give you Cherry."

The characters are few and cleverly chosen. Miss Amelia Robbins, who very favorably attracted Sudgeberry's attention, is introduced in the first chapter, then forgotten until the last chapter, where she appears in the closing scene. Sudgeberry and Fentriss are enthusiastic rivals for Sylvia Gray's hand. The former represents a conservative, conscientious, gentle, dutiful, scholarly young man; the latter an easy-going, unconcerned, boastful, sportive young dude, who has a frivolous uncle and guardian, Vawter Fentriss. Will is provided with an abundance of money, luxuries, and comforts.

A most exciting story is the wicked plot of Will for the purpose of regaining Sylvia. Sudgeberry and he are going

home for their Christmas vacation. They reach a hotel where they stay over night. Mr. O'Donnell arrives later, and tells them that Miss Gray and her father were stopping at the tavern last passed; that they had planned to start very early the next morning for home. It was Christmas eve, Sudgeberry retired early, thinking of the happy meeting with Sylvia on the morrow. Now Will, aided by O'Donnell and the fat landlord Hoag, planned that Gray's carriage should be furiously attacked by the latter two, and later Will should rush into the conflict to rescue the occupants, And thus by sham heroism he might win the love of Sylvia, which he accomplished. Sudgeberry mysteriously had come upon and witnessed the horrid scene. He, later, explained to the Grays, that Will deserved punishment rather than honor for what transpired; they believed him not, and soon Miss Gray was engaged to Will. Meanwhile Sudgeberry turned his attention to the nobler one, Miss Robbins.

This novel encourages pure, chaste, intelligent conversation, and despises idle, impudent, offensive talk. Let me quote a thought well worthy to be remembered by all: "Let it never be denied that true learning commands respect even among the most ribald minds."

The author's absolute and relative properties of style are to be commended very highly; he also shows tact in so pleasingly describing several natural scenes.

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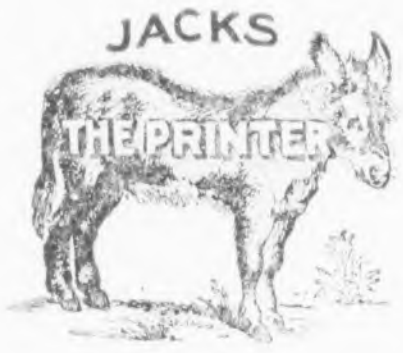

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THE MUHLENBERG

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THE MUHLENBERG.

"Literae Sine Ingenio Vanae"

VOL. XXI. ALLENTOWN, PA., JANUARY, 1904. NO. 5.

IN MEMORIAM.

O. W. N., '07.

Farewell, Oh brother, gone before
To yon eternal clime;
On earth's broad breast we meet no more,
We meet no more in time.
But think not that we forget the chain
That linked our hearts in one,
Unbroken shall its strength remain
Till life's brief course is run.

The golden moments we have spent
In learning's honored walls,
With all their joys and sorrows blent,
Fond memory recalls.
Full nobly, brother, hast thou wrought
Upon the loom of life;
Full nobly, brother, hast thou fought,
Where duty called to strife.

Rest sweetly where thy silent place
Is dug beneath the sod;
We'll strive to meet thee face to face
Beside the throne of God.

A DIRGE.

P. A. B., '06.

It is night in the month of December,
The lonesome last night of the year.
The skies are gloomy and somber,
The skies are dismal and drear.

I roam in a wild and darksome grove,
My thoughts are solemn and sober.
Sad longings steal over my soul,
On this lonely night of December.

With the gentle sighing of the trees,
Memories of friends that are no more,
Come like the murmur of distant seas,
And my heart is sad as ne'er before.

And now a song comes to my ears,
Of departed hopes and deeds unblest;
A song too unearthly sad for tears,
That fills my heart with a vague unrest.

Then out of the cold and humid night
Appears a shape in a gray shroud wound.
His cheeks and beard with hoarfrost bedight,
His pallid brow with dead leaves bound.

From the hills of death echoes a knell.
I see his face turn pale and blear.
The sobbing pines give a sad farewell,
A last farewell to the parting year.

WHAT HAS MUHLENBERG COLLEGE DONE FOR THE LUTHERAN CHURCH?

BY REV. S. A. ZIEGENFUSS, D.D., '70.
6671 Germantown Avenue, Phila,

This important question deserves a more careful consideration than our time will allow us. Not to disappoint you, we note a few facts. A glance at the history of Muhlenberg College during the thirty.six years of its existence shows the number of graduates to be 532, an average of graduates have entered the ministry of the Lutheran Church. Of this number 168 are on the roll of the Ministerium of Pennsylvania. The remaining one hundred are found in the various District Synods belonging to the General Council. They are scatterd as far northeast as Nova Scotia, as far southwest as New Mexico, as far west as California, and as far northwest as Minnesota, while two are across the waters in India.

The College has also furnished a very respectable number of the professors, teachers and instructors who are today creditably following their pursuits in the various institutions of the

Lutheran Church throughout the country. We have time only to point to the fact that three of these belong to the faculty of our Alma Mater, and three to the faculty of the Theological Seminary of the Evangelical Lutheran Church at Chicago, one of whom is the distinguished head of that institution.

Muhlenberg College has done no less for the Lutheran Church in giving her a proportionate ratio of educated laymen. These are found among the lawyers, physicians, dentists, legislators, journalists, professors, teachers, merchants, etc. Their number about equals those who have entered the ministry, and they give the strongest evidence to the truth that an educated laity is the surest and most reliable support of the true pastoral office.

Besides the Alumni, we must not forget to mention those who have at least received a part of their education at Muhlenberg (and the number of these is by no means small) who have made good use of their time and opportunity and are doing noble service for the Lutheran Church, be it in the pulpit or in the pew.

Thus the influence that has gone forth from Muhlenberg College is felt by the Lutheran Church in all her operations. It is a fact potent to all unprejudiced minds, that, in the Providence of God, our *Alma Mater* has been a source of incalculable blessing to our beloved Zion. Therefore, if Muhlenberg College has done so much for the Lutheran Church in her contracted and antiquated buildings, with such scanty and inadequate equipments, what may we not reasonably expect from her when she has entered into her new, enlarged and properly equipped quarters? Surely the Church that is so vastly benefitted by this institution, *can not—dare not* fail to show her appreciation of the College that is so necessary to her support and progress, in every department of her work, and is no less the main feeder of her Theological Seminary at Mount Airy, Philadelphia.

FATIGUE.

I find it very wearisome
To take a walk to town,
For when I lift my feet, you see,
I have to put them down.

EX.

THE ADVANTAGES OF COLLEGE TRAINING TO THE PROFESSION OF TEACHING.

DR. CHAS. C. BOYER, '85.
Vice Princtpal, Kutztown State Normal School, Kutztown, Pa.

It is certainly not an absolute necessity for school teachers to be college graduates in the ordinary acceptation of the terms involved, and yet the college graduate, all other things being equal, has undoubted advantages over teachers who are not college bred. In order to support this contention it will be necessary to consider fundamentals. Among the indispensable qualiffcations of ideal pedogogy are physicial superiority, intellectuality, heart and will. These gifts of nature must be highly developed, and crowned with many-sided knowledge.

PHYSICAL SUPERIORITY. Perhaps there is nothing so conspicious in great teachers as the marvelous power which they have over others. Call it personal force, individuality, magnetism,—call it what we will,--this power has a physical basis. An expressive face, a woman's grace, the strong physique, "constitution," health, and the like, are the open secret of more than one teacher's success, and the absence of these things often puts success beyond the reach of the highest ambition and the noblest endeavors. The fortunate temperament, the happy disposition, the teaching mood, the spirit of discipline--all these—depend very, very much upon the physical kindness of nature. The Normal School and the College alike are absolutely powerless to give what nature has withheld. And yet the modern college, requiring years for the completion of a course, insisting upon health culture and clean athletics, can work wonders for the prospective school teacher on the physical side.

INTELLECTUALITY. The most promising docility, whether we think of it in beginners or in advanced grades, arises from the learner's admiration of a teacher's intellectuality. This hero-worship is the soul of the pupil's confidence in the teacher's purposes and methods. Happy, thrice blessed the pupil whose teacher is intellectually bright enough and masterful enough to command school room homage! Wretched, thrice cursed the pupil whose teacher is intellectually stupid, poverty stricken and unsafe! Systematic exercise of God-given intellect is often the

only guarantee of success in teaching. Where in this training process the Normal Course must needs fall short, by reason of the comparative youthfulness of students and the comparative narrowness of the range of studies, the College comes in with its completions. The maturity of the ordinary college student guarantees stronger muscular attacks on subjects of study, greater depth of conception, and richer breadth of course. These attainments cover a multitude of sins in the otherwise deficient intellectuality of school teachers, and assure a most desirable supremacy over pupils. The art of study and consecration of spirit are the specific contribution of the Normal school to the College, but the College is the school teacher's intellectual completion. School children falling into the hands of a college trained teacher—provided he has acquired the consecration of spirit and the method of study fostered in the Normal school—have the assuring confidence that they are going "through the woods" with somebody who has gone through before, and who for that reason will have sufficient guiding power and sympathy.

HEART. To be "smart"—but cold—is to be wholly unfit for the school-room. What the school needs even more than an intellectual teacher is a large-hearted teacher. The large-hearted teacher is cheerful, and thus invites pupils to be happy in their work, he is sympathetic, and thus keeps the pupils faith in himself alive in the midst of failures and sorrows, he is human in his judgment of shortcomings, and thus incites erring ones to try again, he is optomistic in his views, thus inspiring his pupils to think their present in the hopeful terms of the future. Such a teacher is a rallying ground for drooping spirits, a heart-home for those who have no real home, a savior for the boys and girls who otherwise would leave the school too soon and in disgust. The large-hearted teacher is never idle, ever doing what will serve the highest interests of his school, never weary of his tasks, ever growing in his love for his work. In all these things he lives in closest contact with the spirit of Him who said, "Feed my lambs," "Feed my sheep."

Minimum terms, compulsory attendance, graduation gifts, and the like, are superfluous where large-hearted teachers rule. The cold-blooded teacher, on the contrary, freezes the spirit of his pupils, drives them far from himself and books teaches them,

to hate and leave the school, cares for self and self alone, is the pupil's lifelong injury.

As in intellectuality, so in heart, the teacher must be born, not made. And yet, miracles can be worked by education. There is such a thing as heart culture. The special place for the culture of the teacher's heart is the Normal School. Here he is brought into closest companionship with the great teachers of the past, here the very atmosphere is impregnated with love for child-study and child-culture, here to the professional spirit of the prospective teacher is assiduously cultivated and inspired. Nevertheless, large-heartedness often comes only with broader and deeper knowledge of the world and its history. The College with its longer years, its complete interpretations, its nearer approaches to the actual world for which the school means to prepare boys and girls, its maturer knowledge of men and things and prospects, is bound to enlarge the heart-life of the faithful student. For these and other reasons, the College graduate should make a better teacher in the public schools.

WILL. A large-hearted, cyclopedic school teacher is desirable, as we have tried to show, but to be simply cyclopedic and large hearted, without being "morally mighty," is to fall far short of that whole perfection which comes only through will and will-training. Boys and girls are quick to recognize their their master, and choose obedience to royalty rather than slavish subjection to petty feudal lords. The strong teacher commands respect first of all because he masters his own impulses and conquers his own difficulties, and then because he refuses to allow his pupils to take things easy themselves. It is a misfortune for pupils to be under a teacher who "lets things go" and who "lets them take things easy," and it takes a very stupid boy not to see these points in his teacher. The great teacher moulds his pupils into real moral strength both by example and by will conquests in school crises. Of course, the teacher's will, as we have suggested, must be a civilized will. Tyranny is short-lived, whether it be in state or school. And it is at this point where the professional training of Normal schools and the broadening culture of the College gives the school teacher his moral drestige and pre-eminence. I stop only long enough to admit that this result follows only when the Normal school and the College make these things their ideal and the constant purpose of their

endeavors. Indeed, the College is the prospective teacher's moral opportunity only when he realizes that he *has* the opportunity and *utilizes* the broadening and strengthening culture of College life in a conscientious, noble-minded way. The College life of some who go through it, alas, unfit them absolutely for the holy tasks of teaching. The easy-going, swaggering college boy, the loose-reined, collapsing college boy, may get a diploma; but the breath of his moral spirit would contaminate the holy-place of the school-boy's soul, and nothing could be so serious to the moral moulding of a boy as to fall into hands so pitifully weakened.

KNOWLEDGE. Knowledge is power; a knowledge of causes enables us to produce effects, and a knowledge of facts helps us to think laws controlling causes. Intellectuality, heart, and will, are gifts of Nature, but knowledge must be acquired. The school teacher needs a very exact knowledge of the branches to be taught in the schools, of the nature of man, of constructive pedagogy, and of the world's growth in all directions. The teacher who is not master of the branches to be taught will lack confidence in himself and lose the confidence of his school. Both Both results are serious hindrances to success. To be ignorant of psychology and physiology is to be unable to make the necessary adjustments in assignments and methods.

Constructive pedagogy, the construction of knowledges into mental processes, is the very essence of teaching. A knowledge of the world's growth in all directions is essential to the teacher's judgment in the selection of courses. Such knowledge serves as a reservoir of resources and dignifies the teacher's life with broader inspirations. It is the special function of the Normal school in this scheme of fitting teachers for their work to teach the branches of the public schools from their pedagogic side, to construct knowledge into mental processes, and to develop professional spirit and skill. But the shortness of the time allowed, the youthfulness of the Normal student, and the magnitude of the tasks to be mastered, make it necessary to graduate the student long before he knows as much and that as thoroughly as he should, to become an ideal school teacher. Unless the Normal graduate has acquired momentum enough to study the world's growth in all directions as rapidly as he can while teaching, he is doomed to remain commonplace in his profession. Fortunate the Normal graduate who can take a good, strong

College course before he finally settles down to teach, especially if he hopes to rise in his profession.

It is reserved for the modern College, as a supplemental means in the education of school-teachers, to deepen the channels of thought, to broaden the teacher's world-views through extensive courses in history, literature, mathematics, sciences, arts, etc. Such enrichment of knowledges make it possible for the teacher to accomplish all his tasks more completely and more satisfactorily.

Would that all teachers could be College graduates.

A COLLEGE EDUCATION IN PUBLIC LIFE.

HON. GEORGE F. KRIBBS, '73.
601 Homewood Ave., Pittsburg, Pa

An invitation to contribute something under the above caption contains no suggestion as to the course of treatment expected. Such an education may add to a man's pleasure, to his capabilities, to his influence and usefulness to the public. In this as in everything else, all depends on the man. If he has ability it makes for capability; if he has intelligence it adds to its efficiency. It broadens his mental horizon and sharpens his perceptions—just as the athlete in training for a contest undergoes a course of exercises which has no particular reference to the arena in which he expects to contend, but which gives flexibility and suppleness, strength and endurance to those parts of his physical anatomy upon which he must rely if he would win.

So the college student, if he has been earnest, faithful and persistent, finds himself at commencement day ready to proceed to begin to commence the actual duties of life, but with no training in the special profession or business he may choose for his life work.

The repetition of the infinitives is not vain tautology, but is meant to emphasize the fact that a college education is not meant to fit the student to take up the serious affairs of life without training or experience, with instant success. Many men have gained knowledge under adverse circumstances while following their daily vocation that has stood them well in stead; but the man who has had a collegiate training has an advantage

that never leaves him, and which the self educated man is prone to acknowledge.

The very drudgery and irksomeness of the student life goes for the disciplining and training of the mental powers. The various studies develop the several faculties. Mathematics induces logical reasoning, the study of the languages gives the precise use of words and expression in its best form to thought. The wisdom of history is our only modern prophet and oracle. Thus to each branch we might ascribe its particular utility in mental equipment. Hear the conclusion of the whole matter. A college education teaches the use of intellectual tools and gives to his path the lamp of the ages.

Public life, I take it, means any position of public trust from road supervisor or school director to the ambition of so many and realization of so few, the Presidency of our great country. Therefore let us assume, whether in local municipal, state or national public position, a man may be placed, the better equipped he is for its duties, the greater will be his influence and usefulness. The great labor leader, John Mitchell, in a recent article on the education of the workingmen says "intelligence lightens labor." An epigram that no man can gainsay in this age. If it be true in the man with the pick or mine machine, much more can it be said of those in any position requiring intellectual acumen and efficiency of results in the labor of a servant of the people in a representative capacity.

I judge that in assigning the writer this subject, there was a presupposition that it should be treated with special reference to public life as found in the National Congress, more especially in the lower house, or House of Representatives. Permit me to say here, that with very few exceptions the representative of every district in Congress is one of the representative citizens of that particular district, and you will always find that in the minds of his constituents he has some qualification above the average of his fellow citizens. He may not be the best nor the only one so fitted, still he is above the average, either in intellectual training if not in intellectual endowment or in moral character. This is not saying that the man who could fittingly represent one district would equally well represent any other district.

A man may be a born leader, but no man is a born legislator. The representative spends his first term in adapting his

natural and acquired powers to the use of the legislative tools. Nor is it an easy task to one who feels the responsibility of his position. It is only those who are returned term after term who become the skilled workmen.

Our laws are framed by committees and only enacted by the vote of the whole body of representatives. If a committee is composed of conscientious and painstaking men, its recommended bills, if in accord with the settled policy of the majority party in control, generally meets with ready approval on final vote of the House. But woe to the bills recommended by a committee whose chairman and members have not the ability, or having it do not exercise it, of carefully and properly examining the bills referred. Many a deserving measure has failed in passage because the House had not confidence in the committee that brought in the bill.

The member who continually preens himself for oratorical flights is a useless incumbrance in the halls of legislation. Occasionally it becomes necessary for some member, who has introduced a bill or reported it from the committee, to explain its object and provisions plainly and briefly. Or when some distinctive party measure is up for consideration, a few on either side must present the salient features of party policy involved for or against its enactment. These are the intellectual gladiators, men of education, training and experience. All the rest is buncombe. There is no record that any speech ever changed a vote.

Much of the foregoing may seem discussive, but it is to show where and how the work is done and the necessity for the best kind of mental equipment. That which enables a man to do things. Ours is a great nation with varied and diverse interests. Its representatives in Congress are men of different but convergent races. The New Englander, suave and cold, the Westerner, breezy and bluff, the Middle States man, conservative and cautious, the Southerner, courteous and dignified—all bearing the impress of locality but each with racial peculiarities, Anglo-Saxon and Teuton, Celt and Scot, Gaul and Cid, Scandinavian and Slav, and that anomaly, the son of Sunny Africa. To be able to meet all these work and commingle with them on an equal intellectual level means much to the interests of any district.

No man can comprehend all or master every branch of legislation. Thus it generally follows that a member devotes himself to the one line of legislative work, which the chance assignment of the Speaker of the House gave him in his first committee appointment. Here it is then that his collegiate education comes to his aid. The mental training and discipline which gave flexibility to his faculties will enable him to bend his energies to the work at hand. The objects and operations of these committees are as different as the pursuits of men. Each of these several committees are again divided into sub-committees, with their own chairmen. To these are assigned the different branches of legislation requiring investigation by that particular committee. Often a voluminous mass of testimony must be examined, letters, reports from Governmental Departments considered, former committee reports and present laws reviewed. All to be sifted, harmonized and assimilated into a report to the general committee, where the whole matter is again threshed over. If the sub-committee's work is endorsed it is then ordered to be reported to the House.

It often requires as much labor and investigation to prove a bill unworthy as to prepare a worthy one for favorable enactment. The attendance on the daily sessions of the House are the only restful periods for the busy member, and these are very often curtailed to the opening of the session, or abridged by the demands of constituents or of his committees' duties. A man with mere physical endurance or an untrained mind is as useless there as the proverbial fifth wheel to a wagon, and his best efforts are as futile as those of a cat in the bottomless pit without claws. Quick discernment and ready apprehension of the necessary facts, thorough assimilation of the subject matter and facility of expression or in framing clear logical sentences, are the results of training, and are requisite for successful work in legislative bodies. In the most of our State legislatures the qualifications of their members are not as high as in the National legislature, nor can it reasonably be expected that they should be. A man of college education cannot afford the doubtful honor. So often therefore do you find on the statute books crude, incongruous, inconsistent and unconstitutional laws.

Never before in our history have there been so many men of sterling ability risen from the ranks to prominence by achievement in business pursuits. It might be expected that they

would by very force of numbers and wealth crowd out the collegian in the race for political preferment. Let us take the last decade. In 1893 the 53rd Congress consisted of 356 members in the House of Representatives. Of this number 140 had a collegiate education. Ten years later, in 1903, the 58th Congress, now in session, has a membership of 386 in the Lower House. Of these 189 claim a college education, an increase of 49 in ten years, while the membership has increased but 30.

Still more surprising is the fact that the great universities, with their thousands of graduates, have not a larger representation. One only has as many as half a dozen. The small denominational colleges, but little known outside of their own localities, have educated the majority. This may be owing to the self-reliant and determined character of the men, whose only way to an education lay through the smaller local institutions, or to the stamina and the moral character of the student, given by the semi-religious course of training. The latter view ought to receive more consideration from parents in the future than it has in the past. Other things being equal, the men with college education are the recognized preference of the public for public duties. The men who can do things will always be in evidence.

MY DEBT TO THE COLLEGE.

REV. EDWIN F. KEEVER, '86.
Catasauqua, Pa.

There is a class of men who have this device printed large on all their letter-heads: "The World Owes Me a Living." Every undertaking in which they engage seems to be a writing out of bills, running somewhat like this:

MR. _____

TO ME, SELF & CO., DR.

The items of these bills comprise all the good things they have ever received, and all the blessings which they think they would like to possess. At first such benefits were regarded as light favors, and then as gifts; finally they became demands. To that ilk I do not profess to belong. I would rather believe that the world *owes* a man nothing, but that everything that one

receives is not as much a "just due" as a divine benefaction.

Three institutions have involved me in heavy debt—my church, my home and my college. The obligations I owe these institutions can never be discharged by a repayment. That for which I am indebted to my college the memory of eighteen years can only suggest. The full measure of the influence exerted upon my life and character by four years' association with the Christian gentlemen and scholars who acted as my instructors, cannot be fully reckoned until the last chapter of my career draws to its close. Incidentally, I must crave pardon for the use of pronouns of the first person, but they are necessary to the utterance of a proper confession.

To my College I owe the first taste of those springs of knowledge whose lower streams have since refreshed my mind and given me strength to pursue my professional career. How numerous were those springs; and how varied the taste of their waters! I take up the College catalogue and count the studies into which I waded without wading through. No longer do a trivium and quadrivium cover the whole field of learning, as in the great universities of the middle ages. With us it is rather a multivium. I now ask, how can one man ever become a Master of all these Arts? The answer is, never! And yet if one is to discover that branch of human knowledge to which his talents are suited by nature, and is to prepare himself to reach the goal of his destiny by specializing in one department, must he not search all the avenues of learning? I should say that the College might be called the Temple of Scrutiny, wherein are many shrines, each illumined by its own lights. Before each shrine every student must bow, utter his prayer, and in the light scrutinize his own talents. There where he hears the voice, "Here pay thy vows," let him lay his votive offerings and dedicate his life.

To my College I owe the mental discipline acquired by hard study in the prescribed branches. This is regarded as one of the greatest benefits of all study. The mind, like the muscles, needs exercise. It faculties are developed by application and concentration; each power requiring its own treatment. The intellect needs training. In every occupation the successful man is the man who thinks quickly and accurately. The student likewise needs to be taught to control his emotions; for, youth is notably

the emotional age. Right here is involved the moral phase of college training, and it often proves a very difficult question for all instructors. As to the will, I may say it is like the flange on the wheels. It keeps the whole train on the track. Or, to change the figure, in the composition of the mind, it stands for the element of iron. Blessed is the man who has much of it! Too much, however, would give us such characters as Swedish Charles, known as the "Iron Head." But I ween, better too much iron than too much clay. Every temptation—and the student has many—resisted, and every hard subject mastered adds iron to the mental make-up.

Furthermore, I am grateful for having been provided, at college, with the tools of my life work. How? In this way. As I approached the end of my course, I began to think it was time to choose a profession. Having decided this all important question, I discovered that during the preceding years, the institution through her instructors, had been giving into my hands, one by one the instruments or studies which would become indispensible to the pursuit of my future career. Surely every other student of Muhlenberg can bear witness to the same fact. The courses have been arranged so as to widen the horizon of student culture, and to lay the foundation for any occupation which may be subsequently built thereon.

Another obligation which I cannot deny, is the cultivation of the social quality, resulting from intimate association with men whose instincts were those of gentlemen. Their dignity, polish of manner, common courtesy, while apparently nothing more than indications of the professor's attitude toward hi students, nevertheless proved to be marks haracter begat within our minds the desire to imitate. One gentleman makes another by the force of attraction.

Finally, no student can estimate his indebtedness to the institution in which he has been educated for forming within him lofty ideals. The man who has low ideals will remain a low order of being, whether in the moral or the intellectual world. Who, when he enters college, knows where to fix his goal? Who has a keen sense of what constitutes true excellence? Contract the ideals of the same person when a Freshman, and then when a Senior. What a marvelous transformation, or rather elevation takes place during the intervening years. As

the mental training proceeds and the tastes are cultivated and the range of knowledge widens, the stars of ambition and effort rise toward the zenith. This path of the ascending career every student learns through contact with his professors, whom he properly regards as leaders in the higher intellectual life.

As an illustration of the pursuit of an ideal I can cite the case of our own Dr. Hilprecht, who, I suppose, is as near the top of fame's ladder as one can climb. When he entered the university in Germany, he resolved not to leave until he had learned all that his professor knew on the science of Assyiology. Before he sailed for Babylonia on the first expedition, he deter-termined to seek the great temple library at Nippur, which he actually found after fourteen years of excavating in the old ruins.

This then is my testimony, such benefits and many more, I can truthfully say, I have purchased for the trifling tuition fee which the college charges. Who so base as to affirm that he pays for his education? Let him speak and expose his ignorance;

Soon the ivy-mantled walls of the old building will be demolished. The narrow alcoves, laden with the must of books, beds and sofa pillows, will be removed. The whitened plaster of the halls, so often shaken with missile and yell, will yield to the destroyer's implement. The antique chapel-stalls, carved with the tooth of time and his assistants, will ere long, as embers, illumine some unappreciative hearth. The old bell will no longer awaken echoes across the lower creek, but will be carried to the uplands, there to toll the hours for the devotees of knowledge. *Sic transit antiquitas*--but not my gratitude.

It gives me bliss too deep for words,
And softens all my woes,
To feel that I possess a mouth,
And also have a nose.

"Man wants but little here below,
He is not hard to please;
But woman, bless her little soul,
Wants everything she sees." EX.

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Editorials.

A monthly such as we are publishing at times becomes monotonous to many for the reason that all the space is given to articles written by the students. While such a publication affords an excellent opportunity to all students to unfold and develop their literary talents (and more ought to contribute) yet this gives a sameness to it which ought to be interrupted at times by contributions from the various subscribers outside of the college domain so as to give an incentive and an impetus to such as are prone to undervalue such a noble work. By so doing the interest in the publication will also be revived and intensified. To this end we have decided to publish two special issues thruout this collegiate year, one of which shall be called *An Alumni Issue* and the other *A Faculty Issue.*

In pursuance of this our conclusion a list of alumni was compiled and correspondence at once began. We could not ask all of the members to contribute in view of the fact that we only had space for eight or nine articles. The original list contained one or two names out of each profession asking them to state how they have been benefited by a college training. While it

may appear to some as though we were prejudiced and partisan in making up this list yet we want to counteract such a conclusion by saying that we did not compile that list entirely ourselves but we sought the advise and counsel of one of our highly repected professors. If this is to go down in history as an established precedent then it will only be a question of time until all shall have an opportunity to contribute.

We are sorry to say that the contributions did not come in as freely as we could reasonably expect. Some immediately responded giving their reasons for not being able to fulfill the request; others responded favorably by stating just what we might expect from them; and still others absolutely ignored our letters. It is with the latter class that we have reason to find fault.

If our letters are not worthy of recognition then certainly they were justified in refusing to give them any consideration. But it seems to us that it would almost be impossible to refuse a reasonable request such as this and coming from such a source viz. their *Alma Mater*. We hope that such people, if ever hereafter solicited, will kindly reflect for a moment over the things which Muhlenberg College has done for them. If they are successful (and many of them are) they must at least attribute a small part of their success to the advantages which were offered them while sheltered and protected for a number of years by these dear old classic walls which are about to be rend asunder.

Whilst we had intended to eliminate all the departments and all articles written by students yet because only four out of the list of twenty responded we were compelled to insert a number of other articles and the work of one of the departments.

This is the Alumni issue. The faculty issue will appear the latter part of the year. We want to kindly and heartily thank those who have contributed for it is to those few that we are indebted for this issue. It would have been impossible to carry out our plan had it not been for these few faithful ones. Thanking you again for the consideration shown us we wish you a happy and prosperous New Year and hope that your incessant and untiring efforts may be crowned with still greater success in the work in which you may be engaged.

Once more are we permitted to stand at the threshold of a new year. Time takes wings unto itself and flies away, whither it goes we know not. Year after year rolls on carrying us ever nearer and nearer our ends and destiny. The older we grow the more realistic does this great truth become. Along with time also come opportunities. Happy indeed is that man who can conscientiously say that he has made use of all the opportunities as they passed along.

This is preeminently the time of the year to make resolutions. Some are only made to be broken while others made by more serious persons are closely adhered too. Let us think over this, that if a resolution is necessary and we are deeply conscious of it then let us have moral courage and backbone enough to do that which we know to be our plain duty. If we allow ourselves to fall into the habit of breaking these resolutions or to look upon them as a matter of course then it would have been far better if we never had made any.

Is it then not timely and appropriate that at this time we should seriously and devoutly reflect over our past conduct to ascertain in what instances we have erred or neglected to do our duty? Should not our minds be occupied in answering such questions as these? Have I made the best possible use of my time during the past year? Have I grasped every golden opportunity as it presented itself? Have I been as faithful to my studies as I could have been? Has my conduct toward my superiors been worthy of praise and admiration and, lastly. Have I been as zealous as I might have been in the performance of my religious duties?

There is no truer, no more widely recognized and more generally accepted principle than this, that everyone is placed in this world for a purpose. Hence it follows that he must expect to do some work in the fulfillmentof this, his mission.

The plant also has a certain work to do but its sphere of activity has been limited by its Creator. More than bare fruit and perpetuate its own kind it cannot do. Its purpose has been assigned to it and its limit has been fixed.

Not so with man, however, the highest and noblest of God's creatures, despite the fact that some men of the present day are

constantly denying and ridiculing the supreme position which man occupies in the scale of creation. Man's sphere of activity is not limited by certain fixed boundaries but unto him, by virtue of his superiority over other creatures, is granted the right and privilege to choose his own vocation in life.

In these days when a young man attempts to exercise this privilege of choosing a profession, he appears to be guided and dominated by this one question; *Does it pay?* His adaptability and conformability to the circumstances into which such a money making profession may place him might not all be the means of drawing out and unfolding the talents which lie dormant within him. To do the most good to the most people ought to be the motto of every individual.

To choose our life work is a question which will sooner or later confront each one of us as students. Let us resolve to be equal to the occasion when it presents itself; let us demonstrate to the world most clearly that we cannot be swayed and dominated by such a low, debasing principle as the desire for *filthy lucre* and above all let us go out into the world with a strong and invincible determination, to do the most good to the most people regardless of compensation or reward.

* * *

Our work as members of the staff is ended; the time of the year has arrived when a new staff takes up the work which for the last five months devolved upon us, we have run our race and finished our course in so far as the controlling influence of this publication is concerned. We have worked diligently and faithfully in the discharge of our duties, never losing sight of the prime object for which such a publication is undertaken and supported. Whether we have done anything worthy of praise or admiration is a matter upon which we are not competent to judge. Each one must decide that for himself. That we have had difficulties to overcome and obstacles to remove is evident and real to each member of the staff. But whenever we were confronted by such difficulties we tried to dispose of them for the best interests of the journal.

For the satisfaction of those who may be inclined to criticize us severely for being so late with the last issue permit us to de-

fend ourselves by saying, and truthfully too, that it was not our fault but it was due to the negligence of our printers. The material was given over on the eighth day of December and the journal was ready for distribution on the seventh day of January, 1904.

After due deliberation and after having asked the printers to give us more reasonable rates which they refused to grant, we decided to make a change. The change was effected and this is a sample of the work which the new firm puts out. To effect this change was not an easy matter and had we so desired we could have tolerated such treatment until our term of office had expired, but we felt as though we owed this to the incoming staff as well as to all succeeding staffs. Difficult as it was and caused us a great deal of trouble yet nothing is too difficult when you know it to be your duty.

May success crown the efforts of the incoming staff and may their lot fall in pleasant places.

HUMAN PROGRESS.

All is action, all is motion,
In this mighty world of ours!
Like the current of the ocean,
Man is urged by unseen powers.

Steadily, but strongly moving,
Life is onward evermore;
Still the present is improving
On the age that went before.

Duty prints with outstretched fingers,
Every soul to action high;
Woe betide the soul that lingers,—
Onward! onward! is the cry.

Though man's form may seem victorious,
War may waste and famine blight,
Still, from out the conflict glorious,
Mind comes forth with added light.

O'er the darkest night of sorrow,
From the deadliest field of strife,
Dawns a clearer, brighter morrow,
Springs a truer, nobler life.

Onward! onward! onward! ever!
Human progress none may stay;
All who make the vain endeavor.
Shall, like chaff, be swept away.

HAGAN.

"YOUNG MAN, GO WEST."

BY S. O. SIGMOND, '05.

The only readers of The Muhlenberg, who may be interested in the above subject, are perhaps some of the present students of our college. Many of you, fellow students, have not yet made up your mind where to locate when school days are over and your life-work is to be taken up. I wish to remind you in a few words through The Muhlenberg that Horace Greeley's saying, "Young Man, Go West!" still is a true one. By taking a glance at history we see that imigration has nearly always been westward, both in America and other countries. Why have not the millions of Europians who have come to America gone back to Europe? Simply because America has more room, therefore more opportunities. Why have the thousands upon thousands of people from Eastern United States, who have gone West, not returned? Can they not pay their fare? Yes, indeed, but they prefer the West, because there is more room therefore more opportunite. Few people in the East have a correct conception of the vastness of the West, its many opportunities of the future.

One of the Washington correspondents who traveled along with the "Committee on Irrigation," during last October says in part: "It is doubtful if the people of the East have any idea of what is going on west of the Mississippi. On my five weeks' travel through Missouri, Kansas, Colorado. Idaho, Motana, etc., I did not hear one word of dissatisfaction among the people.

I spoke to men in all walks of life, from the hired man on the farm to the bank president. Traveling agents told me they could not furnish their goods fast enough to supply the demand. Railway men declared their greatest task was to take care of the enormous traffic, while the factories were unable to fill all the orders coming in. The elevators were full of grain, the banks full of money and contractors and builders had more work on hand than they could finish in a year. Most farmers had paid their mortgages and prices were good. While a panic in Wall Street some years ago would have shaken the commercial West in its foundations, now it would have little or no effect. This is an Eastern man's view of the West, and it is only part of her praise at that. It is evident that any man of average intelligence

and industry can succeed in a country where conditions are so favorable. And is not that the dream of every young man—to succeed in his chosen field. Hard coal is scarce out West. For that reason the successful business man ships his coal out there, and it pays. Physicians are comparatively scarce out West. Therefore it pays to go there. If you want to become a lawyer, it is difficult to win recognition here for the same reason as it is hard for young sprouts and young trees to thrive in an old orchard where all the big trees have their ramifications throughout the ground, absorbing most of the nourishment, sunshine and air. If you wish to become a politician, the same reasons hold true. If a pastor, the fields are ripe unto harvest. If a farmer, why not buy rich prairie land at a few dollars per acre (much good government land can be had for $1.25 per acre) and be an independent man in a few years. I could exemplify and verify here, but my article would become so long, I fear no one would read it. But, *nota teene*, if you want to be sure of success out west, first be sure you are a *real* man—not a "dude," but one who can take a hold without a glove if need be! Therefore, young man, ally yourself with a new cause, or a new country, and in time you may be one of the leaders!

"LESSON FROM NATURE."

KRAUSE '06.

Nature is the sum total of appearances which reach us and are made known to us, primarily through the senses.

Ever since the literary age set in, poets and educators almost without exception, have viewed nature with a familiar eye, and described it in language most beautiful. They have expressed the delights of nature as they appear to young and old, and the pleasures that free open air life bestows upon us as we wander at will in the green fields or in or among the budding woods when the primrose and anemones first appear, or as we spend a day abroad under a blue sky with a soft breeze, giving us a sense of peace and refreshment while gazing in quiet over a distant landscape with sunlight upon it.

In all languages the sky is the symbol of purity and chastity; the sea of restlessness and discontent; the mountains of solidity

and majesty; the stars of clearness and brightness; light and darkness of ignorance and knowledge.

The more we study nature the more clearly do we perceive that it has furnished us with a great commentary on ourselves. We see what our ancestors shunned, we love what they disliked. we are overwhelmed with beauty, where they were oppressed with desolation and ugliness.

This universal beauty of nature which shines in the stars, and blooms in the flowers, and builds in the woods cathedral aisles of pillared trunk and arching branches, lies in the workmanship of an Almightly hand.

It taught Newton the great "Laws of Gravitation," and made him to say, "I feel myself like a little boy playing at the seashore picking up here and there a brighter pebble than usual while the great ocean of truths lies all undiscovered before me."

Out of the mist and light, the glory of sunset strikes across the world and the hearts of men are awed and purified as if they had looked through the gates of paradise. The rarest flower that blooms is touched with a loveliness so delicate that it seems almost spiritual, "For behold the lilies of the field, how they grow?"

Nature is possibly the oldest instructor of our people, from one point of view our taskmaster. Now our servant, from another point of view, our constant friend, teacher and inspirer.

It was from the observation and examination of the eagle's eye that the principles of our modern microscope and telescope were discovered through which we have been enabled to look deeper and more thoroughly into the delicately constructed mechanism of much of creation, or many of God's creatures.

The wind and air that surround us day by day is the representation of the Spirit of God, then the "wind bloweth where it listeth we can hear the sound thereof but we can not tell whence it cometh nor whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit." John 3: 8.

The discovery of the Roentgen Rays in late years wonderfully illustrates to us the divine eye sight of our Creator, teaching us how God's vision detects our inmost sins and thoughts.

The stars that are set in the firmaments remind us of the birth of Jesus in Bethlehem of Judea more than nineteen hundred years ago, and thus they point us to him as the divine star of hope, faith, love and mercy.

The rocks sing to us the song of the ages, the wonderful history of the world. So that whatever department or individual agent of nature we take up and study, they all teach us the same great truths of the All-wise Creator and Preservor of the Universe, who sought these means of teaching his people his goodness, mercy and love.

Book Review.

"Riley Love Lyrics" By James W. Riley. The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

Lately an interesting volume of about forty-five poems appeared, some of whose poems have been declaimed during the last few years while others have as yet hardly been heard of or read. This book is interesting not merely on account of its poems but also for the life pictures by William B. Dyer, one or more of which accompanies each poem.

James W. Riley belongs to "the poets of the west." He being from Indiana received for his sobriquet the "Hoosier Poet." A native or inhabitant of the State of Indiana is called a Hoosier, a nickname of unknown origin. As is natural for a western man, he did not forget to sing about rural life, and we find that his quaint and homely idyls of country life are full of true humor and genuine poetry. "The Old Swimmin' Hole" and "Armazinda" may be mentioned among these volumes. There are also about a dozen more of his books circulating.

Considering his age and the fact that he lately made a European tour during which he undoubtedly expanded his range of knowledge and especially enriched his stock of thought material, we feel confident that still grander fruits shall be borne from his pen.

"An Old Sweetheart of Mine" is the first poem of the book under consideration; this lyric seems to be appreciated by both young and old because it is a striking interpretation in verse of

human nature. It begins by picturing such a common, familiar custom and then elaborates the thought. As follows reads the first stanza :

"As one who cons at evening o'er
an album all alone,
And muses on the faces of the friends
that he has known,
So I turn the leaves of fancy till,
in shadowy design,
I find the smiling features of an
old sweetheart of mine."

This stanza is clarified by a picture of the face "in shadowy design" of a lovely maiden.

His thoughts wander farther back to childhood days when he says :

I can see the pink sun bonnet
and the little checkered dress
She wore when first I kissed her
and she answered the caress . . . .

And now his mind rambles awhile among the recollections of those sweet Summer times of long ago, when they "used to talk together of the future" they had planned, as he goes on saying,

"When we should live together
in a cosy little cot
Hid in a nest of roses
with a fairy garden-spot,
Where the vines were ever fruited,
and the weather ever fine,
And the birds were ever singing
for that old sweet heart of mine."

As we pursue our cursory study of this volume, we can glance at only parts of few more poems.

Each lyric carries its moral and is intended to teach it, in a manner seemingly appreciated by the friend and the foe of the moral.

In the short poem "He and I" the third stanza which suggests to us rather cogently that during all seasons and all circumstances it is possible to be happy, reads thus :

And we are happy—very—
He and I—
Aye, even glad and merry
Though on high
The heavens are sometimes
shrouded
By the midnight storm, and
clouded
Till the pallid moon is crowded
From the sky.

Glancing at the picture then reading the poem "A Variation" one cannot refrain from laughing at the odd thoughts in it. Following is the first stanza.

"I am tired of this!
Nothing else but loving!
Nothing else but kiss and kiss,
Coo, and turtle-doving!
Can't you change the order some?
Hate me just a little--come!

Since Mr. Riley comparatively a young man, he has not experience of all the thoughts composing the lyric "When Age Comes On." This is but a short poem of twenty verses, yet it proves that the creator of it possesses wonderful forethought and saintly imagination which is of all incalculable value to the soul. How forcible does the suggestion strike us in these lines:

"Old loves, old friends—all dead and gone—
Our old faithful lost—and Age comes on—
And Age comes on!
Poor hearts! have we not anything
But *longings* left when Age comes on?"

Cora—"College men seem very much inclined to take life easy."
Dora—"Yes; even when they graduate they do it by degrees. EX.

IT IS VERY ODD

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"Literae Sine Ingenio Vanae"

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A PLEASING CONCORD.

—,'04,

The dying twilight gently falls,
  In variant hues of slumbrous red,
Behind the verdant hill that walls
  The golden sun, now long since fled
From mortal sight as nature laws.

Musing, I stroll through this dim sphere
  Of shade and hush, while softest winds
Bring passioned concord to my ear
  Of music sweet, and mem'ry clings
Around those tones so wild and drear.

A master ruled alone those strings,
  With gentle touch of years long passed,
Of that great song, which sweetly rings
  With many notes in silence massed,
Which turns the soul to many things.

Those tones grow dim as I pass on,
  Leaving sweet thoughts of peace and love,
Sweet thoughts of him who thus alone
  Has power to rule us from above,
In harmony with that grand song.

OUR SILVER PALACE.

HORACE RITTER, '04.

However much we may long to unravel the mysteries of the future, however much we may deplore the contemplated but irrevocable past; it yet remains for us to appreciate the present and to learn that we are living now.

We are free to choose and to act. To what end we choose and act determines whether we shall live in the lowly cot of self-complacency, or in the silver palace of our highest individual privileges.

Vast, indeed, is our inherited province of action. We hear the whirl of the world's great wheels of industry, and wonder whence they come, and whither they go. We see meandering streams of old philosophies pour their treasures at our feet, and we know not what to do with them. Perplexed, we search the truth divine, and a gem is revealed to us that flashes a thousand truths from a single facet. Then, we hear the sweet strains of David's harp and, according well, the inspired song of Solomon sings of a silver palace.

With prophetic vision, Solomon saw, upon distant evangelic heights, the blessed consummation of divine purpose. No longer, Jew; no longer, Gentile; but, within the united walls of a universal brotherhood shall dwell the church in a silver palace —the home of the common household of faith.

Collectively, we are the Church. Individually, we are but men, and it is our highest individual privilege, as Christian men and women, to establish a home—to build a silver palace whose sacred prerogatives we are graciously permitted to enjoy. The home, then, is our silver palace, and it is for home and homelife that we wish to plead to-day.

Society, so often cheated, no longer bows to insidious sentimentalism; but demands the most loyal manhood and womanhood. No longer does she lend an anxious and attentive ear to the pretentious professions of a giddy and bedazzling world. Publicity, the world's affairs, and petty theories of church and state no longer dare intoxicate the young and inexperienced. But true and sober views of life taught by the discipline of duty

must lead. if society shall live, two separate and harmonious hearts to the altar where, so announced by God's ordained, they shall forever continue to beat in harmony. Marriage, then, is indeed one of the strongest testimonials of manhood and womanhood, and forms the sole legitimate basis of a happy home.

But active and insidious forces tend to undermine this divine institution. Up from the howling pandemonium of divorce, arise the death-shrieks of hapless innocents, who are sacrificed upon Mammon's altar, around which the devotees of fashion dance in demoniac glee. We hear the shrieks of those who are branded by their parents' infamy. We hear the snap of heart-strings, and the despairing moans of the unfortunate. Their prayers, their tears bid welcome death blot out their lives, while the skeleton fingers of poverty too often point to the halter, or a suicide's grave.

Some men may rack their brains to fever heat in formulating laws to curb divorce, and call it statemanship; some, because it seems they care not to discover a world of love at home, attempt to find some distant star and call it philosophy; some women may leave their proper sphere to make themselves notoriously ridiculous, and call it martyrdom; but men and women facing the issues of the day by attending to the common every-day affairs of life--that, in the eyes of a candid and Christian world, is plain common sense.

The salvation of the home, of society, and of the nation has always depended, and ever will depend, upon the dictum of the common people. It is only as these realize the silent and stable forces of Christianity that the safety of all is assured. The humble home, set in some fair green valley, is worth a hundred homeless palaces on Fifth Avenue, and the widow's mite is still worth more than the humble home are reproductions and not artificial imitations or open mockeries of that humble Life which said: "Blessed are the meek; for they shall inherit the earth."

Matters of the home are matters of the heart, concomitant with an unselfish love. No human law or reason can create such hearts. Neither can it destroy them. What law or theory can compel a father's or a mother's love save the all-compelling law of a Christian civilization? What gross ambitions will not give way to that more excellent, nobler, and holier desire to im-

part happiness to others? Who but a father or a mother can best render such service? It is in the home that this service finds its fullest organization to nurture and perfect the units of church and state. It is only as parents are assisted by the most favorable social and economic conditions that they are fully able to succeed. All great and vexing problems of church and state must needs be solved with this fact constantly in view. But too often it is not until such questions arise that our homes are fully consulted. Be it in peace or panic; in weal or woe.

Christian society insists that men and women with mercenary motives must not play high carnival with the sacred prerogatives of home. They must not sell them to the highest bidder, and treat the matter as a jest. To such, indeed, the world may grant long and loud applause. Society may appear to profit by their worldly wisdom. The individual may even find it tolerably convenient; but never can a true home-life take root in such selfish soil. The real wealth, stability, virtue and future hope of our land lie in its Christian homes. The cowardly, the irresponsible, the self-sufficient must not pilot them. The irreligious are not worthy of them. The plain truth is Christians alone can establish Christian homes.

It is the divine purpose that we shall live in families. It is this home-life, as developed in its best form and power, under the letter and spirit of Christianity, that baffles the modern socialist with his sophisms; extinguishes the newer lights of Utah with their loose theories of marriage, and silences the infidel with his howl over the basis of a Christian civilization. In whatever land, under whatever system, by whatever men and women, the Christian home has been set aside for fanciful inventions and substitutes; there society has degenerated even into beastliness.

It is our duty, then, to receive our inheritance; to maintain and increase the fullness of its dignity, its love, its grace and its goodness; while we glow with a patriotism more ready to live than to die for it, and as true as our regard for home and home-life is sacred. The strength of the nation is forged in the home, in the school, in church and state; and Christian citizenship owes a duty to each and all.

Happy, then, indeed is the man who has a home where beauty, art, and culture dwell, as in a silver palace our daily

temple---wherein eternal truths, like golden harps with silver strings, inspire all to higher things. Such homes and such home-makers will ever be a nation's bulwark. What else can be a nation's boast?

AN EXTRACT FROM A DIARY.

'04.

NOTE—One day in rumaging through some odd papers and books, I came upon a hard thumbed, dirty looking manuscript, upon which was written "Diary." Looking carelessly over the pages I was attracted by some portions that were of interest in the life of the person who had written it. By carefully collecting and cutting some out, I am able to present the following somewhat connected tale.—('04)

In nearly every one's life, at a certain time, there comes a romance of love, influencing his life, and at the same time tending to turn his thoughts and ideas of human life into a different channel. He falls in love at that part of his life when his character is forming and the lass whom he loves has the making or ruining of his future. Indeed they have more power, than they dream of, and it is to be regretted that they do not always use their influence for good. My life also had such an event or romance—nay, rather call it a tragedy, for as a romance it was not completed. Oftentimes I sit in my study and dream of that which might have been.

My father was one of those harsh and austere men who looked upon the pessimistic side of life and also was, what might be termed a *mysogynist*. This world was to him a farce in which we all were actors. This malevolent disposition, as I was informed in later years, was caused by a disappointment in early youth. So with this slight explanation, you may see and better understand the reason for his pursuing the course of my training as he did.

After I had finished my schooling, he often insisted strenuously that there was no such thing as love. "Twas but a mere expression and nothing in reality," but at the same time insisted "that it was the duty of every man to marry, and there being no such a thing as love, to marry as well as possible."

Having arrived nigh unto the years of bachelorhood those words of my father reentered my mind. I determined to follow his advice—but with a great deal of hesitation on my part before I would take that venture, for then I would lose my bachelorhood independence and comfort in eking out a livelihood for wife and children. After some hesitation I paid court to a lady living near my home; and a long time intervened until she assented to become my wife. Good luck came to me for the first time, and that was in the father of the young lady being wealthy having attained quite a sum of money in his industrious youth. Her beauty was not such as poets dream of, especially to my eyes, but still she seemed to be somewhat handsome. I remember well, how often, a friend of mine exclaimed. "Jack, how I envy you, I'd give much to be in your place."

Months and months rolled past until amidst the endless congratulations of friends we were married. I now entered upon what poets love to call "Life's sweet dream," to me it seemed more like life's harsh necessity. We decided to cross the ocean for our bridal tour. How little did I think upon that trip I would be brought in contact with influences which would destroy the early teachings of my father, showing to me at the same time the reality of love.

* * * * * *

I was standing upon the upper deck of the great ocean steamboat, which glided swiftly through the stormy waters. What an attractive sight it is to see those monstrous waves dashing against the side of the vessel, breaking into a thousand little streamlets of foam which sparkle like gold in the dying sunset! Occasionally wild gusts of wind came dashing swiftly along sending sprays of water high in the air.

My wife and I had been upon the water now for two days, however, she was not as fortunate as I, because she had succumbed to seasickness.

I was standing upon the deck musing upon this lamentable

farce in which I was taking the part of chief actor, at the same time wishing that the Fates would cut the thread of my existence. The weight of playing the hypocrite forever was slowly infringing itself upon my mind and my action was as execrable to myself as it will be to those who in later days will read this diary. This is but the way of human life, misery and happiness are sure to exist. The former being predominant in my life. I was as a mere atom buffeted upon the waves of existence by larger atoms. I whose being had never realized the care of a mother's pride or love as some would say.

My bearing to my wife was one of care and kindness. I would not display the lack of affection that existed for her in my mind. Years and years may pass on but she will have the same care that I bestowed upon her from my first acquaintance. How applicable to my case, are those words of the poet, who sings,

"I cannot love her as I ought,
For love reflects the thing beloved
My words are only word and moved
Upon the topmost froth of thought."

I was so deeply engrossed in my meditation that I did not notice the approach of a lady, until the vessel gave a sudden lurch, something heavy falling against me and to find myself sitring on the deck, wondering how I got there. I was somewhat stunned and could not immediately comprehend my situation until a voice speaking in French brought back my wandering senses by saying, ,,*Pardon C'etait*———."

Before more was said, I quickly answered in the only French I ever knew. "*Jene parle pas Francais. Je suis Anglais.*"

"I also speak English" she said. "I beg pardon for causing your fall. I am not seawoman enough to sustain these lurches of the vessel with impunity."

After I had risen and fully recovered from the fall. I turned my attention to the person who was the cause. I saw a most bewitching face, a face, the like of which I never saw before, a poet's pen or the painter's brush would be the necessary instruments for the description of the beauty before me. It was a most enrapturing picture, which so vividly impressed itself upon my mind that to this day the mere recollection of that first meeting thrills me. * * * Before I left her, there was an indescribable emotion surging through my veins, an emotion

which I had never experienced. How beautiful she was! * *

The next few days, were days that will always linger in my mind as the sweetest of all my earthly days. Chatting merrily, Celeste (for that was her name), and I strolled about the deck during the day, we saw the sun descend in its brilliant galaxy of colors. Even when the stars were pushing their flickering lights through the dark mantle of night, we were still to be seen upon the deck. I loved now as I never did and perhaps as I never will, and in later days, thinking of her I often wondered whether she had not more than a passing affection for myself.

How madly I loved or worshipped! How sweet it was to do so! Even though I knew it would bring misery, yet not that misery which pains but that misery which is turned to sweetness by remembrance.

In the morning when I met her it was with gladness, and the eve brought sadness. That sadness which knows one day of pleasure to be passed, that sadness of an end. I knew soon we must part—that soon I would lose her—my life then would be more miserable in the future than it had been in the past—when a bright beacon is torn from your narrow life, the world stands before you in a wierd gloomy aspect, a world wherein no joys, no pleasures are to be experienced.

Upon the last day of our voyage my wife had recovered sufficiently to be on the deck and watch the preparation for landing. By some misfortune or fortune, whatever it may be called, while Celeste and I were talking the last time, for soon the ship would land, our paths perhaps be separated and all that remains would be remembrance. I was surprised to see my wife come up the steps, evidently looking for me. I had not mentioned to Celeste that I was married. I beckoned to my wife and presented her to Celeste, whose countenance will always remain in my memory. A pallor seemed to spread over her face, staring at me she stammered. "Your wife? I did———excuse me,—*Jene trouse pas bien.*"

She turned away, it was the last I saw of her.

THE JAPANESE—HIS SPIRIT.

M. L. BURGER, '04.

The world in its conception of the nations as they *are*, has much to do with the outer garment or superficial coat, that each man wears in the international parade. The conception is of a very negative character, encompassing only the most suited conditions for its own advantage, eliminating entirely the *man* as he is.

The love of money, the anxiety to procure it at all hazards, the desire to have prestige among the sister nations and a great many sinister motives comprise the figure of angles at which the nations view each other. The world in its secular thought, knows democratic England, and absolute Russia, as grasping, self aggrandizing nations. It knows France as the passionate unassuming republic. It knows Germany as the progressive, wide-awake Germanizer. It knows the United States as the liberal, most humane and progressive nation in the cycle of the world powers. It knows China simply as an ignorant and therefore decaying nation, so much debris which is fit only for the accumulating pile outside of Manchuria. It knows Greece, Italy and Austria alone by name, and lastly it knows Japan the "Land of the Rising Sun" as a dangerous aspirant, and a sure ascendant to one of the highest rungs on the ladder of internationalism.

The public eye has long looked upon Japan with a spirit of rightful and just wonder to see the strides she is making in the world's history of nations. The question arises whether she can justly claim such a rapid and phenomenal progress to an inmate personal gift, or to an acquisition by judgmental observance. It will be the purpose of this paper to show the principles underlying the Japanese as he *is*, in other words give to us a clearer insight into the spirit of the man and hence the nation.

The Japanese as we all know belongs to the Mongolian or yellow branch of the human tree of races, a people who if they are scratched will show us the Tartar completely. They are slight in body and are darker in color than the Chinese, a near relation together with the Koreans who form a distinct family.

They inhabit a chain of volcanic islands namely Nippon, Kyushu, Skikoku and Ezo or Hokkaido, constituting the principal part of the Empire, together with a number of smaller islands.

The Far East has never been noted for its activity, for Nature has made it more passive than active. Sociological students tell us that the civilization of the peoples become personal as we go from East to West. This statement implies that the peoples of the far East are impersonal, under which heading the Japanese figure very prominently.

The question now confronts us why are the Japanese so impersonal a nation? The first reason is, the fact that they have no individuality, the *ego* is a missing quality. This lack of individuality, or the spirit of the non-ego, is manifested first, in the tenderest and most exact moulding influence of human society, namely, the family. The children are not held in esteem, a daughter is nothing, a son is not much more.

It is not proper for a Japanese to assert himself, as *himself*, but the assertion is always referred to some other one, who is *higher* than he is, in other words the individuality is transferred to some one else, who in turn transfers it until the ego is lost in an accumulation of assertions fit only for some ancestor. The highest aim in life for a Japanese is to become a mandarin, a great teacher, or a rich merchant. His only joy is a beautiful and extremely elaborate burial, and the acquisition of a place in the much thought of ancestral line of the family.

Everything is transferred to the family, not to the individual as a *part* of the family. Again the impersonal element is observed in the most important step in life, that of marriage. This most sacred bond is consummated by the families of the man and his intended bride with the thought and anticipation of gain in business. In this matter again the man dare not assert himself in the least possible manner, thus dwarfing both sentiment and wish. Then when the marriage tie is bound, the wife very rarely sees her companion, and this action progresses until posterity is very naturally controlled by the same spirit. Thus we see that the spirit of this impersonal attitude is nurtured by by both parent and child and as a result extends into the gloomy regions of posterity.

Their religion also, comprising the Buddha, Confucius and

The Shinto, exerts a most remarkable influence upon the impersonal. The Japanese are taught from childhood, that their moral duty is *first* to pay filial duty to ancestors, then to father and mother, and lastly, duty to the Mikado the man of the monarchy.

This spirit of the non-individuality leaps even beyond the family tie, and asserts itself in the difficult language of this people. It is extremely foreign in many respects. Some of the instances of the peculiarities of the language, are the following; it lacks the personal pronouns I and mine. At times the pronoun would fit very properly but they despise it, and use consecrated expressions instead, such as, the honorable, the augustness and the like.

It also lacks the conjunction and. Gender and number are missing, but instead of having a plural form, the singular is burdened by the coupling of two other words which make it very complicated. For example, if the Japanese wishes to say two men, he will say "man two individual," or as the Chinaman would say in pigeon English "two piecy man." These are only a *few* instances, enough however to show clearly how the language of this people is influenced by the impersonal.

The Japanese are very proficient in the arts. No nation on the globe save the likewise impersonal French nation is more skilled in art. Tokyio, the capital of the Empire, we are told is a most enchanting spot, replete with the most exquisite and most daintily arranged art designs. The reason might be asked "Why should such an impersonal nation be so extremely prolific in art?" It is simply a question of nature with them, the impersonal that makes the man makes the thoughts and acts, and hence the arts follow, which bring so much pleasure to them. They are also the most unique gardeners in the world from an aesthetic standpoint.

Thus we see that the impersonal forms a strong chain about the body of the Japanese, and the rise of the nation is largely due to the breaking of this chain which has bound it so long and with such cruelty. The breaking of these chains of ignorance and debasement is manifested in the imitativeness which the Japanese shows to a remarkable degree, and, in a most unique way. He imitates ideas, and by constant imitation becomes en-

tombed in the ideas, and is thus lost, only however to see him-rise again to the realization of many substantial and fitting results. Again, it is manifested in the liberalism which makes them wise indeed.

This spirit is also very strongly asserted in the advancement the government has made, for in 1889, Japan became a limited monarchy.

Religious bonds of Buddhism and Confucianism do not continue to hold them in abeyance as they have done in past years. For thoughtfulness and openheartedness have taken the place of narrow mindedness and blind ignorance. This fact is verified by the cordial spirit extended to the missionaries of all denominations, in so far that they allow them to preach of Christ and His redemption in the Buddhist temples and other sacred pagados.

This is the true spirit of modern enlightenment. The rise of Japan is indeed an example of a nation overcoming hinderances which were indeed cumbersome to progress. Alongside of it, is its sister China with its 400,000,000 souls grovelling in heathen darkness, with no possible prospect of ever becoming a great nation. The dragon is being trampled under foot to the lament of the whole Christian world. So we see that through all the disposition of this peculiar progress of duty to others, to personal acquired observation for liberalism and magnanimity, the Japanese have the prospects of widening their borders into a world power, and have also the respect and the most cordial relations with the nominally liberal nations of the globe.

MY FRIEND, THE BIBLIOMANIAC.

'04.

"(Bibliomaniac to friend),"
"You know about books! Nothing, nothing at all, I assure you, unless, perhaps, about their insides."

"What's bid for this book,—gentlemen?" "A most curious book and quiet imperfect."

These were the words that greeted my ears upon entering

the auction room in search of my friend. I knew he was to be found here, for whenever there is a sale of any rare and curious book, he is sure to be seen at that place. I found him soon, as he was the first to bid and the sound of his voice enabled me to find him among that group of anxious book-buyers.

"Five dollars," he said.

Then the turmoil began among those book-lovers present who looked with eager eyes at the coveted volume. All eyes were blazing with excitement, a silence occasionally occured wherein a pin might have been heard dropping. This quiet was not long. It was soon broken by the discordant voices of men, each anxious to obtain the highly-prized volume.

The strife eventually came to an end, after a period of silence during which there were many sinking hearts, by my friend exclaiming,—"five hundred."

Ere the hammer fell it seemed to be suspended in mid-air for eternity, as it dropped the tension was broken and then confusion prevailed in the room.

My friend was in the power of that chronic and incurable disease, *bibliomania*. I have known him to stand hours, wistfully examining a coveted volume in a book-stall. He was like some hopeless victim of the morphine habit, after having started on the downward road. His mania grew stronger upon what it fed, and became greater the more it was gratified.

The spread of his disease may be put in the words of a certain writer, who defines this mania somewhat like this; "it rends at once the veil of decorum spun out of the flismy sophisms by which he has been deceiving his friends, and partially deceiving himself into the belief that his previous purchases were necessary, or at all events, serviceable for professional and literary purposes. He now becomes shameless and hardened, and it is observable in the career of this class of unfortunates, that the first act of duplicity is immediately followed by an access of the disorder, and a reckless abandonment to its propensities."

My friend recognized his weakness and did all in his power to overcome it, but the mania had such an influence on him that the tap of the auctioneer's hammer was as irresistible as those Siren voices were to the ancients.

I know that often he resolved and re-resolved and resolved again to resist the seducing effect of the auctioneer's hammer, and sometimes extripating himself for about a week, but soon after I met him with a armload of books and a joyous expression on his face.

Like many others of the same class, he was an utter stranger to the volumes that he acquired,—I mean the inside of them. He little knew what infinite treasures and riches he possessed in those gaily bound volumes. He might have made his library, if he had used it rightly, using the words of Sir John Lubbock, "a true paradise on earth, a garden of Eden, without its one drawback, for all was open to him, including, and especially, the fruit of the tree of knowledge, for which we are told that our first mother sacrificed all the Pleasures of Paradise."

Later in life, I was obliged to leave the town wherein I had always resided, to follow the pursuit of my vocation. Many years elapsed,—it might have been ten or more, until I again saw the place where I had spent my boyhood days. Many changes had occured, many were the faces that were new to me, now and then I dimly recognized a former friend. My first inquiries were about my friend Heber, who had been infected by bibliomanism. After some inquiries, I was finally enlightened by this account.

It seemed to be some time after I had left the town that his craze had such a powerful and extraordinary grasp upon him, that he squandered his last cent in order to gain possession of some unique volume. He paid no more bills. Debts accumulated in a great degree. Books were the only thing he purchased for his money. Often, when his money was all, he stooped low enough to slip a rare book under his coat and leave the book store. At length his affairs came to a crisis. Attachments were levied upon his books by different parties to whom he was in debt. The book-dealers from whom he had purloined many books had discovered the person guilty of their theft, they also brought suit against him. The public disgrace, being brought before court to answer for debt and theft, unbalanced his nerves and, mind and ended by his becoming a raving maniac. Two years afterwards he suddenly recovered his senses, but in a very weakened state of health. A curious thing occured that his de-

sires no longer tended toward books. He looked at books with an impassive eye and no amount of eloquence could rouse in him any admiration for the finest bound volumes. He was released from confinement in the asylum, but several months afterwards he died, upon his death-bed, his old disease returned and his last words were a quotation from a poet:

" 'Round me I now behold,
Those mighty minds of old.
My never failing friends are they
Upon whom I look day by day."

SUPERSTITIONS OF THE PENNSYLVANIA GERMANS.

F. A. N. '06.

Superstitions survive for centuries. It is therefore not strange that old world customs survive in America. African beliefs among the Negroes, Gallic among the Creoles of Louisiana, English customs among the people of New England, and Teutonic among the German colonists. These beliefs are the strongest among the less intelligent and the illiterate.

Many of the superstitions among the Pennsylvania Germans have their origin in the religious beliefs of their pagan Ancestors. A great number of fragments of myths, folklore, and witchcraft are preserved and religiously believed in.

The serving of eggs for breakfast, and the presentation of colored eggs to the children is a custom commonly observed. Toy rabbits often accompany the gift of eggs. The children are told that the hare lays the eggs and accordingly nests are prepared for the hare to lay them in. The association of the hare with Easter, was more commonly observed formerly. In England the custom of eating the hare on Easter-day was obtained. To the Egyptians and Jews the egg was emblematic of the renovation of mankind after the flood; to the Christian of the Resurrection to Life. *Ostermonat* is applied by the Germans to the month of April. The tradition of the hare is, that the hare was a bird which the

ancient Teutonic Goddess Ostara turned into a quadruped. That the hare was once a bird accounts for the fact that it was thought capable of laying eggs on the festival of the Spring Goddess at Easter time.

A horse shoe if found on the public highway and nailed above the door is considered emblematic of good luck. Its probable origin is in the sprinkling of lintel and doorposts with blood at the rite of the Passover.

The superstition relating to "thirteen at table" and "the spilling of salt" emanated from the Lord's Supper and subsequent events.

Superstitions regarding snakes are exceedingly common. In parts of India and Egypt the serpent was worshipped. By some people of the old world the serpent is associated with the guardianship of treasures. A common belief is that if a person kills the first snake seen, none will appear to him during the same year. That cows suckle black snakes while in pasture is a matter quite frequently reported. A circumstance regarding the transformation of human beings into snakes said to have occured during the first half of the present century is as follows: "Near Trexlertown, Lehigh County, Pa., dwelt a farmer named Weiler. His wife and three daughters had, by some means or other, incurred the enmity of a witch who lived but a short distance away, when the latter, it is supposed, took her revenge in the following manner. Whenever visitors came to the Weiler residence, the girls, without any premonition whatever, would suddenly be changed into snakes, and after crawling back and forth along the top ridge of the wainscoting for several minutes, were restored to their natural form. This curious transformation occured quite frequently, and the circumstances soon attained widespread notoriety. About the end of the third month the spell was broken and everything went on as before."

A singular belief held by some young men is that snakes-tongue when put on the palm of the hand under the glove will cause any girl whose hand they may clasp, to fall violently in love with them, any previous sentiment or preferment of the girl notwithstanding.

There are several popular methods of treating snake-bites. One is the filling of the patient with strong liquor, usually whis-

key, another the placing of the cleft body of a newly killed fowl over the laceration, and a third the placing of a stone which has absorbent qualities of a high degree, on the wound for the purpose of drawing out the venom.

The power and secret of success claimed by mountain powvows is, as they claim in *meister wurzel* or "master root." The roots of the plant are crushed. One part is made into poultice and applied externally, another boiled in milk and taken internally. "The following procedure," says Hoffman in the Proceedings of the Pennsylvania German Society, "was formerly practiced in northern Lehigh County.

"Gott hat alles arshaffa, und alles war gut;
Als du alle Schlang, bisht ferflucht,
Ferflucht solsht du sai und dai gift."

The speaker then, with the extended index finger, makes the sign of the cross three times over the wound, each time pronouncing the word *tsing*.

Who has not heard of the use of the divining-rod for the finding of correct location for a well, and for the discovery of ores and hidden treasures?

Many people claim power of curing sickness and healing wounds by the laying on of hands.

Carrying a potato or a horse chestnut to ward off rheumatism, an onion as protection against snake-bite, the left hind foot of a graveyard rabbit for luck, the dried heart of the bat in the purse for success in gambling are common beliefs. Beginning any work or going on a journey on Friday is tabooed by many.

Signs are sought for, portents are feared. Almanacs are consulted whenever the farmer or housewife is ready to plant vegetables. Small onions should not be planted when the points of the crescent moon are turned upwards, if they are, they will be drawn out of the ground and left lying on the surface. Potatoes are to be planted on special days on which the crop is foretold to be abundant. Often as many as two dozen potatoes are promised for each plant.

Special times, manners and means are observed for the performance of minor and insignificant duties. Forecasts of the weather are made in various ways, one of which is by the ex-

amination and interpretation of the condition of a goose-bone.

Pow-wowing is practiced much. The only distinction that can be made between this and the belief of the Faith Curists is that the latter practice it for all sicknesses and do not permit the use of medicines, while the former may be used at the same time with medicines and usually for minor diseases only.

Some believe that certain people have the power to stop the flow of blood from cuts and lacerations, although large blood vessels may have been severed, by simple command, or authoritative state of mind, even if they are not in the immediate presence of the injured one.

Numerous other beliefs reign in different localities. The best method for eradication is, without doubt, as Hoffman, the authority before quoted, says, the exposition of their fallacies.

THE MUHLENBERG.

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Editorials.

With this issue, a new staff again appears, and makes its *debut* upon the stage of college journalism. Following the usual custom, we are unable to refrain in making the customary remarks of greeting. We recognize the responsibility which will descend upon our shoulders in assuming the mantle of the preceeding staff. While our future numbers are enhanced in a halo of doubt and hesitation, yet, from the comment and criticism which is given to the endeavors of each new staff, we assume that our initial numbers will receive the habitual criticism. Many industrious thinkers depreciate criticism and argue that critics definitely or aesthetically have no influence. We are not in a position to say that aesthetic criticism is useless, because, it seems to us rather to do more good than otherwise.

We hope that literary contributions will be as liberal in the future as they have been in the past—or more so. A college journal, although it narrates to some extent the incidents occurring in college life, also should be representative, should be a true reflection of the literary abilities of those numbering among

the undergraduates. Therefore, unless a liberal number of contributions, where from to select, are received, it will be impossible to raise it to that high standard of excellence which it should have. We hope this fact will be recognized and the number of contributions assume an immense proportion, so we feel and know that the students have the interest of the journal at heart.

The many friends of the college, who are interested in its well-being, learned with sorrow of the resignation of one of the professors. A person who during his short stay here, showed his capability and efficiency in conducting the department of which he had charge. Who by the thorough knowledge of his department showed how much Science adds to the pleasures and diversities of life.

Prof. W. R. Whitehorne, Ph. D., recently resigned as Asa Packer Professor of the Natural and Applied Sciences, to take effect on Feb. 15. He will go to Lehigh University and take up a position in the Department of Physics. An opportunity which will allow him to pursue a technical line in a department that has always been a favorite with him. Prof. John Lear, M. D. the professor in biology was appointed the incumbent of the vacant chair and will temporarily take charge of Dr. Whitehorne's Department until the Board of Trustees will meet and make permanent arrangements.

The interesting drama, "Talladega" recently presented to the public by the Dramatic Association was of a nature that is highly commendable to the efforts of the Association. It especially reflected great credit on the labors of their efficient trainer Mr. B. Luther Anthony and those who took part in its presentation, and every one may feel proud that it was a dramatic production of Muhlenberg College. The artistic effect was greatly increased in comparison with previous productions by the fact that the Association succeeded in interesting several young ladies in their efforts, and allowing them to participate in its rendition. A feature which we hope will be attempted at every future performance presented by the Association. While

it seems natural in an institution of this nature that all characters should be assumed by young men, yet a great deal of natural repugnance is felt in seeing a gentleman stalk about the stage in a dress foreign to him, and instead of enhancing the artistic effect, causes a great amount of humor, and,—at parts which are supposed to be sorrowful. No wonder laughter is caused by those queer antics and gestures made by man assuming a ladies part! It is hoped, as we have already stated that future productions will have the help of ladies, assuming their natural parts.

To descant upon the respective merits of each participant would be superfluous, as each one conducted his or her part in a manner showing previous experience behind the footlights, thereby causing the lack of awkwardness which is usually displayed in amateur presentations. We were especially pleased, with several exceptions of the harmonious fusion of every day's manner which existed from the beginning until the end of the production.

While it is not intended to enter upon any specific praise, yet we feel that few remarks must be made for the excellent acting done by the ladies. It could especially be noticed that their demeanor on the stage was one that marks the artist in that profession. They seemed to have eliminated entirely from their minds, the presence of an audience, wholly unconscious, as it seemed of spectators, which naturally gave to them the interest of the entire audience.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Col. Preston,	Mr. E. Max Beck
Captain Davenport,	Mr. Peter W. Leisenring
Col. Edgefield Moberly,	Mr. Preston A. Barba
Squire Tucher,	Mr. George H. Rhodes
Mr. Armstrong,	Mr. Claude Shankweiler
Raymond Page,	Mr. Wm. Landis
Lathrop Page,	Mr. Chas. A. Haines
Decatur	Mr. Luther Reiter
Carey Preston,	Miss Mae McCollum
Mrs. Mildred Page.	Miss Esther Steckel
Mrs. Stockton,	Miss Florence Van Buskirk
Atlanta Moberly,	Miss Effie Bates.

Business Manager, Warren Bittner; Assistant Managers, Joseph Tallman and C. C. Keiser; Program Committee, Joseph Tallman, Claude Hoffman, Harold Marks, E. Max Beck, John M. Brown. Patroness Committee: C. C. Keiser, Geo. Guth, George Wessner, Preston A. Barba, John C. Fisher.

Personal.

Past—Freshmen Sleigh-ride.
Present—Sleighing.
Coming—Sophomore Banquet.

Freshmen class officers: Pres. Schock, Vice Pres. Illick, Sec. Kuhns, Treas. Lauer, Historian Bridenbach.

Everybody seemed to have had the spirit of making use of the great amount of snow we had all along. This was shown by each class having a sleigh ride. The Seniors enjoyed an evening at Monterey, the Juniors at Snydersville, the Sophs at Fogelsville and the Freshmen at Pleasant Corner.

Dr. W. (calling on Reiter '05 to debate) "Now Mr. Reiter is your turn."

Kern '05, "Dr. that goes against his conscience."

Krauss '06 addressed St. Stephen's Luther League on Sunday evening, Jan. 24.

Kern '05 tells Dr. W. "That he had read a very good article on the 'milk maid' during vacation." The young man no doubt has great interest in that class of people.

Drey '06 addressed a missionary society meeting, at Macungie, Jan. 16.

Dr. W. "What is the Jewish church year symbolic of?"

Reiter '05, "I am no Jew, I am a Lutheran."

Euterpea officers: Pres. Haines '04, Vice Pres. Weibel '05, Rec. Sec. Smith, W. '06, Cor. Sec. Leh, '07, Chaplain Beck '06, Pianist Krauss '06, Critics Dry '04, Keboch '04.

Sterner '06, "The Reiters are all good fellows are'nt they?"

Dr. W. "It depends on what kind of horses they ride."

Dr. W. (to Rudy '06 who rose to recite in place of Bittner) "you're not Mr. Bittner. I called on Mr. Bittner."

Bittner '06 "He's my substitute, Dr."

Leisenring '04 (hesitatingly translating *ferocia equi*—"The ferocity of the horse") to Dr. E. "It was not the ferocity of the horse in this case." Dr. E. "Evidently not, rather a lack of preparation."

Keboch '04 translating *Helvidium* paused on the first syllable.

Dr. E. "Don't stop so long on the first syllable."

Dr. E. "What better meaning of *ago* than lead?"

Wuchter '04 (being prompted) replied, "the majority say acted."

Dr. E. "There are occasions where the majority is right."

Our Alumni.

'70. The Church of the Redeemer, Milwaukee, Wis., Rev. Dr. Frick, pastor, reduced its debt by $1,465 during the past year and increased its membership, mostly young people, by 54, or 17 per cent. There is need of a large new church, but the unwieldy debt on the old property forbids so desirable a venture.

'70. The Philadelphia Pastoral Association elected the following officers: President, Rev. Dr. S. A. Siegenfuss; '70, vice president, Rev. Dr. G. F. Spieker; secretary, Rev. W. P. Cooper; treasurer, Rev. Francis Miller, '97.

'71. The Philadelphia City Mission of the Evangelical Lutheran Church, under whose auspices a service is held every Lord's day morning at 8.15 in the Out Wards' Chapel of the Philadelphia Hospital and Almshouse (Blockley), did not forget to do so on Christmas morning. The two city missionaries, the Rev. J. F. Ohl and H. E. Meyer, officiated. The order of matins was used, as is the case at the Sunday services, and special music was sung by the choir of the church of the Incarnation and a trio of sisters from the Mary J. Drexel Home and Philadelphia Motherhouse of Deaconessess. At the close of the ser-

vice several hundred packages of gifts were distributed, furnished by congregations and individuals, and gathered and prepared by the two active lay helpers in the City Mission. Mr. G. H. Bechtold of Bethlehem Church and Mr. Chas. Bacher, of St. Mark's. It was a time of genuine cheer and good-will among a a class of dependents who in their poverty and afflictions greatly need the sunshine of Christian love.—*The Lutheran.*

'71. Rev. J. H. Neiman, late of Norristown, was installed as pastor of the Palm Lutheran congregation Palmyra, Pa., on Sunday morning, January 24th. Rev. Dr. Hassler, president of the Lancaster Conference, conducted the installation services, and the new pastor preached his inaugural services, in the evening.

'73. St. Paul's Church, Philadelphia, Rev. C. J. Hirzel, pastor, has one of the most prosperous and well conducted Sunday schools in the city. It celebrated its 31st anniversary December 29th. It has a membership of 589 and raised during the year $1,461.43, giving to home missions $167.65, to Foreign Missions $162.00, to the Orphans' Home $141,22, to the Church Extention Society $125.00, to missions of the Philadelphia Conference $20.00, and to the Porto Rico Mission $30.00. It is gradually introducing the Graded System. E. Aug. Miller, Esq., treasurer of the Board of English Home Missions of the General Council, has been its superintendent for many years. —*The Lutheran.*

'73. Rev. William H. Myers, Reading, Pa., still contributes his "At Leisure Papers" to the columns of *The Lutheran.*

'73. The January number of "The Lutheran Church Review" contains an account of the General Lutheran Conference in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, September 9 to 11, 1903, from the pen of Rev. John Nicum, D. D., of Rochester, N. Y.

'74. Hon. James L. Schaadt, of Allentown, Pa., was one of the counsel in the notorious Bechtel murder case, recently tried in the courts of Lehigh County, Muhlenberg men played a prominent part in this case, The Presiding Judge was Hon. Frank M. Trexler, of '79, the district Attorney was E. J. Lichtenwalner, Esq, of '79, the leading counsel for Mrs. Betchel was Hon. James L. Schaadt, of '74 and among the expert witnesses were Dr. John Lear, Dr. Wm. P. Whitehorne and Dr. Wm. A.

Hausman, Jr., '99, of the Faculty, and Dr. John T. Eckert, of '98.

'77. Prof. John Sanders has left his position at Gustavus Adolphus College, St. Peter, Minn., to become Superintendent of Public Schools of Nicolette County, in the same State.

'78. The usual monthly meeting of the Father Heyer Missionary Society was held in the chapel of the Seminary on Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock. The Rev. Chas. L. Fry, pastor of St. Luke's Church, of this city, addressed the society. The Rev. Mr. Fry chose as the theme of his address, "The Truths which Belong to Christianity Alone." In a clear, forceful and direct manner he enumerated several such truths, viz., the Fatherhood of God, the Brotherhood of Christ, the Holy Scriptures, Sacramental Grace and the Elevation of Womanhood.—*The Lutheran*.

'78. The address of Rev. Frederick W. Kohler, has been changed from New Brighton, Pa., to Reno Street, Rochester, Pa.

'78. Prof. Oliver G. J. Schaadt has recently returned from a trip to Russia in the interests of the St. Louis Exposition. He has been appointed to a position in connection with the Imperial Russian Commission.

'79. St. John's Congregation, Mauch Chunk, Pa., has greatly added to the comfort of its pastor, Rev. Dr. W. M. Rehrig, and his family, by making various improvements in their parsonage.

'79. Rev. Geo. W. Seaman, elected as pastor of the Leesport parish, formed out of four of the congregations belonging to the large charge of Rev. B. D. Zweizig, deceased, is expected to begin his labors next month.

'79. At the November election, Hon. Frank M. Trexler, of Allentown, who had been appointed by Governor Stone, of Pennsylvania, to fill the vacancy on the bench of Lehigh County, Pa., caused by the death of Hon. Edwin Albright, was chosen to succeed himself for a period of ten years, by the extraordinary majority of 1621 over his Democratic opponent, Hon. Edward Harvey, one of the ablest lawyers in Pennsylvania.

'80. At the communion service of St. John's, Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Rev. J. F. Beates, pastor, on Septuagesima Sunday,

six new members were received, four adults by confirmation and two by renewal. Seven others had been received by letter and renewal since last October.

'80. Dr. George T. Ettinger, of the Faculty, has been appointed by the Lewis Publishing Co., of New York and Chicago, in connection with John W. Jordan, L. L. D., of the Historical Society, of Pennsylvania and Dr. Edgar Moore Green, of Easton to have editorial supervision of a new work, in two volumes, to be entitled, "Historic Homes and Institutions and Genealogical and Personal Memoirs of the Lehigh Valley, Pennsylvania." Dr. Ettinger has also been elected President of the recently organized Historical Society of Lehigh County.

'82. Rev. Robert D. Roeder, who had resigned Grace Church, Norristown, but reconsidered at the request of the congregation, has again resigned to accept a call from Butler, Pa.

'82. Rev. J. W. Lazarus has left the old Mt. Bethel parish, which he served for 17 years, and taken charge of the new parish at Sinking Springs, Berks County, formerly served by the late Rev. B. D. Zweizig.

'85. At the recent State Convention of the New York Luther League, held in New York City, Rev. Frank F. Fry, of Rochester, N. Y., made an earnest address on "Truth."

'86. Rev. E. F. Keever, pastor of Trinity Church, Catasauqua, Pa , delivered a lecture in St. Stephen's Church, Allentown on his work in the home mission field in the West and in Boston.

'87. Dr. Clinton J. Schaadt, for many years on the American Steamship, "St. Paul," has registered to practice medicine in Lehigh County.

'89. The address of Rev. Preston A. Laury has been changed from Perkasie, Pa to St. Petersburg, Florida.

'89. At the recent meeting of the trustees of the Orphans Home, Topton, Pa., the Rev. J. H Raker, superintendent, reported that at present there are 58 children in the home. Several applications for admission have been received but that no more children could be accommodated as the capacity of the home is only for 60. At a future meeting of the trustees the question of providing additional room may be taken up.

'90. Grace Church, East Bangor, Pa., celebrated its Christmas with great joy by satisfying a mortgage of $890. The pastor, Rev. G. S. Kleckner, after an effort of short duration succeeded in raising, by direct giving, a fund of $925. Grace Church has 100 members.

'91. Rev. George S. Butz, of Paxinos. Pa., who is taking a post graduate course in History and Archaeology at Franklin and Marshall College has received leave of absence from his congregation to study six months in Europe.

'91. On December 20, 1903, Rev. C. C. Snyder was installed as pastor of the Lower Tinicum charge, consisting of Christ Evangelical Lutheran congregation, Lower Tinicum, and St. Luke's Evangelical Lutheran congregation, Dublin, Pa., Rev. W. O. Fegley, of Trappe, Pa., delivered the charge to the people, based on 1 Thess. 5:11-14. Rev. J. H. Ritter, of Bath, delivered the charge to the pastor, based on Acts 20:28. Rev. W. O. Fegley performed the act of installation. A class of catechumens has been organized in Christ congregation, Lower Tinicum, numbering 48.—*The Lutheran.*

'92. Leo Wise, Esq., Allentown, Pa., has been elected Treasurer of the Lehigh County Historical Society.

'93. The people of the Lutheran congregation at Freeport, Pa., are moving in the direction of a parsonage. A goodly sum has already been subscribed. Rev. Wm. O. Laub, pastor, has within the last month declined two urgent calls,--one to the principalship of the Greensburg Seminary, and the other the pastorate of the church at Natrona, Pa., the latter being the second call from that congregation within eighteen months.

'93. Rev. P. Geo. Sieger, of Lancaster, was one of the speakers at the recent celebration of the 150 anniversary of St. Michael's Ev. Lutheran church, at Strasburg, Pa.

'93. Rev. B. M. Schmoyer, of West Hazleton, Pa., was re-elected editor of the supplement to the Monthly Lutheran, published by the Upper Lehigh Valley Pastoral Association.

'94. There was two-fold rejoicing on the part of the pastor and people of Christ Lutheran Church, Freemansburg, Pa., on Sunday, January 24th. One occasion of joy was the completion of a beautiful house of worship, costing about $11,000, and the other source of gladness was the fact, that now, for the first time

the congregation worshiped in a church which it could call its own, having dissolved partnership with the Reformed congregation at that place. Thus instead of a union church, in which both congregations worshiped for years, there are now two churches, with the element of joint ownership happily eliminated.

The dedication services proper were held in the morning, when the Rev. Dr. Schantz, president of the Ministerium, preached the sermon, the pastor, G. W. Druckenmiller, performing the act of consecration. At the service in the afternoon, the Rev. Dr. Cooper, a former pastor, preached the sermon, and in the evening two sermons were preached, the one by the Rev. C. E. Sandt, who was the predecessor of the present pastor, and the other by the Rev. E. F. Ritter, formerly a member of the congregation. Services were held every evening in the week except Saturday, and sermons preached by the Revs. M. O. Rath, J. C. Rausch, I. B. Ritter, B. F. Appel, and S. E. Ochsenford, D. D.

Christ Lutheran congregation was organized in 1846. It worshiped jointly with Trinity Reformed congregation up to the Fall of 1901, when the two congregations mutually decided to worship in separate churches. Accordingly the Reformed people purchased the interests of the Lutherans in the Trinity Church property, the Lutherans having previously, in 1893, erected Lutheran Hall, which was renovated and furnished for congregational worship. The congregation now adopted the name "Christ Lutheran Church."

In the meantime the Church Council purchased the vacant lot, 60 feet front and 170 feet deep, from the Moser estate for $1,400. At the annual congregational meeting on New Year, in 1903, it was decided to build a modern and up-to-date church edifice, proportionate to the congregation's needs, and a competent building committee was appointed to superintend the work.

The following pastors have served the congregation: The late Revs. George Diehl, C. F. Welden, John C. Schmidt, E. Greenwald, D. D., and J. B. Rath, up to Oct. 1, 1870; C. E. Sandt, from June 13, 1886, to Nov, 1, 1899; George D. Druckenmiller, the present pastor, from May 1, 1900.

DESCRIPTION OF THE BUILDING.

The new church is T shaped, the main auditorium being 50 ft. by 60 ft., and the Sunday-School room 30 ft. by 50 ft. It is Gothic in style and built of brick, resting on a stone foundation. Two towers surmount the two front corners of the church, adding beauty and symmetry to its architecture. Two wide vestibules lead to the main auditorium, which has an inclined floor. Its seating capacity is 300. The pulpit recess is placed on the north side, furnished with an altar, baptismal font, a lectern, hymnboards and chairs of quartered oak. The choir loft, with a seating capacity for twenty, is to the right of the pulpit. The floor in the main room is covered with black and red figured woolen ingrain carpet, donated by the Ladies' Aid Society. The main auditorium is finished in hard wood. The altar rail and wainscoting is of cypress wood. The choir chairs, donated by Wm. H. Snyder, are of golden maple. The pulpit furnishings are of quartered oak, as also the pews. A rolling partition separates the main room from the Sunday School department, which is divided into three rooms. The plasterings on the walls in sand finish will be decorated later on. The church is lighted with electricity, the bulbs being attached to the ceiling in groups. The church is heated by a steam plant, valued at $1,000, the gift of J. Stewart Shick.

The Church is beautified by seventeen single and double memorial windows of leaded art glass, bright in coloring and handsomely ornamented. They are the gifts of various members and friends of the congregation. Three Bibles for pulpit and lectern use were presented by the Rev. C. E. Sandt and wife and children. A two-manuel pipe organ, to cost $1,250, is in course of construction. Half its cost is the gift of Andrew Carnegie. The congregation has a membership of about 200 and is now in a position to do efficient service —*The Lutheran.*

'94. A fine "Choral Service," consisting of hymns, anthems, organ selections, and the like, was rendered in St. Paul's Church, Rev. C. J. Hirzel, pastor, on Wednesday evening, October 28th. Prof. George B. Opp, the organist, had charge of the music.

'95. The address of Rev. Victor J. Bauer has been changed from Sante Fe to Albuquerque, N. M.

'96. On Sunday, January 24, St. Mark's Church, South

Bethlehem, Pa., Rev. F. E. Cooper, pastor, observed the fifteenth anniversary of its organization with impressive services. The morning sermon was preached by Rev. J. O. Leibensperger, pastor of St. Peter's Lutheran Church, South Bethlehem, the mother church of St. Mark's. At the conclusion of his sermon, Rev. Leibensperger congratulated the members of St. Mark's and assured them of the deepest interest and kindest feelings of the mother church. Rev. A. B. McIntosh preached in the evening. At the morning service Rev. Cooper read a historical sketch of the congregation from which we glean the following : The first step towards organizing St. Mark's church was taken in November, 1888. A temporary frame chapel was erected on the present site of the church and was occupied on Jan. 20, 1889, when Rev. L. Smith, of Weatherly, conducted the first service. Subsequently the pulpit of St. Marks Chapel was regularly supplied by different pastors until April 28 of the same year, when the late Rev. Dr. A. R. Horne, of Allentown, became the regular supply. The congregation was incorporated May 6, 1889. Twenty-seven male members signed the application for the charter. Of these, twelve are still active members of the congregation. The first Church Council was organized in 1889. Rev. A. B. Markley, of Jamestown, N. Y., became the first regular pastor, entering upon his duties in December 1, 1889. He served the congregation for 5 years. He was succeeded by Rev. Dr. A. T. Clay; he was succeeded in March, 1896, by Rev. S. P. Hughes, who, owing to ill health, served the congregation only nine months. Rev. E. L. Miller, of Scranton, became pastor on March 1, 1897. Rev. F. E. Cooper, the present pastor, was installed June 4, 1889.

On March 17, 1895, shortly, after Dr. Clay had become pastor, the little congregation decided to build a church, and at once formulated plans for raising the necessary funds. These plans were so successful that in one week the committee appointed secured pledges to the amount of $5,825. The corner-stone of Mark's Church was laid June 2, 1895. On Sunday, December 8, 1895, the new church was dedicated. The present condition of the congregation, which has a 'membership of 250, is very satisfactory and the future prospects are bright. Earnest efforts are being made to reduce the debt resting on the church property.—*The Lutheran.*

'96. The First Evangelical Lutheran congregation Selinsgrove, Pa , the Rev. G. W. Gensler, pastor, celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of the consecration of its first church building on Sunday, Oct. 25. This congregation is one of the oldest Lutheran congregations west of the Susquehanna, organized probably about 1790. Its church property consists of several lots, donated to the congregation by the Weiser family, and a beautiful church and parson ge. The first church building was a log structure, the corner stone of which was laid June 7, 1802, and the completed structure consecrated in 1803. The present church was consecrated on Sunday, Oct. 25, 1885.

The centennial service began on Saturday evening, October 24, with the Vesper Service and two addresses, the one "Greetings" by the Rev. C. F. Dry, president of the Danville Conference, and a "Reponse" by the Rev. J. B. Focht, D.D., pastor of the General Synod congregation at Selinsgrove. Three services were held on Sunday, the first the regular morning service, the Rev. G. B. Hancher, Ph D., of Philadelphia, preaching the sermon ; the second an informal service in the afternoon, the Rev. S. A. Ochsenford rehearsing "Reminiscences of the Past," and the Rev. H. H. Bruning, D.D., of White Haven, speaking of "Muhlenberg on His Influence in this Neighborhood;" the third the vesper service, with a sermon by the Rev. E. L. Reed; of West Newton, Pa. The last three were former pastors of the congregation. All these services were largely attended and the interest in them was enhanced by the excellent music furnished by the choir under the leadership of Mr. R. L. Ulrich.

The occasion was also made to serve as a reunion of former pastors and the members of the congregation at a reception given on Saturday evening after the service, which was largely attended by the members and their friends.—*The Lutheran.*

'97. The Rev. A. H. Klick, Hegins, Pa., received a unanimous call to the Brickerville parish, but the hopeful outlook in his present field and an earnest appeal from his people to remain have induced him to decline the call. His present congregations have raised his salary $130.00. He has secured a lot free of charge for the erection of a Lutheran Church, providing the Lutheran and Reformed congregations separate, which will probably come to pass. He has also in view to organize a congregation and build a Lutheran church in Valley View, a town

in which some forty Lutheran families are living. The town is growing rapidly and the prospects for a flourishing congregation are bright.

'98. Grace Church, Perth Amboy, N. J., Rev. E. J. Keuling, pastor, enlarged its membership recently by twelve new additions. It paid off $1,000 on its church lot within the last six months. The congregation worships cn the top floor of a three-story building and is badly in need of a church. The field is large and promising, but the young congregation needs help.

'99. At the Christmas services of Grace Evangelical Lutheran Sunday-school, Wyndmoor, Pa., the members of the congregation added to the Christmas joy of their pastor, the Rev. E. J. Heilman, by presenting him with a well filled purse of gold. Edwin Lonsdale, Esq., with a few well-chosen and appropriate words presented the gift, to which the pastor responded with a brief address. The various Christmas service of Grace Church were very well attended and the prospects for the future are bright.

''99. The Mulberry Indiana, parish as an evidence of its properity and of the favor in which its very faithful pastor is held at the annual meeting of the Joint Vestry voted an increase of $100 in salary to Rev. W. J. Seiberling.

'00. The mission in this important university town, Lafayette, Ind., which has been supplied by Mr. E. D. S. Boyer, a graduate of the Philadelphia Seminary and who is doing post-graduate work in the Chicago Seminary, has been making very marked progress and has not only elected Mr. Boyer to become the permanent pastor, but is very urgent in a request for his immediate ordination. The attendance at the services is more than double what it was when Mr. Boyer began to serve the mission.

'00. Elmer D. S. Boyer, a graduate of Muhlenberg College and of Mt. Airy Seminary, and a post-graduate student of the Chicago Lutheran Seminary, was ordained by the officers of the Chicago Synod in Holy Trinity Church, Chicago, Ill., on Monday, January 18.

'01. The latest catalogue of Princeton University, contains the name of William P. Fetherolf as a post-graduate student.

'02. Quincy A. Kuehner, has received a fellowship at the

University of Pennsylvania, which brings with it free tuition and $500 a year.

'02. Clinton Zerweck is doing post graduate work in English at Yale University.

Book Review.

"God Wills It," By William Stearn Davis, MacMillan Co.

The lovers of the book entitled, "A Friend of Caesar," by William Stearn Davis, will hear with pleasure of his newest work, "God Wills It." Herein he again displays his remarkable graphic power, his ability to turn back hundred of years to live, so to say, in the time about which he writes. He again brings up to the mind of the readers a vivid picture of past history in "God Wills It." This book contains a tale of the First Crusade, that portion of history which many authors narrate with interest and always bring up some new interesting point. The author shows himself able to write in such a manner that will always lead up to the point he has in view, in a gradual and pleasing fashion. The First Crusade is interpreted in fiction which may be an objection to some readers because consolidated facts from history may seem better to them. It must however be admitted that this work of fiction tells a story of one of the greatest events in history.

The author starts in the unusual manner of giving a Prologue. The hero of the story is Richard who performed many great deeds for the love of Mary Kurkuas. One of the most daring being at the time when with exceeding personal bravery he freed her from the hands of the pirates. It is needless to name his rival for the woman's praise and love. It may be stated that the experiences of Richard are such that make a story interesting.

The story tells us concisely, the conditions, customs and morality existing in the time when knighthood was at its highest ebb. It also gives us a glimpse of the troubadours who at that time roamed about rendering songs of love and war. The characters in this work of fiction are applied in a way that is commendable, even many though they are, they are treated in such a

way that they all show clearly the purpose of the author in using them. It has been shown to some extent that a certain value may be received from a book as far as the customs and morals of the time are concerned. It might also be stated that there are some interesting geographical points used by the author in the mention of the different places that are used in relating the tale. However all these are of minor importance. The author evidently wishes to impress upon the minds of readers the great struggle of the rich and poor of France and Norman Italy to Jerusalem. In doing so he plainly shows the Christian spirit of the times in contrast with infidelity.

The historical facts are interwoven in a pleasing manner. The book is to be recommended to readers for the reasons that have been mentioned.—In the first place. It is instructive and in the second the language is simple so that the average reader can understand what he is reading. To anybody who is interested in the history of the dark ages, it is exceedingly valuable for the light which is thrown upon that era of history and it is especially recommended to them.

Exchanges.

With the change of our staff of editors, the exchange column of this publication falls into other hands. Realizing the truth of the statement made by a brother ex-man, that the exchange columns which are worth reading are few and far between, the one to whose lot it falls to be the writer of this exchange column, hardly hopes to have it included among *the few*.

On account of the Christmas vacation the number of exchanges reaching us has not been as many, nor have their arrivals been as prompt as might be desired. The varieties of the essays and sketches in the different exchanges have been legion. We realize that it would be well for many to read the "Don'ts" suggested by the ex-man of the Georgetown College *Journal* and the writer may be pardoned if he suggests another *Don't*: namely, Don't write on a subject which taxed the intellect of an Emerson or a Bacon. It is ludicrous to notice articles on some subjects by persons in their teens; subjects which can only be properly

treated by those whose locks have been whitened by the snows of many winters. An under-classman who attempts to write on a subject involving Moral Philosophy merits our pity as well as our censure.

We are glad to welcome to our exchange table *The Exponent*, the monthly published by the Montana Agricultural College, Bozeman, Mon. Among the several articles of interest, the one entitled "The Art of Oratory" deserves special mention.

The Mount Holyoke has always been noted for its interesting essays. In the January number the one on "The University Student of the Fourteenth Century," is of more than common interest. After briefly discussing the origin of the University, and referring to the classes of society from which the students were drawn. A vivid description of the curriculum, of the rooms, meals, athletics, and of other items of interest, follows. The method pursued by the students to facilitate the passing of examinations, appeals especially to the male student of today. The following is worthy of quotation: "Education was too dogmatic; books were put in place of things; and there was a fatal indifference to the facts of external nature of history, and of life. The imagination, the taste, and the sense of beauty were uncultivated, and men were taught to work rather than to enjoy. Yet so far as it went this method was effective, for it trained the intellect and encouraged habits of 'laborious subtelty' and intense application."

Among the weeklies reaching our exchange table, *The Dickinsonian*, possesses the neatest appearance, and besides college news it contains important articles.

The Christmas number of *The Argus* published by the Harrisburg High School is one of the most interesting monthlies that has been our privilege to peruse. It is a publication of which any High School may well be proud.

In *The Albright Bulletin* is published a most instructive article on "Ancient and Modern Oratory." After giving proper attention to the defining of the terms speech and oratory, the writer impresses us with the fact that successful orators are made as well as inspired. We then learn that ancient oratory appealed mostly to the emotions. Judah, Greece and Rome are referred to as the nations in which oratory held prominence in

ancient times. As examples of modern oratory the parliamentary oratory of Burke and the Revolutionary oratory of Patrick Henry, are among those mentioned. The following quotation presents to us the writer's views regarding the supposed decline of oratory. "It is during a great crisis, when the fate of nations is hanging in the balance, that orators are produced. * * * It is not the age of peace and prosperity that is best suited to develop the hidden power of the orator, but rather stirring times and thrilling events. * * * 'Oratory is one of the attributes of the soul and has its foundation in love, reason and sympathy. Only when the human heart sinks so low that it will not respond to these three emotion, will oratory cease and fail to sway the minds of men and incite them to noble action."

Teacher—Where was the Declaration of Independence signed?

Johnny.—At de bottem. Ex.

Miss Flamigan.—I will give yez my answer in a month, Pat.

Pat.—That's right, me darlint, tek plinty av time to think it over. But tell me one thing now—will it be yes or no? Ex.

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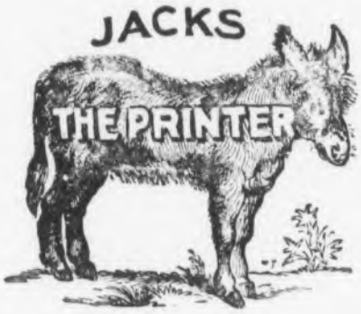

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THE MUHLENBERG.

"Literae Sine Ingenio Vanae"

VOL. XXI. ALLENTOWN, PA., MARCH, 1904. NO. 7.

THE COMMON PEOPLE.

E. GEORGE KUNKLE, '04.

This is an age of scientific research. We are learning many new things concerning the formation of the earth and the many changes that have occured in the different ages and eras of its existence. The home of our first parents corresponded in beauty to the beauty with which they were originally endowed. Through the fall of man mother earth also became heir to many of the consequences of his sin.

Many areas of waste and ruin, many sections not producing anything for God's highest creation, man, dotted our mundane sphere. But as the centuries have advanced, more and more of the soil has come to yield its fruit for mankind. It is but four centuries since Columbia's fair strand was discovered as a refuge for the persecuted and the oppressed of the old world. In this short period the primeval forest has been transformed into fertile fields whose produce fills the granaries of many nations. The whole world is gradually becoming more and more beautiful, and to-day as we look from some mountain's summit over the adjacent valleys and behold, here, the fields of grain waving their golden tops to the breezes of the air and notice, beyond, a concourse of the monarchs of the forest, we cannot but conclude that the world is more beautiful than ever before.

But there is a certain parallelism running through nature and man. As the world has increased in beauty, as each of her fruits and flowers is shedding more luster and sunshine, so man,

the supreme head of the Almighty's handiwork, has also become more beautiful, more useful and more noble. There have been different eras in the earth's development, so also have there been distinct ages in the world's civilization. The age of feudalism, the age of absolute rule, have passed away forever and the age of to-day is that of the common people. The age of feudalism precedes the age of absolute rule. It is here that the common people appear upon the scene of action. It was not the skillful generalship of Edward III, but it was the stout yeomanry of the English army who dealt the death blow to aristocratic feudalism on the battlefield of Crecy. They won for their native land a victory whose splendor shone in the eyes of many later generations as the most glorious event in English history.

Although the conquerors in this great victory, although they could bring glory to the English name on the field of battle they were not prepared to deal with the questions of state. The restraints to the sovereign had been removed and as a consequence his rule became more absolute and despotic. The common people who brought about his rule, were those to whose lot it fell to bring about his downfall. The seventeenth century is therefore one of revolution, a century of strife between the people and sovereign, and when the mist of smoke had risen from the field of battle, the tyrant's sceptre no longer meets our gaze, but we behold, standing on a footing of equality, a vast army of uncrowned kings, the common people, destined to be the rulers of the world's golden era.

Elevation in any of the walks of life brings with it added responsibilities, so man's elevation in the sphere of governmental affairs, places upon him new obligations. Is man prepared for the proper fulfillment of the duties imposed upon him? Experience has shown that he is. Generations made ready for Emerson the philosopher. Longfellow, Holmes and Lowell inherited the "cumulative humanities" of several generations of sturdy, intellectual ancestors. So the present generation of common people have fallen heir to the love of liberty which flowed in the veins of those who fought under Cromwell, and hurled into oblivion the doctrine of "the divine right of Kings." Their ancestors were numbered among the faithful band of Wallace. Their forefathers followed the standard of William the Silent against the tyranny of Philip II, and their life blood mingled with that

of the "Snow King of the North" on the battlefield of Lutzen. The common people of to-day are as a tree planted by rivers of of water,—rivers, whose tributaries are the intellectual and moral streams flowing down from the ancestral hills.

The tree is not without its fruit. Slavery has ceased to mar the social progress of mankind. Disease has lost its power through the discovery of the germs that produce it. Science has given us new conceptions of the universe. Invention has transformed industry, has brought the most remote parts of the world together and has broadened the mind of man. Emerson says, "Give me a book, health, and a day in June, and I will make the pomp of kings ridiculous," these are within the grasp of all. The coats of mail worn by warriors of past ages are far too small for the average man of to-day. The child of the common people is receiving instruction superior to that formerly afforded to kings and princes. Our public libraries enable all to converse with philosophers and historians, and to drink deep at the fountains of poets and sages. We no longer erect temples to the Unknown God, but from every hill and dale ring out the notes of welcome for all to assemble in the courts of the Lord. In past ages it was only the nobility and other privileged classes who could enjoy the fruits of advancement, but in this age, in the nations where the common people reign, all become partakers of the blessings of invention, industry, education and religion.

Spain has not appreciated the value of her common people, and as a result, their games of chief delight are those which gave pleasure to the populace of Rome in the days of Nero and Caligula. Turkey is still ruled by an absolute monarch, and the cries of the slaughtered Armenians still echo in our ears. Russia has not hearkened to the message of Tolstoi, and the massacre of God's chosen people is her latest crime. Examples prove that the nations in which the common people reign, are the nations which march in the van of advancing civilization. Their reign is not yet universal but is gradually approaching towards that goal.

Yet we hear the whisper that their leaf shall one day wither. People refer us to the golden age of Pericles, when the common people ruled, and Athens was the centre of art and literature. They repeat the words that the progress of God is in straight line while the progress of man is in a circle. As we look back with

admiration on the Age of Pericles, so in future ages they believe our posterity will gaze with awe upon the present age of the common people. The Athenian ideal, however, is not ours. Calvary had not been made sacred by a Saviour's death. The rude Spartans could teach them the respect due to old age. Love first existed in the family, then the tribe, then the nation, and at last in the whole world. In Athens, love scarely existed in the family. But for nineteen centuries we have been approaching our ideal of love as set forth by Him Who was born "King of the Jews," and it is the present age that is distinguished by its love for others. The jealousies existing between race and race, and between nation and nation are disappearing. The principle that "might makes right" is no longer countenanced. The recent Venezuelan affair shows that war must finally yield to arbitration. It is self evident that mankind is adopting the declaration of Sumner, "that the true grandeur of a nation is peace."

As this age is, therefore, one to which no other is to be compared; as man is gradually approaching his ideal, the King of Kings; may we not hope that the progress of man shall cease to be that of a circle and assume that of a straight line? We seek not to penetrate the veil, but if it be allowed to gaze from the home of many mansions upon this mortal abode, shall we not behold this era of the common people followed by another known as the "Era of Kings," for in the eyes of the Almighty there are no common people. but all are "kings and priests unto God."

EDUCATION IN THE UNITED STATES.

'04.

Education is an undetermined problem, the solution of which, constantly approached, may never be fully reached, for education is one of the essential elements of progress, and progress is never ending. Three great nations, the United States, England and Germany, lead in efforts at solution of the problem each pursuing a way of its own. The character of a nation makes its schools, as, in turn, the character of its schools makes a nation, and the American spirit, now making itself felt in

education as emphatically as in any of the various directions wherein it has won for the country a pre-eminent place among the nations.

The United States is the only country where the Democratic spirit rules in the matter of directing educational affairs. England has a national system, while in Germany the educational progress is guided by administrative order. In America, it depends very largely upon *free discussion*.

That education is compulsory in the United States is not the result of any Federal enactment, but of self-imposed laws, adopted by the several states. The founders of Massachusetts in 1642 enjoined upon the municipal authorities the duty of seeing that every child within their respective jurisdiction should receive a proper amount of schooling. The thirteen original colonies accepted a similar obligation in 1789, and all subsequent states. But there is no central authority to enforce this duty, and so there are many varieties of schools, primary, secondary, technical and collegiate. The one point whereon all authorities agree is that theological instruction in any form is debarred from the common school. Indeed, the state should keep aloof from religious parties and controversies and in its support of the common schools should aim to make them meet those recognized needs which are common to all sects.

There is local patriotism prevalent which makes each of the leading communities proud of its own institutions, and keenly solicitious to produce such examples of good work as may prove worthy of imitation elsewhere. There is also an essential unity in the aims of all American communities to make democratic education universally accessible and by means of it to lift up the whole population to a higher plane of intelligence, conduct and happiness.

Democratic education may be defined as a form of individual self-government in schools. Underlying the American idea of education there is that principle of human freedom and reponsibility from which sprang the republic itself. The old time school was an autocracy or an oligarchy; the American school has become a democracy, no less under law than the other, but under law which applies to teacher as well as to pupil, and in the operation of which there is a common interest. Its processes as well

as its character have changed, and the teacher is no longer a task-master, but a guide; a helper, who assists in the evolution of a mind which, expanding, absorbs from the world of knowledge so much of what is necessary for its full development as it can assimulate.

Thus in America, education has come to a phase where it represents not merely a certain amount of time spent in the schools, not a certain degree of proficiency in spelling, reading, writing, geography and arithmetic, but the development of the entire personality of the pupil into a character which shall, as early as possible, harmonize with the ideals of American citizenship. It is to this end that the common school has been freed more and more from autocratic rule and placed under such systems of discipline as are based upon the principle of making the child capable and desirous of living in the best possible way in the forms of civilized society; namely the family, the State, the Church, the industrial world and general society, to the end that he may develop into self-respecting, self-governing and helpful component of these same institutions. Hence a moral element enters into the educational process at the very beginning in the awakening of a sense of responsibility to self and to the community, the latter represented to the pupil by his teachers, his schoolmates and his home circle, whereto he bears the influences which surround him in the school.

The courses of study are arranged with due consideration to those things which are essential in the practical every-day life of a great industrial and commercial nation.

As to methods of instruction, they vary also with locality, but in general the tendency is to get away from the old idea of forcing in upon the youthful mind something which is altogether extraneous to it. The antiquated system of *a-b*, *ab*, may still exist in out-of-the-way places, but in general it has been superceded by more rational methods.

The universal adoption of the Kindergarten system is not a century distant. Manual training and commercial courses are being rapidly introduced.

The idea of vocational courses is carried forward into the higher realm of collegiate education, and one of its manifestations is seen in the adoption of the "elective" principle in even

such old and great institutions as Harvard University. It prevails in the Academic departments to an extent which would scarely have been deemed possible a generation or two back, especially in view of the fact that the larger colleges and universities each includes scientific and professional schools, other than those of law, medicine and theology, which are presumably for post-graduates, and which, at any rate, are designed to prepare students for some particular vocation.

Both in the rapid multiplication of Colleges in the United States and in the lavish endowments and other benefits which are bestowed upon them with the exception of Muhlenberg, there is evident the spirit of utilitarianism which underlies education in the United States. While the desirability of advanced and high scholarship is well recognized, and much is done in behalf of learning for its own sake, the practical American mind inquires continually as to what is the end in view. And here, as in the elementary and the primary schools, the answer is found in the manifest determination to create good citizenship and build up self-reliant, self-respecting and self-governing communities.

The idea is a national one, as was made evident in the fact that one of the gifts of the United States to Cuba, before conferring upon the young republic the independence won for her by American arms, was a thorough system of education. There was earlier evidence in the attention which the United States Government gave to the creation of systems of education for the Indians and Negroes.

The problems the education of these presents are difficult ones and are continually presenting new aspects as each difficulty is surmounted. Even greater difficulties than any yet encountered are presented in the Philippines, but the work has been undertaken there as systematically as elsewhere, with the certainty that, whether the islands remain a possession of ours, or receive ultimately the gift of independence bestowed upon Cuba, they will be American in the spirit of progress which stands for patriotism, personal character, and productive or constructive worth.

ACCEPTED FOR LOVE ONLY.

MARTIN J. SWANK, '04.

"Yes, Lester! I could not refuse you—I must accept your offer, and will do the utmost in my power to make your life a happy one. I have loved you sincerely ever since the time I saw you help my invalid mother on the train so tenderly when she started for Glen Summit and Harvey's Lake last summer.

These were the words that fell from the smiling lips of the pretty Miss Nellie Day, a typical blonde of twenty-four summers, when Lester Dallas popped that momentous question which has brought either joy and peace, or misery and woe to legions who had trod that very same path.

She accepted him in spite of the fact that Lester was only a railway brakeman, while for nearly two years she had been courted by Herbert Lee, a wealthy and promising young lawyer, who was also aided in his suite by Nellie's father and mother. But Nellie like all good women had a mind of her own, and being fond of good story papers which portrayed actual life, had come to possess the notion that there is such a thing as real love. So when Lester Dallas, the first time she saw him, exercised such old-time gallantry in caring for her suffering mother, her heart had told her at once "this is the man." Her heart won the day in spite of her parents and so-called "society." They were married, but on account of her disobedience her father declared that she would never get a cent from him and the family goods were bequeathed to her younger sister.

However, the happy young couple, who believed in love, rented neat quarters on River Street in a city located in the very heart of that romantic section, the Wyoming Valley, which was once the scene of one of the bloodiest massacres staining the pages of our history; and made immortal by Campbell's "Gertrude of Wyoming." On this historic and romantic spot, where the gurgling brooks, the rippling fountains, the murmuring water-falls, the gently whispering breezes,—all nature seems to be teeming with the message of love, happily they lived together

for seven years, during which period they were blessed with two little girls—Gertrude and Viola. Gertrude is wiry and has piercing blue eyes like her mother, while Viola is plump and has brown eyes, the very image of Lester. In fact, last year on her fourth birthday, her mother threatened to put her in trousers and make a man of her; but Lester said she was such a nice, sweet little girl, he would not for a moment think of trading her for half a dozen boys, and for once man had his way in spite of the truth of the Japanese proverb that a woman with a three-inch tongue can slay a giant.

It was his favorite pastime after returning from a day or two's hard riding, to take a girl on each knee and tell them stories of incidents, both solemn and humorous, that he chanced to see on his dangerous journeys, and then, when the little ones would tire of his stories, he would play horse and railway train by jolting them on his knees or by tossing them on his strong arms to the ceiling.

"Nellie, dear," he said one evening as he was thus engaged with the children, "do you remember the first time I asked you to sit on my knee, how very obstinate you were?"

Nellie laughed heartily as she thought of her girlish shyness, and all the foolish things said(and the make believe anger) that she manifested when, only a few days before their wedding day, Lester had asked her to sit on his knee, saying that he thought they would be able to plan much better by thus putting their heads together concerning the cooking utensils and the furniture with which they wished to fit out their home.

"And because I acted timidly that once," said she playfully, "you now seem to be paying me back by not asking me at all, but bestow all your affection on the children."

Although it was Leap Year, this gentle hint reminded the hard worked man of a growing thoughtlessness of late on account of his absorption in the children, but the one hint was sufficient. The children were put down with their playthings in a moment, and amid caresses and endearments Lester again laid open his heart—became the self-same lover of old.

"You have given up parents and friends and riches for me," he said, "and if I ever for a single day neglect you I am a brute. Yes, darling, the little ones must bring us closer together, not

separate us. I know I am away a great deal, both day and night. The very nature of my work prevents me from being a really good husband, but when I am here I shall in the future be all devotion to you.''

The children were put to bed, and long they talked together in one large arm-chair, setting aside the established custom that married people usually occupy two. In the morning, as he left for his usual perilous trip, she thought of the many dangers he braved daily for money to support her and the children, and as she kissed him affectionately and repeated the operation several times in succession, a tear ran down her beautiful cheek.

''She deserves a better fate than to be a brakeman's wife,'' said he solemnly, as he walked briskly toward the depot. ''Well, I shall do all in my power to make her happy, and trust in Providence for the rest.''

The next morning at three o'clock Gertrude was dreaming of ''Jack the Giant Killer,'' and Viola of ''Jack and the Bean Stalk,'' while Nellie, unable to sleep, was thinking, thinking—trying to plan some way to help her best of husbands into some less dangerous occupation, and one more deserving of his character and talents.

Suddenly there was a tramping as if of a dozen men on the sidewalk, and a talk that seemed different from that heard from the usual crowd of late tipplers, and then there was a ringing of the door bell.

How her heart fluttered as she hurriedly got into her wrapper, and opening the door part way called to the crowd at the bottom of the steps and asked, ''What's wanted?''

''We got your husband here,'' said a strange hoarse voice; ''he's been hurt.''

Her quick intuitive nature grasped the whole truth in a moment, and she placed her hands across her breast as if to stay her sinking heart. But she did not shriek or bother the dark, solemn figures at the bottom of the stairs with a grief they could not comprehend. She only said, ''Bring him up.''

When the stretcher was laid on the dining-room table and the cover removed, the heroic girl, who believed in love, and gave all for it, saw not her husband, but only a bloody corpse.

It had been cut and mangled by the cruel car wheels.

Two of the dead man's comrades watched till morning with the widow. The children continued to dream, one of "Jack the Giant Killer," the other of "Jack and the Bean Stalk."

As the other railroad workers walked down the stairs into the street one said to the others: "This railroad company has just declared another dividend of 10 per cent., watered stock and all. If they had used patent couplers Lester Dallas would not have been killed. But patent couplers cost money, while a dozen new men will apply for Lester's place in the morning. But Dallas is only one of the thousands who were killed by railroads last year. To prevent this carnage would have decreased the dividends only very slightly, and railroads are run for dividends. The railroad officials indirectly murdered Lester Dallas. Boys, down with monopolies!"

THE MEANING OF LIFE.

HOWARD H. KRAUSS, '06.

One of the thoughts to which scientists and the learned have devoted much attention of late, is the ultimate meaning of this human life of ours—for what purpose are we here? If life has a meaning are we to discover it, and if we are to discover it, will that discovery be made along the line of intellect, or along the line of ethics?

One of these writers is positive that it will be along the line of ethics. His reasons are in the last analysis. The supremc reality of this world, so far as we know the world, is the conscience, with its sense of duty.

Granting that this is so, the next step is to determine what is truth, but before we can do that, we must know what ought to be true, for unless we can demonstrate what ought to be true is true, the world is an organized lie. The intellect of the world, that is the spirit (that which we know, but cannot see,) appears to be the final fruitage of the process of development.

Some ancient philosopher declared: "In the world there is nothing great but man, and in man there is nothing great but

mind." By mind we must assume that this philosopher means spirit, soul and conscience, or the divinity. There is one fact which each of the philosophers conceived, that "character is the most important thing in the world." To substantiate this statement, the scientist whom we have quoted above gives this illustration.

"Cato prophesied, if the time ever came, when Rome had nothing to push against her greatness, she would collapse. After the Romans had given battle to all of their antagonists, and put them to route, after her warriors had conquered all which lay before them, the glory which was of Rome passed away. In other words, the greatness of Rome was something which was achieved in long generations of terrible conflict. She had grown strong by meeting and overcoming the forces which she would conquer or destroy, and when there was nothing more upon which Rome could strengthen, she fell.

Another writer says, "Character is the crown of life," or rather concedes that character is the crown, but denies that it necessarily means victory. He points out that some of the greatest and grandest men and women in the world are always falling, but it is only the body that falls; the soul never touches the dust. His logic is so true and convincing that it seems almost impossible that any one takes exception.

Then show us the man who, is his heart, believes in prosperity, and who though defeated in his battle for that prosperity, rises to be defeated again and again, rather than abandon that which his soul loves—show us such a man, and in that man we will show you one who has character.

Such men may die on the battlefield; against serried ranks of opposition they may be broken to pieces and utterly annihilated, but they are, nevertheless, heroes and conquerors.

They remain true to their better selves; to the last moment they keep their eyes on that which seems to be their duty; not for a fractional moment do they compromise their convictions, or dream of capitulating to dishonor. And who does not feel that such men are the real heroes, and their defeats the grandest victories.

Jesus of Nazareth was victorious. Socrates was victorious. Algonia Sydney was victorious. Abraham Lincoln was victor-

ious. Everyone is victorious who dies rather than be false to his sacred convictions. Victory is an invisible thing, the moral rather than the physical triumph. It is in this moral triumph that we are to find the answer to the question of questions: "What is the meaning of life?"

Napoleon the Great did not succeed. Nero made men fear and serve him, but he died in despair. It is not the man who founds the empire and establishes a dynasty; it is the man, rather, who through sunshine and through shadow, through prosperity and through adversity, through good report and ill report, holds himself true to his star and faithful to his sense of right and duty; it is such a man who fulfills the object of his being.

It is the mother who finds her happiness, her ambitions, her sorrows, and her prayers, in her children and her children's children, who has the right to talk of Motherhood.

The man of millions is, after all only a nominal holder of property. He is not great; he is not a genius; he has done nothing to merit the praises of his fellow-men and the "well-done" of his Maker.

It is the man who understands the object of life, tries to attain it, that has faithfully fulfilled his mission.

THE BETTER HEROES.

C. E. R. '06.

Many people have been born, have lived, worked and died since the creation of the world. All but a comparative few each century have lived and are now living in the annals of history, in the chronicles of nations, in the ears and mouths of the men of to-day, and why? Is it not because they lived regarding the highest instincts of their nature, the noblest and loftiest inspirations of their being, because they sought to labor for others, and for their country, and to draw all men nearer the Eternal Truth which in the earlier ages of man seemed so far off and to which but so few attained?

Who are the best of men, but the heroes of the world, for

the best men can be called heroes, since they have enrolled themselves not only in history, but their names have been inseparably associated with their works which follow them, so that they, though dead, yet speak to us.

As we ponder over the deeds of the past our ears are irresistibly met with the mighty tread of Cambyses; of Alexander lamenting because he had but one world to conquer; of Hannibal making his memorable march over the rugged Alps in the face of all danger; of Napoleon in the cold, bleak steppes of Russia, or along the sunny plains of the blue, historic Danube, and then again in the hot, shifting sands among the pyramids of Egypt; of our own indomitable Washington at the head of the dauntless colonists who had "millions for defence, but not one cent for tribute." Such are the military heroes and geniuses. But there are also other heroes who have crowned their struggles and efforts with the never-dying laurel of fame, who have made conquests and have been more than conquerors. True, these military heroes have done much for mankind; they have paved and prepared the path for the nations and republics of to-day and as we look back we believe this is, at least, one purpose tha ran throughout those centuries.

But these heroes and generals enjoyed celebrity during their life-time. They then enjoyed "the boast of heraldry, the pomp of power," which, alas! was too short-lived, as we learn from many a conflict. The gallant General Wolf, when silently descending the St. Lawrence on the night before he took Quebec, repeated those words to his men, how that "the paths of glory lead but to the grave," little thinking that he would so soon find the fulfillment that "the inevitable hour" of his fame was so near.

The chosen heroes of the earth have always been very few. We little think of the price paid for the privileges which we enjoy to-day, and which were so dearly bought, even by the blood of the world's best men. They became the martyrs of the truth which they upheld for the good of mankind, and which mankind would not receive until compelled by the onward tide of civilization.

We thus see that the real heroes of the world are indeed not the generals, but the thinkers, inventors and promoters of truth;

not Cambyses, Alexander, Hannibal, or Napoleon; but a Galileo, a Columbus, a Newton, or a Luther. The deeds of generals have been noteworthy, but this is far greater, when through the gray dawn of the twelfth of October, 1492, Colombus beheld the shores of a new world; or when Galileo first trained his home-made telescope toward heaven's unfathomable space and stood boldly before all councils of men and declared the earth was round and moves, as also do the planets; or when one day an apple fell to the ground and caused Newton to think about it, and afterwards reveal to man the law of gravitation; or when, during the Dark Ages, the Bible was discovered by Luther, and he proclaimed to a restless and perishing world that the poor should have the gospel of truth preached to them, that they should hereafter be nourished with the bread of life. Previously they had struggled to secure bread, but when they sought it they received a stone.

These thinkers have made our history and moulded our opinions; and although during their life they may have occupied a seemingly small place in the eyes of their countrymen, yet in after years we look back upon those years, and see that these men of genius were far ahead of their time, and that the bigoted people about them would not believe what they were trying to show forth as true. To-day their irresistible power, coming out from a dark unknown about them, has broadened into a colonade of light even to our time, and their thoughts and deeds are the fundamental principles of science and truth to-day. Their character and impersonality impresses itself forcibly and indelibly upon our minds, so that they live in a more glorious memory than if monuments had been raised to their honor. Marble shafts would crumble under the hand of that despoiler, Time; whereas their works are a perpetual, ever-enduring memorial which Time cannot change or the elements wear away and destroy.

These men could not be stopped in their work any more than an avalanche could be checked in its course. Even though scorned and persecuted, their lips silenced, or they themselves cast into prison, nevertheless they had set the truth before men and others rose up and carried on the work so nobly begun. All honor to them in their steadfastness of heart and mind, for in these days,

"Truth was on the scaffold, wrong forever on the throne,
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and behind the dim unknown
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above His own."

These benefactors of all time must be commended for what they have done, and for the strong faith they had, which was their only friend. They saw their duty and were strong in it. The men of their day did not understand these men of genius, for these men only saw the truth faintly themselves, and yet in the words of Mountford, "when a man goes about his duty resolutely it seems as though his footsteps were echoing beyond the stars, though only heard faintly in the atmosphere of the world." The people of those days did not comprehend the significence attached to the truth that men promulgated. The success of these men was in themselves as well as their wealth, and they became great, not from what they got out of this world, but what they unselfishly gave to all mankind. Yes, all these men were right, even Galileo, who was ridiculed; the celestial bodies do more. If one would stand near the tower of Galileo in Florence, when twilight is shrouding the earth with its purple mantle, the words of the poet would rise in mind:

"Already die the distant fires behind the cypress trees—
The vesper bells fall silent as the sleeping centuries;
While empires sink to ashes in the ragged sunset bars,
O'er Galileo's tower swing Galileo's stars.

A GLIMPSE AT THE BEGINNING OF ART.

'04.

That every man has in some manner a desire to reproduce a something by means of an instrument is a fact. He may not possess liking for highly colored and elaborate reproductions, yet, there is in his nature an artistic feeling—however low it may be. The oldest work of art or so-called work of art, discovered, may be said to have been produced during the Stone Age, that period of the earth's history when yet the reindeer roamed about the now sunny glades of France, when even the mammoth, though scarce, existed. These works are not highly ornamental, but exceedingly simple—however by no means contemptible. These works may sometimes be sculptures or drawings, if these

terms will be allowed by those who insist so strenously upon the correct interpretation of terms.

The reason for stating that the mammoth must have been still in existence is verified by the discovery of a piece of tusk, whereon is inscribed or scratched a likeness, closely resembling a mammoth,—the likeness however is very crude.

These evidences of art in the Stone Age are of exceeding interest and importance, because first: they afford valuable aid in the study of the rise of civilization, and second, to *some* artists they give pleasure as being the oldest works of art,even antedating the Assyrian monuments and the ancient Egyptian statues.

That some tribes, although capable of making rude drawings are not able to understand artistic production, is substantiated by an extract from Vol. III of Transactions Ethnological Society, N. S. viz.,--"on showing a large colored engraving of an aboriginal New Hollander to some savages, one declared, it was a ship, another a kangaroo, and so on; not one of a dozen identifying the portrait as having any connection with himself. A rude drawing, with all the lesser parts much exaggerated, they can realize. Thus to give them an idea of a man, the head must be drawn disproportionately large."

In seeing that nearly all the inhabitants of this globe leave traces of an artistic nature, the human mind begins to reason and wonder how mankind reached this point in the development of his nature. In taking up an investigation of this nature, we enter into grounds which are mainly theoretical but may have historic verification.

Th. first difficulties to confront us, are thoughts similar to the following questions, "What has man need to produce work of art?" "Is this need accidental or is it a mere caprice?" These questions at first seem to some extent difficult to answer, but in analyzing the human mind, we may arrive at an explanation which will do justice to these queries.

Man by the very nature of his being is one, who is endowed with thinking faculties, one, who has consciousness of self, who not only exists, but exists for himself, who by his thinking faculties recognizes a developement of himself to be a necessary constituent of his being. This knowledge of himself man may

be said to receive when first, he recognizes without himself, that which constitutes the essence or reason of things, second, when an impulse moves him to develop interiorly, to manifest himself in his surroundings and to recognize himself in his works. This need to inculcate himself in his environment follows various paths until he arrives at the point of manifesting himself in external things, which constitutes art. Thus we see that man's need to produce works of art is not accidental or a mere caprice, but rather that it is a fundamental impulse in his nature.

Having arrived at the reason of man's desire to create art, let us now trace the progress in the human mind from the very beginning of its developement.

The human being finds himself living in a surprising world, a feeble and minute fragment in midst of forces, powerful and gigantic. He has not yet discovered his freedom from nature. This world is to him one vast riddle which secret he cannot solve. He is moved to solve the mystery of the phenomena surrounding him, a first principle. Solution after solution prevail upon him. One after the other is discarded. These different ideas must seek to clarify themselves by outward expression, and this is by means of a symbol which consists of figures, structures or combinations formed by an attempt after a solution.

Let us now take up another feature which also plays an important part in art's beginning. This can be briefly stated, as it is without doubt that the human capacity to appreciate the Beautiful is innate in human nature. Every human being has this instinct, for in whatever he takes or does is in some sense beautiful to him.

These two propensities, first to symbolize his half formed conceptions and that, what he makes, correspond to his idea of the beautiful, coming together in different ways constitute in different peoples, the beginning of the first objects in Art which are most likely to be symbolical. We can easily see how true this theory is when we compare it with the idols of the Hindus, their early Vedic hymns, the architecture and the statues of the Egyptians, in these we see the human mind laboring after the solution of the enigmas of life.

Thus from the preceeding is seen that the human mind in its progress in Art seeks to express itself or putting it differently to find an adequate conception of the enigmas of life. For the

reason we see that the art of any nation denotes the height which the soul has risen in that period. This gives a special value to art as showing also the character and intellect of a race. As a certain author expressed it: "This circumstance gives a value to the Egyptian hieroglyphics, to the Median, Chinese and Mexican Idols, however gross and shapeless, for they denote the height of the human soul in that hour."

MARCH.

P. A. B. '06.

Ah, Sullen Month, thou'rt here again,
With whirling winds and dismal rain!
Though the naked boughs of forests old,
Are dripping in the fog and cold;
And the valley rings with many a rill.
Leaping and tumbling down the hill;
Though sterner still thy frown may be,
Far brighter things I'll sing of thee.
For thou, Wild March, I know wilt bring,
The warm and gentle winds of Spring.
Then all dark clouds shall pass away,
And all the earth shall again be gay.

THE MUHLENBERG.

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Editorials.

The interminable cycle of time revolving in its incessant journey through thousand and thousand of years, again conveys to us that glorious and magnificent season, Spring. That most beauteous time of the year which sends the poet into an ecstatical frenzy, declaiming his tender verses to the munificence of the Almighty Creator in bestowing upon us poor mortals the sight of the beautiful in Nature. Spring glides forth as if Nature had slept while harsh *Boreas* hurled his stormy and chilly blasts against the quivering limbs of unprotected trees. As Nature awakes, the air once more re-echoes with the merry tones of birds singing in joyous rhythm of the coming Spring. The tender plants will again send forth their verdant blades, seeking God's pure air, and joyfully gather in the golden sunlight. Bashfully will they peep from still hard earth, till Spring in its triumph over Winter finally bedecks itself in a livery of gorgeous colors, bedazzling in their variant hues. With Spring comes Easter, and also what is more attractive to the undergraduate, a vacation, when studies will be relinquished for a short time, and

again to be resumed with renewed energy until the end of the year.

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We learn with regret that the two literary societies have not been able to agree sufficiently to hold the annual inter-society debate. The conditions that exist at present regarding this debate are deplorable. Two years have elapsed, and still we find the same state of affairs existing, where to the stubbornness of one of the societies the debate must be dispensed with. While we feel that it is not our position to censure or condemn the conduct of either, yet we think if the laws and regulations concerning this debate are constructed in such a loose manner, that either of the societies may refuse to debate on the most trivial grounds, it should be expedient—not only expedient, but the important aim of both societies to see that representatives from each body come together, and then construct the regulations in such a manner that each will feel its honor at stake if not debating, and the one which finally, positively refuses to debate, to concede the victory to its truer sister society. Ere the time comes for the next debate, we hope that the two societies will have made satisfactory arrangements with each other to have a regular annual debate, and, not when all arrangements have been made, one society refuse to debate.

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THE GLEE CLUB.

Among the numerous organizations in this institution there is none more worthy of praise than the Glee Club. It does a very creditable work by the different concerts that are rendered, in making the people more familiar with MUHLENBERG. Year after year the same unsurpassing popularity and success meets them wherever they go. The popular taste naturally falls in with the excellent program rendered at each concert. This is shown by the enormous amount of applause which each number on the program receives. The appreciation of the people is also seen in the reception given to the Glee Club at the different places, and also by the return engagements at the same place each succeeding year. In this connection, it may be mentioned,

that most of the concerts are given for the erection of a Luther Hall among the new buildings. The many Luther Leagues in the state recognizing the reasonable rates offered them, take advantage of this opportunity, and present this organization to their friends, donating the proceeds accruing therefrom for the erection of this hall. We commend the efforts of the Glee Club and wish them the same, or more success in the future.

The schedule which has been prepared is large, and many new dates are continually coming in. At the time of this writing the places where concerts have already been given are, viz: Macungie, Philadelphia, Pennsburg, Oley, Robesonia, Allentown and Quakertown. At the following places concerts are still to be given: Hazleton, Tamaqua, Reading, Boyertown, Coplay and Allentown (Salem Reformed Church.) There are a number of places still doubtful, and endeavors are being made to interest the people at the following places: Lancaster. Ephrata, Pottstown, Pottsville, Wilkesbarre, Scranton and other places.

Personal.

Past—Sophomore Banquet.

Present—Hard Work.

Coming—Vacation.

Sophronia Literary Society officers: President, C. Smith, '04; Vice President, Kline, '05; Corresponding Secretary, Boyer, '07; Monitor, Lauer, '07; Pianist, Holter,' 06; Chaplain, Holter, '06; Critics, Kunkle, '04, and H. Ritter, '04.

Kidd, '05, "About two years ago we had a fine Freshmen play."

Dr. W., " Were you Capt. Kidd ?"

Kern, '05, " We ought to have more athletics, because then we would be known more."

Dr. W., " Our teams have been out."

Heilman, '05, addressed St. Stephen's Luther League on Sunday, Feb. 21.

Dr. E, "What are *Isothermal lines?*"
Kidd, '05, "God-like lines."

Dr. E., "Where do figs come from?"
Keboch, '04, "*From trees.*"

Dr. B. (in astronomy), "When do eclipses occur?"
Haines, '04, "When the earth is *full.*"

Kline, '05, (after a number of Juniors had been excused)—"Dr. we have no quorum any more."
Dr. W., "I am the quorum."

Dr. O., "What can you say of Carlyle's style?"
Smith W., '06, "He had a fierce style."
Dr. O., "What effect did dyspepsia have on him?"
Smith, '06, pausing a little—"It made him a better man."
Dr. O., "Is that the usual effect?"

Klotz, '06, translating *Post equitem sedet atra cura*—"Black care sits back of the horse."
Dr. E., "Where would that be—on the floor?"

Dr. L., "What mammal has the smallest corpuscle?"
Ettinger, '07, "Aorta."

Dr. O., "If I should ask you to get up now and deliver a speech on George Washington, what kind of a speech would that be?"
Hoffman. '06, "An impromptu speech."
Dr. O., "If I should ask you to deliver it to-morrow, what kind would it be?"
Hoffman, '06—"An ordinary one."

THE SOPHOMORE TRIP TO NEW YORK.

J. B. '06.

In spite of the fact that everyone in the college knew when and where we, the Sophomores, were going, we got off safely. The little Freshies didn't even try to stop us. About 6.30 on Tuesday morning we assembled in the Lehigh Valley R. R. Station and shortly thereafter left for New York. It was in-

tensely cold, but, as we were jolly fellows, the cold only made us more lively. Upon arriving at New York, we went to our hotel, the Broadway Central,which is located on Broadway near Third, midway between the Battery and Central Park.

On Tuesday morning, we visited the new bridge which was recently completed, across the East river. It is larger than the Brooklyn. In the afternoon, we visited the Eden Musee, Flat Iron Building, Grant's Tomb and Columbia University. At Columbia we saw the new bronze statue in front of the Library building, the Library and the Gymnasium. In the evening the chief event of our trip, the banquet, took place. The banquet was held in the private dining room so that we were not disturbed by anyone. An elegant feast was set before us and after we had partaken liberally of it, we were entertained by the wit and wisdom of those who responded to the toasts.

On Wednesday, we saw the Mayor of Greater New York, who has been in office but a short time. We visited the historic rooms of the City Hall and also visited the Post Office. Leaving these places,we went down to Wall Street where we saw the U. S. Sub. Treasury and the new Stock Exchange building. We went into old Trinity Church at noon and heard Bishop Potter preach. Then we crossed Brooklyn Bridge and went to the Navy Yard where we saw the battleships, Iowa and Indiana, and were taken through the receiving ship Hancock and the cruiser Baltimore. The crews were very obliging and courteous. Upon returning to New York, the Battery and Aquarium were seen, and also the Waldorf Astoria Hotel, the finest hotel in the world, through which we were taken by a guide. In the evening, we went to the Metropolitan Opera House, New York's aristocratic theatre, where Parsifal was played.

Here we heard the great European singers, Emma Calve, in Mefistofele and Cavalleria Rusticana.

On Thursday, we visited the Metropolitan Art Museum in Central Park. Saw the Obelisk, Belvidere and one of the large reservoirs that supply the city with water; also visited the American Museum of Natural History.

On Friday morning, we took a view of New York from the dome of the World Building. and though the courtesy of one of the members, were admitted to the New York Stock Exchange

when it was in full blast. Taking a steamer we went to the Statue of Liberty and climbed up to the top of it. Then after seeing the slums, Chinatown, Five Points, the Tombs and Bridge of Sighs, the Italian quarters and after eating at a China restaurant, we returned to the hotel and shortly afterwards left for home, reaching Allentown about 9,30.

The trip was a very pleasant one and will long be remembered by those who were there. It is the great event of the Sophomore year and I think that it was one of the most successful trips ever held by any of the classes of old Muhlenberg.

Book Review.

'Jarvis of Harvard," | By Reginald Wright Kaufman, The L. C Page & Co.

Jarvis of Harvard is an interesting and instructive novel. The author proves by this book to have the necessary requirements of a successful writer. In the story, Richard Jarvis is the most conspicious character. The author relates how Jarvis entered college and how he came into difficulties because he was always ready to take the advise of his companions whether it was good or bad. The weakness he had in this respect may have been partly due to the lack of experience in a preparatory school education. It is also interesting to note the good advise he received from a number of his friends.

To some readers the story may seem to end rather abrupt. To explain the reason for this is simply to say that the author has related the story so far as to reach the highest point of interest. The story gives us some idea of college life and how a young man ought to be careful in order that he may not be tempted to do what is immoral. It also gives Jarvis as an example how a student when he has taken the wrong way can again by most laborious efforts become a successful student.

The determination which made Jarvis a foot-ball player and a worthy student after repeated failures and errors, teaches us that we are in a life of struggle and the most strenuous our efforts are to do good the higher will be our point reached.

It may be said that Jarvis entered College with one defi-

ciency, namely, that he was not master of his will. It is interesting as we read the story to notice the frequent successful efforts of this young man to do that which pertains to the moral duties of one's life. From this point of view the story ought to be interesting, not only to students, but to readers in general.

The story illustrates plainly, taking Jarvis as an example that the education of a student is incomplete if he has no experience in society. The story viewed in a proper way teaches by an illustrative and in some instances indirect method the moral duty of a person.

The language of the story is simple and the personal experiences that are related are to the point.

Exchanges.

We are glad to welcome to our exchange table *The Pharetra* of Wilson College. While all departments are represented, poetry and the short story receive especial attention. The article, "Modern Fiction"—"A Question" is worthy of a careful perusal.

The weeklies which reach us regularly are *The Brown and White*, *The Ursinus Weekly*, *The Dickinsonian and The F. and M. Weekly*.

The *Elizabethen* presents a most neat appearance. The numerous sketches of the February number prove very entertaining reading.

The *Thielensian* for January contains several instructive and well written articles. In the article entitled "The College Man and the Nation," we learn many interesting facts. Numerous instances are given of the valuable services rendered by the college man from the earliest history of our country until the present time. The author vividly places before us the benefits of the college to society in general and we cannot but quote the following words. "Blot out the influence of the college in American life and you ignore the rich treasures of Roman and Grecian culture whose precious jewels adorn present society; you banish

the marvelous treasures of science with which modern genius has so bountifully blessed society; you take away the independence of our forefathers; you remove the power which raised the statues from the shifting sands of confederation to the rock of national union:---in short, you blot out American civilization."

The Manitou Messenger for February is a special science number. The different subjects treated show that the writers have spared no efforts to make them interesting as well as instructive.

The Normal Echoes published by the East Stroudsburg Normal School is a new exchange. As a Normal School publication it is up to the standard, but the presence of fiction would improve its columns considerably.

The Comenian is especially strong in its editorial department. Among others the one making a plea for the development of the *art of conversation*, deserves special comment.

The January number of *The Minnesota Magazine* is a literary treat. This publication is certainly worthy the name *magazine*. After our minds have been concentrated on a learned treatise, "The Philosophy of Herbert Spencer," the story of "The Lake of the Wailing Pine," leads us in imagination to the primeval forest, and recalls to our memories Longfellow's beautiful description of the Indian village. "At Jake's" is another story which deserves mention for excellence of dialogue. Among the several interesting sketches, "A Winter Storm" is especially praiseworthy for the moral it contains.

The place you get married is called the altar, because it is where the sacrifice begins.—*Ex.*

Mrs. Von Blumer—"I heard the cook cursing and swearing in the kitchen this morning."

Von Blumer—"Well, I'm glad she's beginning to feel at home."—*Ex.*

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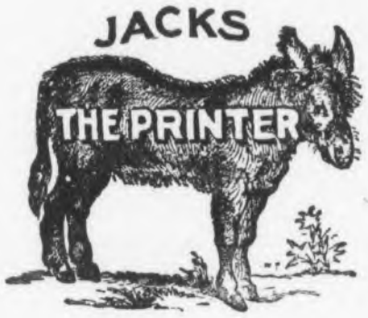

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THE MUHLENBERG

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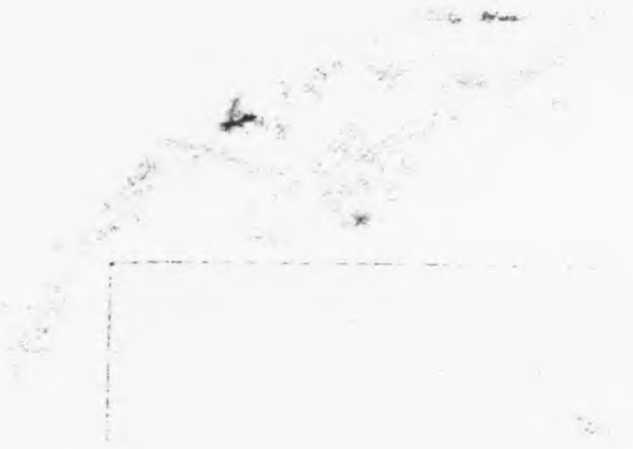

THE MUHLENBERG

"Literae Sine Ingenio Vanae"

VOL. XXI. ALLENTOWN, PA., APRIL, 1904. NO. 8.

TO THE VIOLETS.

Meekly, I roam 'midst blossoms rare,
Amidst shades of heavenly hue,
Blooming with fragrance in the air
Under cover of heaven's bright blue.

Yonder stand the violets fair,
Nodding their heads, dream'ly to one
That sleeps yet in a deeper lair
Untouched by the rays of the sun.

Gently I stoop to gather one,
One, that with such a tender look
Of purity and perfection,
Seems symbolized with greater good.

Flowers divine, you seem to me,
With bashful heads anodding.
A type of truth and purity
That over the earth goes ringing.

Perfection writ in those grave eyes,
A masterpiece that's worked by him
Who calms from their low saddened sighs,
The dying with hopes of heaven.

Would that I could forever live
'Midst you, far away from the care
Of this harsh world, that you might give
Me surroundings of a better air.—'04.

THE RESULT OF A SHORT STUDY IN GEOLOGY AND ASTRONOMY.

From the beginning of man's history, for nearly six thousand years, there has been a painful pathetic, despairing struggle of man's mind to know, to learn something concerning himself, something concerning the Infinite, something about Nature and his relation to Nature.

Age after age has passed and left him still groping in the dark, still yearning for the knowledge of the Unknown. His children and children's children have arisen and prosecuted the search with equal vigor, they have passed away from their friends into the Unknown and the Unknown still mocked at the search of those remaining.

He has gained in intimacy with the face of Nature, deeper he cannot see, and upon that knowledge, narrow and superficial, thus slowly ever-widening and piercing deeper, he has formed Ideas, and built up religions, which have grown in complexity as this superficial intimacy increased and his mentality developed.

Great men have lived in every time and place during the progress of human knowledge, each great man seeing deeper than his fellow man; each recognizing that the knowledge already attained was more or less superficial, each adding his unit of mental discovery and energy to the aggregate of learning and wisdom, each striving to lead his fellow men into the deeper mysteries of Nature, each binding them to the consciousness of their ignorance by the addition of new truths and fresh discoveries in the laws of cause and effect. Thus, during a long period of time, through the persistent effort of diligent men many sound principles have been established; principles which regulate human conduct, which influence the mind of man and directly strengthen the motives for patient and persevering morality in life.

This is the noble effect which arises from the un-remitting effort of those whose penetrating gaze strikes into the individuality of things themselves. This class of men, not content with the dry language of conflicting scientific books, listen to the deep, still, lasting voice of nature, who gaze upon its awful wonders, and trace with their imagination the slow, steady de-

velopment of life, who see the world, not by the aid of cramped mentality alone, but by the help of real expansive hill-dotted scenes, laid out below their eyes magnified into greater sublimity, read its history backward to the time when the earth by reason of mighty internal forces trembled throughout its whole extent and beheld how continents rose out of the deep and again sank; how mountains were slowly carried back into the seas; how high tidal waves swept over the waters; how laboring earthquakes heaved, and burning volcanoes with thunder's voice overwhelmed the land with an ocean of black waters encassing tho e prehistoric animals in hot tombs of the seething lava bringing upon them agonies and horrors that cannot be expressed by language : and who wandering further watch the process of evolving planets, stars and the universe, but staggering futher come upon the dark illimitable incomprehensible Unknown. Here the utmost bounds approachable by the intellect of man are reached. Even though they see more clearly, entertain larger views than the old savages and semi-barbarous religion builders, nevertheless at this point they are as blind as all who have traveled before them, blinder probably for they see the impenetrable darkness more vividly.

The influences upon another class of men are extremely different from those of the former. Men of an ordinary cast of mind, not actuated by any desire to penetrate through the varied strata of ignorance, superstition and error, unaccustomed to see clearly beyond mere appearances received a unreal, lifeless aspect of the natural forces that are at this very moment actively engaged upon the earth and within it, upon all other heavenly bodies and within them and wielding their inexhaustable powers even through the immeasurable fields of interplanetary space. Individuals of shallow understanding taken cognizance of such teachings relinquish their trust in the old faith, because of its seeming inconsistency with recent thought and discovery. This brings a serious detriment upon their religion which forms the sole basis of a moral character.

The natural uncontrolled propensities are not toward moral excellence, without active interference, retrogression is a certain consequense and religion is the only agent, which with the mass of mankind has ever shown any decisive influence toward moral perfection. Thus the shallow devotee of the universal law of evolution ensures to himself by embracing its tenets, a precarious

moral constitution; the stay of his morality is gone and in its stead he has a handful of scientific terms.

Another class of individuals upon whom the knowledge of the doctrine of evolution has an injurious effect may be called the narrower religious class. The old Hebrew story of the creation has been inculcated upon them as a literal truth, to depart from which is to involve themselves in an inextricable network of complicated doubt, from which, with their limited sight they can find no way to escape. When these once relinquish their faith in the mysteries of the Almighty, by reason of an imperfect comprehension of these doctrines; they become miserable beings, alternating between belief in their creeds or nothing, or if in a common fanitical spirit they refuse to think, they return with greater blindness to the religion of their heart and cling more tenaciously to the thread bare garments of bigotry. Instead of ennobling themselves and their religion, they reduce it to a pitiful system by which they hope to escape from the inevitable consequences of universal law and from the fancies of disordered imaginations. To this particular class the new truths enunciated in the doctrine of evolution as many other scientific theories are the wiles of the devil; they cannot think of the steady irresistible, slow, persistent unfolding of Nature, as portrayed so vividly by geology, when the earth in its grand march toward completion by the combined forces of mineral, vegetable and animal kingdom, was undergoing its preparation for the arrival of a creature, endowed with an immortal soul. How wonderfully was this preparation made even for our benefit, yet how naturally was it required in the accomplishment of this great work of the creation that during certain periods of the earth's history, provision had to be made for the welfare of man. To illustrate: We are taught that during a certain period in the transformation of the earth, which we now call the Carboniferous age, abundant vegetation grew so luxuriantly as to constitute a thick forest vegetation for the first time in the history of the earth, and that through favorable circumstances of soil and climate, wisely inserted into the scheme of creation, this vegetation accumulated to great depths resulting in the triumph of the vegetable kingdom.

Then by the oscillation of the earth's crust, caused probably by internal contraction, these enormous primeval forest beds were converted into prehistoric "Dismal Swamps," and

sinking lower, where buried deep in the earth, slowly transformed into different varieties of coal; and again by means of these oscillations of the earth's crust, were forced to the surface. Had they remained buried deeply they would have been an utter waste.

This is but one instance of the beneficence and generous provisions made for man during the progress of creation. Thus the Carboniferous age at the time of its incipency was only appreciated by the Creator who even then, many millions of years ago, conferred illimitable blessings upon those yet unborn.

We on the other hand can appreciate this beneficence only as we compare the undisputed importance of coal and the metals, to the upbuilding and maintenace of industries, thence to the welfare and promotion of civilized society and education. The reflective mind then can only appreciate the wonders of creation and alone can be influenced and elevated by the significence of geological ages, as producing eternal changes toward beauty and perfection. Neither this religious class nor the careless class form any really intelligent idea of the Eternal. The former believe in words, the latter think in terms and both arrive at merely nominal conclusions. The vastness of the universe is not spread out before their gaze, for how can a shallow thinker attain to such an eminence of thought? And how may a believer to whom there is but a span of six-thousand years behind him, and further than that nothing, to whom the future is a golden blazing blank, grasp the tenth of an idea of eternity?

However no amount of thought can give us an adequate idea of the immensity of this solar system of ours, which is lost as an atom in the midst of the universe of stars and planets and other celestial bodies, of which probably we have not the faintest conception, nor the most shadowy idea of their existence. Were it possible to achieve an idea of its immensity, there still remains the truth, that what we have conceived as the universe is but an atom in a huger actuality, a cipher midst Infinity? And here in the attempt to grasp huger and huger existences, we are brought to the very verge of our powers, as to the edge of a precipice; hazy so far, but here a distinct edge, a sharp, defined limit to thought, and down below and beyond black darkness and impenetrable gloom.

On the other hand after contemplating the vastness of celes-

tial realities we consider the frail may-fly whose existence extends over hardly more than a day or two and then taking its last trip on wing, perishes forever; even though its confirmation, instincts and beauty apparently of so little value but essential to its existence; have taken probably millions of years to perfect. With a strange significence do we entertain the thought that after taking its existence, it should so soon be compelled to meet the agonies of death, for surely it feels the sting of death as keenly as does the largest giant in his fall. Yet even the great sun which has been burning already through untold ages and which shall in some millions of years, have dissipated all its heat, this sun is no more eternal than the insect we cruelly crush with our heel into the ground, in comparison with eternity little different from it, whose life has consisted of only a day or two, even thought the existence of the former has extended through millions of years. Even the wing of this insignificant creature is undoubtly the result of the combination of more circumstances than those which have founded empires or builded nations applying this thought to the geological ages, the results of the combined world building forces, compared with all history of nations, and all which is known of the existing world and its different phases during the last six thousand years are as a lesson in a child's primer.

Thus we have seen in the development of man's intellect, after passing through various stages of ignorance, semi-barbarism; and a sort of knowledge, after wondering, thinking, building up philosophical theories and religious systems, he has at last discovered in his mental search certain truths which have a decided elevating effect upon his moral life.

The stumbling block to the fanatic and the careless arises principally from incapability of comprehension and a substition of things by empty terms.

It may then be fairly assumed that a larger knowledge of the wonders of Nature, her workings, origin, and development would enable even these to embrace such teaching in admiration, and to remain strong in principle and religion.

In proportion then as our Ego is in harmony with the soul of Nature, in proportion as we love her, and are conscious of our ignorance in her mysteries, in proportion as we recognize the

impenetrability of the eternal, the origin of the universe, we will bend in adoration before the intelligence of the Almighty.

WILLIAM R. KLECKNER, '04.

MENDING THE BROKEN UMBRELLA.

(After a Vacation Experience.)

Did you ever mend an umbrella, the very umbrella that you have jealously guarded for years? To attempt it proves to be a royal road to learning.

We all have received literary prescriptions from our instructors, even before we were at college. Who has not been told to read Shakespeare, Milton and a host of writers? Here is a prescription that, at some time, was hastily jotted down in a note-book:

Read Macaulay for clearness; Burke and Bacon for logic; Homer and Scott for action; Bacon and Pope for conciseness; Milton for sublimity of conception; Stevenson and Kipling for vivacity; Shakespeare and Job for imagination; Benjamin Franklin for common sense; Milton, Virgil and Arnold for elegance; Burns, Whittier and Bunyan for simplicity; Addison and Hawthorne for smoothness; Jane Austen for interest in common things; Chaucer, Cervantes and Mark Twain for humor.

Should you feel that your leisure hours for reading these works are very limited; be a Jane Austen. Take an interest in common things. Take an interest in your broken umbrella and attempt to mend it. You will find a composite picture of the above works in so doing.

With a most self-complaisant smile playing over your countenance, you begin by searching for the best tools to the purpose. Of course, you are not a "regular" in this sort of thing. You snatch up what tools are nearest at hand. Quite likely you begin with a butcher-knife. You feel that there is something incongruous about this; but the umbrella will soon be mended. So with a goodly degree of self-forgiveness, you are reconciled to the butcher-knife and begin an adventure as unique as its discipline.

In a short time, it is found that for some reason or other, a butcher knife does not cut wire as readily as it was expected that it should,—a fact not sufficiently considered when you entered upon your adventure. So much will have become evident, at once. Here, indulgent reader, is clearness without a Macaulay. Without reading *The Conciliation* or *The Novum Organum*, you become more logical. Of course, the knife is dull and needs a whetting. That whetstone which you saw just the other day is not to be found even after searching all over the establishment—from among the carpet rags in the attic, which await sister Ann's amarrying to and through the coal-bin in the cellar. That old standby—an earthen pot—must do.

Homer's heroes, in search of Trojan triumphs, were no less inactive than you in your search for that particular whetstone. My reader's dear little brother, you can be extremely thankful just this once that there is such a bug bear as school; for, should you have happened to be at home; you, of course, would have been the very fellow who did not return the whetstone to its proper place which in this case is just where it is wanted. Great Scott! There would have been too much action for you!

At last the knife in question seems to have acquired an edge that verily "itches" to cut wires, coverings, ribs, thumbs and any other anatomy, be it yours or the umbrella's; and it does cut through them all as though they were a piece of bacon. The pope, imprisoned in the Vatican; and you, in a kitchen with its stove aglowing and the tea-kettle hissingly spouting its volumes of steam at you—both rise to the utmost heights of magnanimity and feel the first heart-throbs of vicarious sacrifice, the former by voluntary imprisonment, you by an innocent attempt to mend a broken umbrella.

To be still more concise, in what way can you the more readily work yourself up to entertain such noble thoughts which you never would have admitted were possible to be provoked by such means? But nevertheless what thoughts can be more sublime, more poetical in conception! Milton worked from early morning till late into the night for years and years to produce his master-piece; while you, in the twinkling of an eye, find yourself capable of forming conceptions, the same in degree if not in quantity. Surely, you have become greater than he, and all through the instrumentality of a vivacious butcher-knife, your

Stevenson and your Kipling.

Blood has been shed. You are utterly exhausted, and under a full head of honest perspiration. The work is but begun and unconsciously you experience the same mental perplexity as Shakespeare's Hamlet. Is the umbrelia to be or not to be mended? That's the question. It is evident that to continue your almost futile efforts under such enormous difficulties requires the perseverence of a Bruce and the patience of a Job. You realize that the mending of an umbrella and putting up a stove and its never-filling pipe are identical.

Common sense teaches you that if you ever have another umbrella to mend; you will gracefully and with a modest dignity hand it over to some "Weary Willie" who pretends to mend umbrellas. Moreover, it is supremely selfish to save a few paltry pennies which are dollars to the wretch. Poor Richard's timely talks discourse a culmination here that's not surpassed in other Franklin writings.

Ah! Who's there! The door bell rings. Visitors! You gather up the littered tools and materials, and yourself; slip on your coat; take a look at yourself in the mirror to see your bloodshot eyes and face growing redder at the thought of being caught thus, and you rush to the door in utter desperation to find that it's sister Ann with her arm full of bundles. Ye shades of Virgil! Was ever a soul more tempest-tossed ere it touched the Lavinian shore! O myriads of immortal spirits! O Powers almost matchless! What power of mind can resist the inspired elegance of winged speech that soars to the source from whence its prompted! O thou moon that shinest by the Crab, the moment has come again when I must to my broken umbrella!

* * *

Ann, would you please hold this end while I pass the wire around the handle several times to fasten it? Ann, out of sisterly sympathy, assists, and you readily observe that a division of labor tends to simplify matters a great deal. You take kindly to this arrangement, and Ann, admiring your enthusiasm and determined effort to finish your job, lends a helping hand while she forgets the baking omelet so nice and brown. Were Burns seeing you at work while Ann, at times, chuckles at your awkwardness in plying needle and thread; he would note "the true pathos and sublime of human life." Whittier would ex-

claim: "In mutual sufferance lies the secret of true living." Bunyan would have your burden roll away so that you see it no more. Your job is finished.

What need have you for an Addison to tell you that by this time you have been led into a great pleasure that the uninitiated are incapable of enjoying? Can you not verily converse with the picture you imagine you made while you were mending that dear old umbrella? Is not the same shade a most pleasing companion? Do you not meet with a secret refreshment whenever you attempt to describe your experience, and feel a great deal of satisfaction in doing so? Surely your umbrella, broken as it was, has taught you that you have some kind of property in all literature, and makes the most rude and uncultivated part of you administer to the pleasure of others. "Friends," as Jerrold says, "will forget to return umbrellas." But then you will look upon the world, as it were, in another light, and discover a multitude of charms that conceal themselves from all those who have not yet mended their own umbrellas.

In later years, after you have recited your story—How you and Ann literally mended a broken umbrella,—and have added an appendix to every new recital with the emphasis on the appendix, as fishermen, old soldiers, sailors and players do; you will enjoy the deepest and finest humor. Your grandchildren and great-grandchildren will look up into your wrinkled face, haloed by the snow of years, with their blue and sparkling eyes in an expectancy that can be satisfied only by another recital more interesting than before. You describe the genii of the shade and his attendant fairies. How they dance among the rain drops of an April shower, and play hide-and-seek among the toad-stools. Thus will you be King of them all. You shall sit enthroned in your children's hearts under a canopy of May-flowers, wrought by childrens' hands.

Therefore be your own story-teller. Should the world persecute and dispitefully use you; beg, as a last token of their former kindness, that they place your dear old umbrella, like Christopher's chains, in the casket with you that when you shall meet again you may reflect their glory with it and retain your own.—*Horace B. Ritter, '04.*

POEMS.

Horace. Lib. III; Carm. 10.

If you'd drink the distant Tanais,
  Married to some "missing link,"
Still you'd have a little pity
  When I'm freezing; don't you think?

Don't you hear the front door shaking,
  And Boreas in the trees?
Don't you see that I am standing
  In the snow above my knees?

Now don't try to rise above us,
  For your air-ship might explode.
Don't imagine you're an angel,
  When you're on the other road.

Though no gifts, it seems can move you,
  No, not even diamond rings,
Yet, for goodness sake, have pity
  When a freezing lover sings.

I can't stand this cold much longer,
  When the wind like fury blows.—
Come, and let me in, my Lyce,
  For, by Jove, I'm almost froze.

Horace. Lib, I; Carm. 32.

I am bidden to sing. If I've sung a gay song
With thee under the shade, which this year shall prolong
And the coming years too; come, then, sing me a song,
  Oh thou lyre of mine.

On thy strings, sang Alcaens his sweet tuneful lay,
Who, though valiant in war, in the midst of the fray,
Or, on shore, when he'd beached his ship, tossed night and day
  Still could sing odes divine.

He would sing then of Liber and also the Nine,
And of Venus and him, by her side, boy divine,
And of Lycus with eyes that with deep blackness shine,
  And with hair, just as fine.

Oh thou glory of Phoebus, sweet soother of care,
Who art pleasing to Jove in Olympia's air;
Be propitious to me, when I summon thee fair,
  Oh thou lyre of mine.—*J. B. '06.*

THE ARTIST'S LOVE.

My present situation often compelled me to go to unfamiliar places in search of news for an evening paper. Lee Kertse, a friend of mine, a promising and accomplished artist frequently accompanied me to drive away his "ennui" as he said. At the time of this narrative we were passing through a dimly lighted portion of the city. Houses were scattered here and there, each one as it seemed striving to survive in their struggle with time, whose rough hand had been laid upon many and many showed evidence of his mastery. The moon was calmy shouldering her passage among fleecy clouds, transforming this quaint place with her brilliant light into a region of weird and gloomy shadows.

We passed a house more gloomy than its neighbors, though more majestic in appearance. Tall and sublime trees surrounded it on every side. It was buried in a confusion of dismal shadows.

We lingered a moment taking in its stately grandeur, when suddenly a light streamed from one of the lower windows. The unearthly silence which reigned about the house, was broken by the rambling tones of one of Chopins' dainty preludes. The fingers glided swiftly over some melodious piano-forte. The music changed abruptly and entered now upon a mood creating rendition of some master. As the initials chords were struck, I recognized the classic strains, and we both stood entranced at the sensuous expression. Then followed a mixture of tones suggesting to the mind, a broken heart seeking relief in soaring above the grosser ideas of life. The tune seemed full of sadness, passionate in its desire for completing a project of unrequited love. We listened with awe to the crash of intermingling chords. A silence ensued, which was soon followed by the singing of a woman. A tender love song reached our ears, whose despondent trend caused my heart to open for the person who so expressed her sadness in sorrowful music.

I was so entranced that I lost the impression of my friend's presence. I finally turned to go, but on turning found myself standing alone under the gloomy shadow of those majestic trees.

"Lee! Lee!" I called softly, but no response came to my

call. I repeated it with more vigor, however with the same result

I approached nearer to the house as that seemed to be the only place where my friend could have gone. I came near the lighted window, in front of which I saw my friend. His face seemed pallid and with staring eyes looked eagerly into the room. The occupant of the room was seated meditatively at the pianoforte, resting her head upon her folded hands. The beautiful face, angelic in appearance, was so pure and clear, that it seemed as though wrapped in a mask of white. Care and thought were impressed upon the snow white forehead.

A low saddened cry came from where my friend was standing, "My Love ! My Love !" He stood with outstretched hands and murmured these words.

I saw that their must have been a romance in my friends life, of which I had no knowledge. A romance of an ill-fated love. From the conversation I had with him, I never thought his artistic nature could be capable of showing or having any appreciation of the most beauteous of God's work. I have often sat in his studio listening to his harangue concerning the vanities and follies of women. It seemed as if he tried to extirpate all contemplation of women from his person and mind.

"Grace! Grace, my love !" again rang gently among the murmuring trees.

These words seemed to reach her, she started and looked up. The same words again were softly uttered. She arose and with trembling lips and heaving bosom approached the open window. She stood there appearing like an ancient goddess enshrouded in a cloak of light.

Lee standing there with upstretched hands exclaimed, "Grace, my love, again I've found you."

A troubled look passed over her countenance, "Who's there, What !—you Lee. Have you forgot your promise, never to seek me again ? "

"No. I did not, but now that I've found found you, I will not let you from my sight again. I recognized that sweet refrain when I was passing, the one we so often sang together. Forget the importune moment when I made that rash promise. Remember I am innocent of that charge which you laid to me.

Allow me once more to come and see you."

The passionate longing of a tender heart was illumined in her star-like eyes and she was about to stretch forward her hands, when something recurred to her mind. She straightened to her full height, with an imperious gesture and angry frown, said, "Mr. Kertse, it grieves me that you so far forgotton yourself to address me. I have made a vow to relinquish all hopes of ever seeing you again. Undo the crime which you have committed, then perchance you may look into a woman's face, without blushing."

"Grace, darling do not again drive me away, Do not again disappear into such an outlandish place and make me distracted in searching for you. Before you bid me depart let me assert my innocence. You have never heard my statement. Grace as sure as there is a Creator above us this night, I assert my innocence and disclaim all connection with the charge which is so unjustly laid to my doors. I know the guilty party but before it was known he vowed me to secrecy and this is the result. The blame has always been put to me."

My friend grew quiet eloquent and talked rather loud, when the girl who had returned to her softened mood, gently exclaimed, "Lee! not so loud, my father may hear. Show me your guilty friend and I will believe you."

Seeing the misfortune of my friend. I quickly determined a plan of action in order to assist him. My mind fixed, I stepped from underneath the shadows. I knew naught of the crime with which he had been charged. But I was certain having come in daily contact with him, that with his nobleness of character, he could not have been guilty of any misdeed. With a slight bow I stepped into the light."

"Pardon me for intruding, but I chanced to overhear the remarks which have tended to inculpate my friend, Mr. Kertse. If the lady will accept my statement, I would presume to inform her that I am the person whose crime has been so unfortunately placed to my friend."

Before either were able to interrupt I turned hastily and left. When I was on the street I turned and saw him give her a fond kiss, while she gently said. "I always thought you innocent." I pursued my intended journey and left them standing at the window, one inside, the other outside with His Highness, Cupid hovering overhead.

The next day when I met my friend he did not have that joyous expression which might be expected from him. Although he greeted me very heartily.

"I am very grateful for what you did last night. It was the only possible way to overcome the difficulty in which I had been placed by circumstantial evidence. After you left, her father came upon the scene, as he always displayed enmity to me, he ordered me to leave and never to be seen again near his home. The reason of his enmity I know not. To-day when I went to see my darling, I was informed that they departed on an early train to go abroad, their luggage to be sent after them. So I have lost her again for how long I know not. However as we love each other. I live in hope that soon I will see her again."

* * *

Two years passed, but as I was informed by Lee his letters were returned unopened. He continually received letters from Grace, desiring to know the reason of his laxity in not answering her letters.

I had not seen Lee for several weeks, so I called at his studio and found him with a wan and sorrowful countenance, upon my asking the reason for his sorrow, he held out a letter which he received lately. It was from Grace:

Lee:—

Sweetheart—I am dying in this land of flowers and music. You will never see me again. For grim death is laying his mantle over me and soon I will depart to unknown regions. Could that I for a moment see you again! I loved you so tenderly. Why have you not answered my letters? But I'll not reproach you for I know you also love me. 'Tis hard to write this letter,—my hand trembles and tears are rolling down my cheeks. Emaciated as I am you would scarcely recognized your once beloved Grace. Sweet thoughts of a future union in those ethereal regions linger in my mind. I am growing weaker. My pen seems no more to follow the mind——love has had much sweetness, much sorrow for us both. Sweet have been the tender thoughts of our loving hearts. I send you one long passionate kiss——a farewell kiss,——no more will I see you——dim clouds are hovering about me. What are those strains which echo in my ears? Lee! are you here——I see your face

beside me——one more kiss have you given me. How weak I am! If God so will——see you— - above —— Love I—— farewe——.

The rest of the letter consisted of indiscriminate scrawls and blots. I handed it back and as evening send its soft shadows into the room, we were still sitting before the dismal extinquished fire hearth without either of us having uttered a word—'*04*.

PANAMA AND THE UNITED STATES.

There are events in the administration of every president, which stand out above all others, in their importance and bearing upon the future history of our country. They are the synonyms for the very names of the executives in whose administration they occured. Washington, by his faultless foresight and with the aid of Hamilton, established a centralized government out of the chaotic masses of local prejudices and forms of government. Thomas Jefierson's prophetic eye could see the spontaneous growth of the stripling republic, and he at once provided for its future expansion. Abraham Lincoln knew that, as long as slavery remained as an institution sanctioned, or at least allowed by the government, we were committed to a cause that reason could not defend, or the sword maintain in the sight of advancing civilization. Therefore, when the occasion arrived he issued his immortal Proclamation of Emancipation.

As these men established new precedents for the good of our country, so our respected president has made a distinct departure from former usage. He has foreseen the strategic value of the Panama Canal. He knows that it will be invaluable to our commercial supremacy, and our prestige as a world power. No one denies the value of the canal. Some believe, however that the United States committed a great moral error, when she recognized the independence of Panama, apparently to obtain pecuniary advantages. Now, if revolution is justified by history upon palpable cause; if we can show that Panama was not coerced into revolution by this country; and if we can prove, that this country did not violate a single precept of international

law, then the above insinuation proves to be false.

History is a chronicle of past events. In this chronicle we read of countless revolutions, some to satiate ambition, others to satisfy sweet revenge; some to win liberties, others to confine and imprison them. But there is not a single great cause in all history, that has redounded to the advancement of humanity, which was not won by revolution, peaceful or otherwise. The Grecian tyrants, when they limited the liberties of the people, were ostracized; the early Roman kings were dethroned for tyranny. When Rome tried to stifle the freedom loving German, by asking him to conform to her aggressions, support her provincial armies, tolerate her tyrannical governors and permit the ravages of womanhood, they revolted; and fortunate are we that they did. They were our ancestors; and theirs is the source from which Anglo-Saxon honor and virtue come. The blessings of Magna Charta were secured by the peaceful revolution of the English people. But there is a revolution, we love to point to, above every other, as the worthiest example of man's struggle against greed and tyranny, because its benign influences have encircled the globe. It is the American revolution of 1776. The torch of American civilization has given South America new life; is causing Russia to depart from absolute monarchy, and the East to awaken from the lethargy of stupidity, superstition and vice. These examples, among many others not mentioned, suffice to prove, that history justifies revolution upon palpable cause.

The Declaration of Independence holds this as self evident: —"That, whenever any form of government becomes destructive to Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness, it is the right of the people to alter and abolish it, and to institute a new government." Panama has applied this maxim correctly. On the Isthmus are located the most aggressive and intelligent citizens of all Latin America. They are business men and trade almost as shrewd as the Yankee, who wish to expand their trade, and in order to do so, must have peace at home and honor abroad. They could have neither, for Colombia has been disturbed continuously by factional strife since 1899. Panama paid her taxes, but never received an honest voice in legislation. Her prayer for internal peace was disregarded and private properly confiscated. When the people asked for the ratification of a treaty, which

would bring to the door of Colombia great commercial, educational and financial advantages, it was vetoed by the avaricious politicians of Bogota. Is it any wonder, that when peace was made tolerably certain on either side of the Isthumus, that Panama very quickly proclaimed a bloodless revolution, whose sole object was, to restore peace on the Isthmus in a way, that would give them permanent security? Governor Melendez of Colon said lately:—"Bogota has never granted the Isthmus of Panama the same rights, as were accorded other States of Colombia. No heed was paid to our votes, or to our just complaints and patriotic aspirations." Can a people have a better apology for self government? What hope for the future had Panama under the old regime? But she embibed the spirit of, if she did not read the poem,—

"God to the human soul,
And all the spheres that roll,
Wrapped by her spirit in their robes of light
Hath said, 'The primal plan
Of all the world and man
Is forward! Progress is your law your right."—

and established a progressive government.

It has been said, that the United States incited Panama to revolution. This charge is false and unwarranted. President Roosevelt said:—"No one connected with this government, had any part in preparing, inciting, or encouraging the late revolution. Panama cited her grievenceness and proclaimed her independence as we did." By the treaty of 1846, America guaranteed peace on the Isthmus. Had it not been for the American forces, which quieted all disturbances there, Colombian sovereignty would long since have passed away. For twenty years prior to 1886, when the present Colombian constitution was adopted, the Isthmus was practically a self governing state. At that time, by pledging the future equality of Panama, she was again induced to join the union; but these pledges were only made to be broken. Therein, and not at our instigation, lies the real cause of the revolution. These conditions compelled our government to recognize Panama as a separate nation, before all other nations of the world.

Lastly, the United States did not violate international law.

Her position in this matter is somewhat similar to that of France. No student of history will assert, that France was wrong, when she recognized our independence, because our cause was a just cause. But France was not committed to the cause of human liberty as we are. She was seeking revenge. Had the Bourbon crown only known, that the American triumph would be the very incentive to undermine the throne, recognition would never have been accorded us. History has vindicated France; it will likewise vindicate the United States. American had two great reasons for her position. First,time has made her the guardian of liberty. Therefore, to have subdued the revolution,—though admitting the justice of its cause,—would have been, to cast away the very principles for which our forefathers bled and died. Second, there is a law respected by all the world powers to-day, the law of International Eminent Domain,—which the United States also upholds. Colombia has no progressive government. Her people live in stupidity and ignorence. When the canal is built, the resources of the country will be developed and the people educated. America will come into closer relations with all of South America, and thereby impress upon her the benign spirit of Christian liberty and equality. This will be a blessing to unmumbered multitudes yet unborn throughout all the world.—*J. M. S. '07.*

SPRING.

After the long siege of Winter
Glad nature smiles once more;
From their beds the tulips are springing
The snow-drops will soon be o'er.

The Winter gave way to the Springtime
As our grief gives way to joy;
" 'Twas a cloud with a silver lining,"
As the prophet said, o'er and o'er.

With gladness and yet with sorrow
We see cold Winter depart;
For there are joys in winter
Dear to the youthful heart.

Our eyes roam o'er the valleys
Clothed in their lovely green.
And we think of the great Creator
How all powerful he seems.

Can we not see in all nature
The torch of an unseen hand,
From the tiniest bud or blossom
To the tallest tree in the land.

In this glad season of springtime.
We have ever on our mind
The resurrection of one who died
For the salvation of mankind.

Let us strive by our every action.
To be worthy of such a love:
And mode our future lifetime.
After him who reigns above.

—O. W. Nickum, '07.

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Editorials.

THE NEW PRESIDENT OF MUHLENBERG COLLEGE.

The acceptance of the call to the Presidency of Muhlenberg College, by Rev. John A. W. Haas, D. D. marks another significant point in the history of this institution. The new incumbent seems a man well adapted to assume control at this critical stage of the College's history and doubtless will imbue it with additional vigor for its advance with the other institutions of a similar nature. The Board of Trustees were confronted with a serious problem in selecting a successor to the late lamented Dr. T. L. Seip, one not only requiring deliberation, but also requiring the concentration of wisdom and careful judgement for the solution of this problem, so that it would be satisfactory to all people concerned. The field which had to be covered in such a search was large, nevertheless in the selection of Dr. Haas, the committee appointed by the trustees to recommend a person to fill the vacancy, without doubt recommended

a person, who with his personal characteristics is one pre-eminently adapted for the place. The judicious selection was ratified unanimously by the Board of Trustees, which shows the confidence that his high renown as a scholar and educator have inspired Unquestionably he will be a worthy successor to Dr. Seip whose reputation and attainments as a scholar were widely known.

In referring to the life of Dr. Haas, allow us to assume the privilege of using the words as they were presented to the trustees in the report of the Committee.

"Dr. John A. W. Haas is one of the foremost scholars and educators of the Lutheran Church of America. He is secretary of the General Council's Committee on Education, which embraces within itself the heads of all the colleges and seminaries within the bounds of the General Council. With Prof. H. E. Jacobs, D. D., he is editor of that standard work of our church, "The Lutheran Cyclopedia." He is the author of 'St. Mark' in the Lutheran commentary and of two of the most widely read books published in the Lutheran Church within the last few years, namely, 'Bible Literature' and 'Biblical Criticism.' He is an authority recognized in European universities in the fields of ethics and historical criticism. He is the successful founder and organizer of the Lutheran New Testament Society of New York, and is in living touch with such German University professors as Dr. Johannes Kunze, Dr. Theodore Zohn and Dr. O. Zockler.

"Dr. Haas is an accurate and accomplished linguist, and in the University of Pennsylvania where he graduated in 1883 he was awarded the matriculate Greek prize of the first rank, and the Junior Greek prize. Dr. Haas graduated at the Philadelphia Seminary in 1887 and completed his education at the University of Leipzig, Germany, in 1887 and 1888.

"Dr. Haas is forty-one years of age, with the best years of his life before him and with a capacity for technical scholarship of the highest rank and for hard practical work in executive lines, which are extraordinary. He combines in himself the accomplishments of the learned scholar, the popular orator, and and the personal and warm hearted friend.

"Dr. Haas is the son of the late John C. Haas, for many years teacher and organist in the Old Zion's and St. Michael's

Lutheran congregations, and inherits to an unusual degree the teaching instincts and pedagogical insight of his father. He is married to a sister of George D. Bochen, of New York, a prominent Lutheran and a successful publisher.

With such a personage at the head, the dim future of a Greater Muhlenberg brightens. Using the words of a contemporary : "It may not yet be all fair sailing for Muhlenberg, but a strong hand will rest upon the helm, a skillful pilot has been chosen, the ship is staunch and the crew is true. The harbor is already visible to the eye of hope and the vision of faith, and Greater Muhlenberg will be great in name, great in its mission and great in that broad stream of culture and scholarship which is destined to flow out of its portals."

ANNUAL INTER-COLLEGIATE ORATORICAL CONTEST.

The twelfth annual contest of the Pennsylvania Oratorical Union was held on Friday evening, March 11, 1904, in Pardee Hall, Lafayette College. The presiding officer was Wm. N. Yearick, Pres. P. I. O. U. The judges were Prof. F. M. Parrot, of Princeton University ; Pres. Geo. M. Phillips, of West Chester Normal School ; Rev. H. C. Rondthaler, of the Moravian Theological Seminary. The contest was an excellent one and every participant rendered his oration in a manner speaking well both for him and the institution from which he came. The representative from this institution was Warren Acker. The program was as follows :

Invocation .	Rev. H. H. Rupp, of Easton
Address .	Wm. N. Yearick, Pres. P. I. O. U.
"The Golden Age"	Warren F. Acker, Muhlenberg College
"A World's Example"	John Fulton, F. and M. College
"New Empires of the East and West"	Rexford Harrower, Lehigh University
"David Livingstone"	Stacy L. Roberts, Lafayette College
Music by Lafayette College Glee, Banjo and Mandolin Club	
"The Educated Man's Duty"	Harold W. Mowery, Swarthmore College
"The American Boss System"	Edwin M. Sando, Ursinus College
"The Russian Advance"	Wm. Wallace Barkley, Gettysburg College
Music by Lafayette College Glee, Banjo and Mandolin Club	

The decision of the judges was then announced, who awarded the first prize to Stacy L. Roberts, Lafayette College; second prize to Wm. Wallace Barkley, Gettysburg College, and honorable mention was given to John Fulton, Franklin and Marshall.

The prizes were two in number and were awarded for excellence in thought, composition and delivery, on the basis of 100 per cent. for excellence in each.

Personal.

Past—Vacation.

Present—Base ball practice.

Coming—Freshman,—Sophmore base ball game.

Enterpea Literary Society officers: President, Fisher, '04; Vice President, Sigmond, '05; Recording Secretary, Illick, '07; Corresponding Secretary, Sterner, '06; Chaplain, W. Smith, '06; Pianist, Kuhns; Critics, Haines, '04, Keller, '04.

Sigmond, '05, left for Grand Rapids, Michigan, where he will preach for his brother during the summer.

Senior officers: President, Fisher; Vice President, Sherer; Secretary, Wutcher; Treasurer, Reichard; Monitor, Smith.

Tallman, '05, is an assistant teacher at the Keystone Normal school, Kutztown, for the spring term.

Junior officers: President, Kline; Vice President, Weibel; Secretary, Gernet; Treasurer, Shankweiler; Monitor, Dries.

Sophomore officers: President, Drey; Secretary, Butz, Monitor, Landis; Treasurer, Neff.

Dr. E. (in Horace), "Who was the gentleman lover in this ode."

Smith, '06, "Chloe,"

Kern, '05, translating "*The paleys ful of peples.*" "The palace full of pebbles, (people)."

Book Review.

"My Friend Prospero," By Henry Harland, McClure, Phillips & Co.

The exquisite juggling of words so much used in the American school of fiction is to be deplored, and especially so when a person picks up a book like the one recently written by Mr. Harland. His literary style has improved wonderfully since the appearance of "The Cardinal's Snuff Box" upon the market. The scene of "My Friend Prospero" is laid under the blue and romantic skies of Italy. The *dramatis personæ* are a dark-eyed, incognito princess, who possessed a voice as Mr. Harland expresses it; "finished, polished, delicately modulated," an English hero, always merry and laughing, who believed in thoroughly enjoying life; an aristocratic "fairy" and a whimsical outspoken child. The entire book is so *sweet* and so luscious that it becomes monotonous and apt to tire the patience of the readers. The radiant and epithetic literary style is so redundant with flowery and poetic expressions that the author's energetic application must be commended. As the story is one of love, and love never happens to become an insipid theme, many readers will eagerly peruse it. The reading public likes tales of love that run smooth and especially so when one or more of the characters concerned are of the nobility.—*D.*

"The Russian Advance." By Albert J. Beveridge, Harper Brothers.

While the war guns are booming and death casts its dark mantle over the lines of Russian and Japanese forces, the book by Senator Beveridge, entitled "The Russian Advance," presents to the mind a new line of thought and casts another light upon the character of the now contemned Russians. Senator Beveridge thoroughly brings to view the systematic thoroughness of the Russian method in their work of progress, and writes as a person well acquainted with their capacity for advancing in the line of progress. He shows the wonderful and successful work which they have accomplished in Manchuria,—where Manchurian towns have risen from filthy, disorderly cities to up-to-date Russian towns. He emphasizes the relation of American trade with nations of the Orient, and during which brings out a wonderful amount of information; which to the careful student must be full of thought. The book is somewhat

tedious on account of the multiplicity of words and thoughts often repeated. But in spite of this the student should pay careful attention to the work as one whose contents should be in the possession of every well-read man and futhermore because it presents a valuable view in studying the character of the *now* unfavorable Russians.—*D.*

"The Adventure of Gerard" By A. Conan Doyle. McClure, Philips & Co.

The moods and tempers of people change. Sometimes, they wish this, other times, that. But the people who have followed the interesting and startling adventures of Sherlock Holmes, have never grown tired of him and with unusual avidity seize upon any new story wherein he appears. The many persons who have found the cool and analytical mind of Sherlock Holmes so interesting and irresistible, will turn over the pages of "The Adventures of Gerard" by Mr. Doyle, with something of a lacking interest. This work does not possess that same irresistible magnetism which hastened the return of Sherlock Holmes into the land of the living. The hero of "The Adventures of Gerard" is a personage by the name of Etienne Gerard, a brigadier in Napoleon's army and who was present at every engagement. The reason for this work not possessing the same interest as the other's written by Mr. Doyle lies in the fact that instead of having a Boswell as Mr. Holmes had, Brigadier Gerard must narrate his exploits personally. For this reason it is only natural that he should convey his adventures to us somewhat in a cold and unassuming manner. These stories take us to the different parts of Europe and are so adventurous, that they recall to the mind those similar startling adventures narrated by Baron Munchausen. Although these stories do not possess the same unfailing interest for the reader as many previous works by the same author, yet they show the wonderful resources which A. Conan Doyle has at his command when he desires to tell a story and at the same time tell it well.--*D.*

Exchanges.

Another month has passed and it has again been our pleas-

ure to drink the Nectar which the literary cup-bearers have poured upon the pages of their college journals. In this age of the college world, when athletics hold such an important place, it is gratifying to those literarily inclined to be assured that the mind of the college student is being preserved in health as well as the body. Addison well says that, "Reading is to the mind what exercise is to the body." That many students realize this fact is evident from the excellence of many of the productions which it has been our privilege to review. That the standard of a college may be judged in many ways is true, but it must be generally admitted that the college which is unable to publish a good weekly or monthly is lacking in one of the most essential requirements for all college training. No matter what course in life one expects to pursue, if he neglects to cultivate the habit of reading, he will always be at a disadvantage. In technical schools this part of college training is apt to be slighted as is evident from their publications; which are usually below par. Even in schools where classical training is emphasized, students may be so engrossed with their text books that everything else receives no attention. Class standing, however, should not be the only object in one's college life, and he who cultivates the habit of reading will obtain a more precious legacy; and while the words of Fenelon may be somewhat radical, they bear quotation: "If the riches of India, if the crowns of all the kingdoms of Europe were laid at my feet in exchange for my love of reading, I would spurn them all." Let us remember that one of the best ways in which any student can show his loyalty to his *Alma Mater* is by doing his share to make her literary publications worthy of the admiration of her sister institutions.

The March number of the *College Folio* contains several interesting articles, all of which are worthy a careful reading.

In an editorial the Editor-in-Chief of the *Delaware College Review* defends his publication from the many criticisms it has received for printing selections from Bryant and Wordsworth instead of any original poetry from the student body. He justly claims that there is a distinction between "the unfeeling jingling rhymes and the real poetry which soothes and elevates the soul." While it is true that some colleges may have enrolled among their student body those who are able to write *poetry*, many of the selections that are often published serve only the purpose of covering space.

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No. 9.

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THE MUHLENBERG.

"Literae Sine Ingenio Vanae"

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TWILIGHT.

Oh sweet the hour when, in the glowing West,
The sun's last footprint fades upon the sky,
When all the flowers in the gardens rest
And lingering daylight then begins to die.

When, in the mystic, dreamy twilight air,
We walk beside the maiden whom we love,
And see the shadows deep'ning everywhere
And see the twinkling stars come out above.

When, in that dim, uncertain, hazy light,
We note the charming outlines of her face,
And look, and look, enraptured by the sight
And long to linger ever in that place.

Oh then an ecstasy, sublimely sweet,
Sweeps through the soul, as storms upon the shore,
Until the throbbing waves of longing meet
And kiss the sand that lines Love's shining shore.

'Tis then, in twilight's quiet, soothing hour,
Life's gloomy phantoms quickly disappear,
And, rising from a sweet ambrosial bower,
The fairy form of blissful dreams appear.

J. B. '06.

OUR SOCIAL FABRIC.

We boast of a multiplied population, an extended territory and augmented wealth. It is said that we worship "the almighty dollar." But husbands and wives, preachers and laymen, teachers and pupils, masters and men, physicians and scholars will still be with us long after money has ceased to be our apparent life-blood.

The lives of our social institutions are measured by decades and centuries. Hence the life of an individual is far too brief to note social tendencies of an inner change and an outer power with a goodly degree of certainty. Who can measure the height and depth, the length and width of love and hate, courage and fear, wisdom and righteousness, of sin and insanity--the combined strength of which makes or unmakes the moving cause, and controls the progress of humanity? Who can rightly discern a civilization in which religion must be forever the great transforming agency where education converts each rising generation into citizens, and a Christain government bends us all to the social will? Happy is the man who finds between cold and condensed lines the hidden meanings of his country's history. No two historians exactly agree as to facts, much less as to their import. Yet the interpretation of historic fact and their correlation incarnate and embody the very human principles of thought and motive which decide what springs of action are at work in our social institutions. Therefore it is highly important to become acquainted with the nature and development of the family, of the church, of the school, of the state and of occupations and professions; for, no one liveth and no one dieth by himself, in this world of interdependent men and women. We are purposely knit together by inseparable and innumerable bonds.

The story of American family life anticipates the history of the nation. The family of the early settler was exactly the same as the family of to-day. It was composed of one husband, one wife, and their children. Practically there were minor differences. Today these differences are serious and important.

When, in 1830, Joseph Smith, Jr. proclaimed the new revelation; he began the most formidable assault ever made in the

history of civilization against the family as social evolution has been shaping it. The ignorant and superstitious, the ambitious and the base gave him almost at once strong support. The practice of polygamy was extended. Missionaries in all the States and territories and in many foreign countries proclaimed the new way of salvation both for men and for women. Tithings enriched the church; until now Mormonism, with its 200,000 adherents controling 350,000 square miles of territory—a territory larger than the total area of France and Great Britain, and with its apostle standing at the very doors of Congress, is ominous with peril to the integrity of our nation and of our society. Dr. Strong well says: "As yet we seem to be more sensible of the disgrace of Mormonism than of its danger. The whole civilized world may well wonder that such a hideous caricature of the Christian religion should have appeared in this enlightened land."

But Mormonism is by no means the only attack made upon the very structure of the family. At various times and places, communities have sprung up under the fostering care of some natural leader of men, which have based their claims for a new social order upon some new "revelation." These revelations, Mormon or otherwise, have there roots in the superstition of the people. This Congress can never legislate away. The salvation of the home lies in Christian education and the preaching of the Gospel.

Between 1778 and 1844, women as freeholders were disfranchised. But now while the free holding woman has lost the suffrage; the married woman has gained a new and very important right to hold property for herself. Since woman has been crowded out of politics, generally speaking; she has gained a separate legal existence and a relative independence; but she has also lost that very claim upon her husband which complete economic dependence upon him after marriage really gave her. Economic opportunities open many gateways to independence for her. The making of a home is, therefore, no longer socially compulsory. Hence the functions of the home and the duties of the wife and mother in the home have been steadily decreasing in number. This is notably true in towns and cities.

The consequence is that children, Topsy-like, simply grow up in a place called home but really a boarding and lodging

house conducted in the cheapest or most convenient way possible. And owing to these days of systems and associations, clubs, societies of nurses and governesses, the children are placed in their charge while the parents are who knows where. The public, private or parochial school teaches the children, and the Sunday School, a place of pretension and intention, is considered able to provide them with means to secure sufficient religion for an efficient fire-escape. Surely, it is my humble and sincere opinion that it is about time as far as the Sunday School is concerned to veer about and also work towards the goal from the other end.

There is also very little housekeeping of the good old-fashioned kind, and comparatively few families take pride in gardening. The bread and most of the pies and cakes are bought. The washing is let out. The carpets are cleaned by some Star Cleaning Company at so much per yard. There is very little home sewing; for, the womens' and girls' dresses and the mens' and boys' suits of clothes, often the undergarments, and always hats, boots, shoes and stockings are bought at the stores. The mothers go to the physicians or to the free dispensaries of the larger cities for advice and medicine for themselves, or their children when sick. Scrubology, bakology, cleanature and genuine housekeepism, together with the full science of babyology are neglected at leisure hours in order to read the latest on how to grow plump or reduce fat, to remove freckles, warts, moles and superfluous hair, prevent wrinkles, what store has bargain day, stamp day, be they red, yellow or blue, besides the latest style of hat and dress.

On the other hand, in justice to the guiltless let it hastily be said that the opposite sex has its faults which are too well known to the other to be enumerated. It is not insisted upon that the traditional rolling-pin shall be a sceptre not an instrument of drudgery. But it has, however, uses that are highly beneficial to the mutual parties. In justice, then, many a man, to all other intents and purposes, a good husband and father has worn out his wife waiting on him. Whose fault is it? Is it impertinent to ask where has the sturdy independence of our forefathers gone? The question is worthy of a brown study.

These things are certainly not pleasing to a social observer

who, at the same time, may be "smitten;" since they go to show that the home has surrendered too many duties to the church, to the school, to professions and to business; because of *indifference* because of *Pride*, or downright *Laziness*.

Further, the family has lost and is yet losing some of the most promising women who, rather than marry, prefer to earn enough to keep up appearances whatever sort of thing that may mean. They prefer to be tea-drinking, cat-caressing old maids. Hence the making of homes comes later in life than it did years ago. When it is made the chances for its unmaking are greater after the social masks are removed.

Therefore, we may say that while the woman of to-day has less to do personally in the home, while she is, perhaps, better educated for her sphere and earns more money; she has also lost *seriousness* in her existence. Society loses much by this. The integrity of the home as the unit and centre of social forces began to disappear with the advent of the factories of the industrial revolution and of the free public schools of the intellectual awakening half a century ago. A well-inaugurated matrimonial revolution and awakening which secures desirable women places them in reasonably-provided homes and keeps them there is in my humble opinion a panacea for this ill.

Slavery produced what is called plantation families. These were characteristic of the patriarchal families of ancient and oriental lands. For them, the South fought the civil war. These families were great economic centres, and their overthrow by the war was by no means wholly beneficial. To-day, the schools at Hampton and Tuskegee approach them as efficient substitutes. The disintegration of the plantation family has added new duties to the sphere of the school.

My treatment of the family would be incomplete without alluding to marriage and divorce. Suffice it to say that the tendency is to delay marriages in the more comfortably situated classes. The stork increases the children of the less competent faster than the children of the better classes. There is also an increasing ease in securing divorce, while it truly weakens the family tie; it may tend to lighten even the burdens of those who remain wedded. I treated the family at some length because it

is the very unit of society and the Home is the pillar of the State.

It is not so many years ago that the church could claim but two members among all the students of a great New England College. Perhaps the ministers at their homes, posing as autocrats, lost their prestige. Today, the minister is no longer the first authority in all public and private affairs; but he is gaining new and better positions. Cultural, educational, social and charitable functions are assumed in place of political.

The greatest achievements of our churches were *national*! Along with the pioneer farmer, and just behind the pioneer hunter and fur trader, has gone the home missionary. Practically every church west of the Alleghanies was once a mission church and dependent upon some Missionary Association of the East. This Christian zeal, this philanthropy is true statesmanship! Moreover, these Missionary Associations are more than philanthropic; they are cosmopolitan and humanitarian. The astonishing fact is that, so far as the church treasuries are concerned, they have been like the widow's cruse of oil and barrel of meal, not copiously full yet never empty. And only the churches which have supported home and foreign missions have themselves prospered.

The school focuses the new destinies of humanity. It is constantly assuming new duties and functions. It alone seems able and ready to confront the perils of the plutocracy which threatens our democracy. Its great danger now is, as Dr. Strong says, that between the upper and nether millstones of Romanism and Secularism, all religion will be ground out of our public schools.

Secondary and higher education, too, are more and more differentiated to make contributions to any and every sort and condition of man and woman.

While the state took upon itself the duty to educate its citizens; it attempts to do what is not well done by private enterprise. There are for or five forms of the state which society is organized to govern. The most powerful and extensive in its relation to the individual is the state upon which county, town, and school district depend for authority. The national government figures largest in the public eye. To discuss any one of these forms would require too much space; but here are a few

prominent and salient points.

In 1789, Congress committed the nation to the extension of free public education. Of course, it is needless to say it was not enforced. In the time of the civil war, the Homestead acts encouraged home-owning and small holdings of land. That the national legislation must have increased between these two acts and then between these and our recent wars in Cuba and China is evident from our expansion and growth. The nature of legislation changed as greatly, as seen in new cabinet positions, bureaus, and new international policies. What quality of man meets these conditions so that the government suffers not? Of course, the best and strongest are needed to hold the reins of government. How long a competent driver of a spirited horse shall hold the reins is answered by reason and common sense. Are not the cases analogous? At any rate, any attempt to place the reigns of the government into the hands of a novice should always be crushed by a sincere and honest ballot. As yet the state, the nation and even the courts, and the various departments increasingly subordinate themselves to the purposes of the great business men; for, these are, like Louis XIV, the state so long as patient voters permit it. Indeed, the government in creating private corporations by public law has created its own despots. The one great problem to be solved is the taxation of "private" property, and the securing of a suffrage at once loyal to society's best interest and wise enough to forward them.

Lastly and briefly as to professions and occupations. Today, professions are increasing and occupations are legion. In the last hundred years they have increased ten-fold. We know some of the results. Everything is specialized. While this increases power and develops latent capacities, it also produces an intensified susceptibility. Our life is consequently fuller and more intense. There is, however, no such a thing as rest. As a result nervous systems break down, failures, disease and suicide are rampant. To keep on our feet, we imbibe freely that which hurls us into the gutter. We pay almost $1,500,000,000 a year for the sensation besides the subsequent sacrifice of business, name and family. Yet it is said that professions and occupations are in the infancy of their evolution. Then, to secure the nice balance between enterprise and personality, and maintain it upon the fulcrum of economic and Christian principles is the duty of each and all towards his country and his God.—*Horace B. Ritter, '04.*

A LOCK OF AUBURN HAIR.

The sumptuous furnished room of the club house was dimmed with the fumes of dense smoke as it rose lazily from the cigars of the several men present. Their lounging position characterized them as men of leisure. The expression of weariness was upon the faces of them all.

"This looking at each other is simply awful," said one of the men. "Can't some one tell a story or do something to liven things up a little?

"Oh! That reminds me, I have something to show you, fellows," said a person somewhat younger than the rest. "I picked it up in the hall the other evening, perhaps some one can tell me to whom it belongs"

While thus speaking, he opened a dainty note book and thereupon a small piece of paper fell to the floor. He quickly stooped and tried to return it to his pocket, before it attracted anybody's attention. But this caused special attention toward the package which he tried to conceal.

The men perceived that there was something unique in the action of their young friend and immediately clamored for a knowledge of its contents.

"It's nothing! only a—a- several locks of hair," exclaimed the young man.

"What about them?" asked a pompous looking man who sat in the corner. Every one then became desirous to know the reason for his carrying them, and to tell them the story of the hair if only to relieve the monotony of the evening.

The young man assented and those present drew their chairs nearer to him and he began his narrative.

"It's not much of a story, only a little incident which occurred in my college course. About three years ago when I was a Senior at college, I was also connected with the college monthly in the capacity of exchange editor. As is the custom even to the present time, different colleges exchange their journals. One day as college was drawing near to an end, I received a magazine or college journal from a College for women. Upon opening the place where the exchange columns usually are, I saw a bunch of long auburn hair. The same which I dropped

a few minutes ago. Whether they were put there intentionally or accidentally, I did not know, but still their being there seemed somewhat queer to me."

"So I carefully took them and wrapped them in a paper, hoping one day to meet the girl from whose head they came. The longer I had them in my possession the more precious they became and finally I was in love with a girl whom I never had seen but from whose tresses I had a portion. The examinations were done and few weeks remained until commencement. So I then determined to visit the place where the College was from which I received that journal and its precious contents, and attempt to find the original owner of the hair." "With this determination I quickly arrived at a small city. It was a most disagreeable day. Rain was falling in torrents and the wind was blowing with terrific speed. Coming from the station I was attracted by the sight of a young girl struggling with an umbrella which the wind was turning inside out. She made frantic efforts in her struggle with the all-powering fury of the wind but met with very little success. I hastened and offered my assistance which was received with a very grateful look. The wind abated somewhat and I tried to turn the umbrella cover to its normal position, at the same time I examined the girl. Before this I had never cared much for girls, only showing them the respect which is due to them. A peculiar feeling passed through me when I looked into her eyes. Her complextion was beyond comparison. In short she seemed to me to be ideal. My heart was jumping and bumping away at a fearful speed. I was not quiet certain whether it was in my throat or the place where it ought to be. After she murmured her thanks, the climax was reached. I was what you generally call dead-in-love. Some minutes afterwards, I found myself walking by her side talking very confusedly. How I came to be walking at her side I can not to this day realize. Before we had gone very many steps, I made the startling discovery that the hair in my pocket closely resembled the girl's. But was she the original owner of those highly prized hair in my possession? I soon discovered she attended the school from which I received the journal and also was connected with the staff of the journal. I did not say anything to her about my sentimentalism. The next day I———."

A sleepy looking fellow stopped him and exclaimed with a

yawn. "I can finish that story of yours. Narratives of that nature always begin and end the same. The next day you accidentally-on-purpose met her again, which was repeated day after day and finally you related your devotion and the nonsense about the hair which so captivated and pleased her that she promised to become your darling wife. Soon afterwards you married. Is this not true?"

"Engaged but not married," hotly said the young man. "But you don't need to get excited about it. I related it at the request of these gentlemen and not from my own desire."

He looked to the other gentlemen for sympathy but to his chagrin discovered that most of them were sleeping. He quickly rose and left murmuring something which sounded similar to words not found in the dictionary.—'*04*.

RUSSIA AND JAPAN.

The war in the East is the result of an aggressive foreign policy between two nations; the inevitable clash of the great interests and race tendencies of the East. The manner of its termination will decide the future of the Orient; whether Russia shall retreat forever as a first class nation; whether China shall remain intact; whether Japan shall control the East, either politically or morally; or whether England shall be allowed unmolested, to continue her aggressions in Thibet and thence to all Asia.

The great political conditions in Europe and America, from present appearances will remain fixed for a long time. England will be mistress of the seas. Germany will continue to gain prestige on the continent; or some other power, by seizing a favorable opportunity may wrest it from her. America will continue her control of the largest sea coast in existence. But whatever changes in prestige may occur, they will not change the political conditions of the west. These are staple. All the great changes in government, in the social condition of the people and in trade will take place in Asia in the next half century. These changes, or rather, who shall bring them about, is a question equally as vital to the future equilibrium of the world,

as well as its civilization, as the Persian invasion was to the Greek, the Carthegian aggression to the Roman and the Saracen invasion to Europe. For they will determine, whether Western civilization, shall continue unabated, throughout the world, in its progress hitherto; or whether its influence shall be limited to the hemisphere of the West. The two nations now at war, being the primary actors in the drama, will largely decide and direct these changes. Therefore by comparing the internal conditions, the legitimate claims and the objects of both nations in the East we may determine, at least morally, which should be the great factor in its development.

To the American public the real character of the Japanese is an unknown quantity. They have made phenomenal progress in the arts of war and peace, in commerce, in many industries, in sciences and in education, upon which we estimate their character. But these estimates are all derived from highly colored works, written by optimistic travelers, or by the clever Japanese residing in this country, whose sole purpose it is to enlist the sympathy of America in favor of Japan. A noted writer who had abundant opportunity to study the Japanese character said:—"It has been stated that the Japanese have no morals, but this is quite untrue. They have no moral ideals so cherished by Western civilization. The beauty of the moral principle—right for right's sake—is quite incomprehensible to the Japanese mind. In the Japanese philosophy it is right to do anything which is wise and wrong to do anything which is foolish; beyond this there is no right or wrong, good or bad." In business the Japanese is honest when honesty is the best policy and dishonest whenever it seems possible. The merchant who does not take advantage of an opportunity to cheat by giving short weight, or substituting an inferior quality of goods considers himself a fool. The man who does not break his plighted word if it is advantageous for him to do so, is stricken by his philosophic conscience."

Many American and European business firms have fallen victims of this spirit. Japanese firms have placed orders in America and Europe, and if the value of the merchandise fell while in transit, they did not hestitate to repudiate the orders and buy on the spot. Consequently, these firms will not accept such orders, unless they receive them through the medium of a foreign firm in Japan, which assumes the responsibility for the same, whether the Japanese merchant accepts the goods or not.

Chastity is of no importance, except to the wife. Japanese philosophy teaches, that she must be virtuous to retain the honor of the home and of prosperity; and in justice to her let it be said, that she is a model of virtue. But the husband may be a profligate, or may have concubines, provided he does not squander more of his worldly goods than he can afford; then only will he be condemned. The wife is the slave of the husband. In fact she delights in this and in her self immolation for her religion say, "only through self-sacrifice shall you enter heaven."

These facts are enough to prove that Japan has adopted everything in Western civilization except the religion; and this she will not accept, because she considers Japanese philosophy much superior. "Her ideals, her sympathies, her attitude toward the great central facts of life remain what they were. The Japanese is no travestied Westerner, he remains true to himself, to his race, to his traditions, while conforming to the demands of a dominant civilization." How then can she fight the battles of Western civilization, when she herself has not adopted the fundamental maxims from which our civilization has come?

The age preceding the coming of Christ was the most brilliant of all the ages of antiquity. Philosophic thought had almost reached its zenith. It gave to the world Plato; it heard the thundering eloquence of Demosthenes; and saw the Olympian Jupiter fresh from the hand of Phidias; yet with all its glory and its gifted men, that age and the spirit of it cannot be compared with the spirit of our era. Nor can Japanese civilization be at all compared with the civilization of Greece. She has given to the world no great philosopher, no great poet, no great orator, no great arts, no great laws, and in the light of the present she will not for generations to come, since comparatively few of her citizens become Christians. How absurd then, that she is fighting the battles of Western civilization.

Russia has no constitutional monarchy. She has no educational system watched over and nourished by the government. Her average school attendance is only one and a half per cent. In the United States it is fifteen per cent, and in Japan it is ten per cent. We regret her ignorance and commend Japanese education. But Russia has a conspicious quality, which greatly compensates her ignorance in comparison with Japan. Friendly critics will call it deep religious faith; hostile critics will call it

deep ignorant superstition. But call it what you will; they accept, without doubt, the teachings of the Bible, as they have been taught. They confidently believe that God is personally superintendi ng the affairs of the world, and that the Czar is the commissioned officer to carry out his mandates. Such a system does not produce as high a standard of morality as the democratic school system; but it is far in advance of Japanese morality, if the doctrines of the New Testament carry weight. It is a a system of morality, that leads to deeds of heroism which otherwise would not be looked for.

A worthy example of this heroism is the retreat of Napoleon. Hitherto the legions of France advanced without interruption, with the pomp and power of unconquerable heroes. Napoleon, with the arrogance of a world conqueror, believes in his inviolability. But suddenly, he finds a people with Napoleonic shrewdness and cunning, luring him far away from his base of supplies and with the patriotism to burn their own sacred hearthstones so as not to permit him to secure any. Now his intentions are frustrated, his men shivering, his supplies gone, and the enemy fiercely fighting. We must retreat. Oh, the miseries of the retreat from Moscow. It was the thundering, unmistakable prophecy that Napoleon could be conquered. Yea, it was the beginning of Napoleonic decline as Gettysburg was the zenith of the Rebellion.

This Russian character, which history portrays, has not changed; it is as intense and as loyal to the Czar to-day as ever, even though American newspaper seek to belittle it. We believe in the ardent patriotism and intense love of country of the Japanese. They have already given us abundant proof of it during this war. But we do not believe in Russian cowardice and lack of patriotism. We Americans make the common mistake of thinking, that no system of government can be representative, which does not conform to Western models. We believe that, to the Russian peasant it is really not a national war. But to this let me answer in the words of an Englishman who hates the Russians:—"Russian patriotism – and no patriotism is more intense because hope is so impregnated with religious sentiments--centres not in the bureaucracy but in the Czar, and that an appeal to arms from the Czar closes all gaps and makes the Russian millions more truly one than was England during the Boer war. War always consolidates and to suppose while it

lasts, all Russia will not be passionately united, because a certain number of delegates have not debated and voted on the war and taken a hand in the negotiations that preceded it, is utterly to misconcieve the spirit and scope of the autocratic system. Again, this is a war waged by a Christian against a non-Christian power. For that reason alone it thrills the Russian consciousness with a fervor, that to us may seem mediavel in its intensity.

Nor is it true, that the peasant has no interest in the Far East. Running all through the tale of Russian history you find a ceaseless ideal, instinct, ambition, aspiration, policy—call it what you will—that carries Russia toward the domination of the East. It is the peasant imperialism, vague, inchoatic, formless, no doubt by the side of the Roman, or German, or British imperialism, but stirring nevertheless in the depth of his being and needing only the shock of war to make it vital. Therefore, in this war, as in all others, Russia may rely without misgiving, on the self-sacrificing loyalty and determination of her people."

So much for the internal conditions of the two countries. Let us go to the theatre of war. What fate has placed Russian and Japanese interests in conflict with each other? Why is Russia contending for the coast of the East? Since Peter the Great has enlarged the ambition of the Russian populace, as well as her territory, she has been in need of ports for her navy and her commerce. While he lived he sought these ports along the West of Europe. But when Great Britain refused to allow Russia to occupy Constantinople, after she had punished the insolence and barbarous cruelty of the Sultan, thus depriving her of the free naval use of her only Southern ice-free harbor—a victory she had justly earned and selfishly disallowed by Great Britain—she was forced to turn to the East. She built the great eastern railroad to Vladivostok. But this outlet being frozen in Winter, Russian statesmen began to find other outlets, such as Sazareff and Port Arthur. The last mentioned port only served for local uses before Russia secured control. Now it is one of the strongest fortifications in existence and a growing modern city.

Its improvement is an eloquent testimony to the civilization of the Russians—a civilization noticable throughout Manchuria. For centuries before Russian control, Manchuria was a lawless waste. Now, by a miracle, equally as phenomenal as Japanese

development, clean, well built cities and modern towns exist, where before were only Chinese hovels Contented, prosperous and happy people live in cities and country, with justice regularly administered. In this work, Russia has already spent over three hundred million dollars. But she is asked to retreat by a nation, who has no claim to the country, other than that of a successful military raid upon a weak, defenseless, ignorant neighbor. In all the centuries, Japan has established no benevolent or commercial industry in Manchuria, upon which to base her claim. Russia has brought freedom to more men with less bloodshed than any other nation. She has emancipated twenty-three millions of serfs. Fifty years ago of the Russian peasants, who enlisted, one in fifty could read and write; today it is one in three; the end of the war will mark a greater educational and political revolution. Compare this progress with the deeds of Japan. In 1895 she murdered the innocent Queen of Corea—a shrewd, patriotic, stateswoman—upon the plea that civilization demanded it. Conditions in Formosa and Nippon show what she does when civilization trusts her.

But in the eyes of the world, Russia is a national marauder, double dealer and liar. Then Japan, England, France and all the other powers are equally so. They are pursuing the same course. When America, without the consent of the Filipinos, brings to them democracy and the chariot of the Gospel, it is called destiny. When England, in violation of international treaties, advances in Thibet, evidently for the future occupation of Southern China, it is called the duty of the Anglo-Saxon. When England robs the Boer of his peaceful hearthstone and slays his youth for gold and diamonds, it is called necessity. When England conquers Egypt, and gives to her people a government, controlled by themselves, it is called a blessing. But when Russian, without the sword or gatling gun, not for gold or diamonds, but with his consent, brings to the Manchurian peasant the great blessings of civilization by means of commerce, improvement and the mandates of justice, administered by the peasants themselves, she is called a maurader. Surely "consistency, thou art a jewel."

True, she has violated international law, because she has not evacuated Mauchuria as promised. But every other nation, under similar circumstances would have pursued the same course. What nation after investing three hundred million dollars in the

cause of civilization, will suddenly turn it over to the devastations of barbarism, when about to reap a harvest? Suppose the United States had a great investment in Hawaii, and had promised to evacuate at a certain time. Suppose, when that time comes, a great barbaric insurrection breakout. Would she retreat and allow the destruction of that investment, when renumeration is near? We believe not; no progressive government would. Neither did Russia. Yet she stands condemned before the world.

When England on May 15th and France on June 10th, 1861 recognized the belligerent rights of the Confederacy, in violation of every principal of international, or admiralty law, for the Confederacy had not a ship or an open port, they were no double dealers and liars. But when Russia refuses to make good her promise of evacuations, because of a lawless uprising, she is a liar, a double dealer and one who cannot be trusted with a part of the world's betterment. Therefore Japan must take her place.

But Japan is not fighting for integrity of China. She has already asked for its partition. She is fighting under the arrogant assumption, that she shall control the East. She believes, that under her guardianship, the numberless races of the East may be united under her civilization and religion, to present a formidable barrier to the civilization of the West. She even surmises, that she may spread that civilization, with its system of morality, over a great part of the West. Let us hope, that her plans will be frustrated. Let us hope, in the predominating influence of Western civilization in the East. Let us believe in the union of the world, under one system of morality; and that system, the morality of the Carpenter's Son. Let us believe, that under that union, more blessings will be derived for the whole world, than can ever be expected to occur through the selfish policies of commercialism; for many races will be united and pledged to the Peerless Leader, marching toward the great millenium, beholding its golden harvest—

"Marches of victory—man disenthralled—the conquerer at last.
Hymns to the universal God from universal man—all joy.
A reborn race appears, a perfect world—all joy.
Women and men in wisdom innocence and health—all joy!
War, sorrow, suffering gone—the rank earth purged—nothing but joy left.
The ocean filled with joy—the atmosphere all joy.
Joy, joy, in freedom, worship, love! joy in the ecstasy of life!
Enough to merely be! enough to breathe!
Joy! joy! all over joy!"

— *J. M. S. '07.*

SONNETS.

I. Dawn.

As if by magic sunrise gates unbar,
And quivering threads, shining silver bright,
Overflood the world with glistening white,
Till sparkling dew shines like a single star.
The meadow lark is singing from afar,
In taking at dawn its rapturous flight,
A song which thrills with heaven's pure delight
That all troubles sweetly forgotton are.

So as the dawn does brighten all this earth
Your radiant beauty with tears and smiles
Keep me, because I know you love me dear!
As the lark, you lighten me with your mirth,
And frighten me more with so many wiles,
But still our love 'tis same from year to year.

II. Twilight.

Twilight now comes upon the mountain's crest,
While dim darkness lies on the sun's last gold;
And the timid stars now again are bold,
As the dazzling light sinks into the West,
The flowers droop and sink upon their breast,
Within their petals softest sleep do hold,
And o'er the hills the bells are slowly tolled
For one whom nature called to sacred rest.

I fear that twilight of our lives, my love,
When Time's rough hand thy beauty hath defaced,
And love's sweet beauty falls into decay.
This life is but the will of Him above
Which thought, like death makes most dreaded the day,
When time will appear and take you away.—'*04*.

THE MUHLENBERG.

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FOUNDED BY CLASS OF '83.

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Editorial.

It is learned with pleasure that the faculty has decided to appear at the next commencement in hood and gown. This will greatly add to the dignity of the commencement proceedings. These commencement proceedings are supposed to be of a dignified nature but much of dignity has been lacking previously due to the fact that the faculty did not appear in gowns. The class of 1904 can feel gratified that on the coming commencement, the day will be graced with additional dignity.

Personal.

Freshman Class Officers: President, Boyer; Vice President, Nickum; Secretary, Ettinger; Treasurer, Schock; Monitor, Breidenbach.

Enterpea Literary Society Officers: President, Kern, '05; Vice President, Schantz, '06; Recording Secretary, Rixstine, '07; Corresponding Secretary, Mauch, '07; Chaplain, Sterner, '06; Pianist, Krauss, '06; Critics, Bastian, '05 and Marcks, '05.

Kern, '05, was elected teacher of St. Michael's English Bible Class.

Huntsinger, '04, addressed St. Stephens Luther League, Sunday, April 10.

Kunkle '04, sustained severe injuries by jumping out of a third story window at his home while in a state of delir ium.

Dr. W. "What is the Capital of Uruguay?" Kidd '05. Simon Boliver."

Heffner, '05, debating for "some time" in German.
Dr. W. "Mr. Heffner are you almost through?"

Juniors will have their "Ausflug" at Lyons, June 7.

Keboch, '04. (Reference having been made by Dr. B. to the great sun spots.) "Does that account for the cold weather we are having at present."

Seniors had their "ausflug" at Siegersville, May 5, where they dined on chicken and waffles, played base-ball and enjoyed various rural pleasures.

Dr. L. "To what class does the cow belongs?"
Bittner, '07, "Cowbiverous."

Dr. W. "What is a catacomb?"
Ettinger, '07. "A comb for a cat."

Dr. L. "Describe the difference between Protozoa and Metazoa?"
Bittner, '07, "The one lays eggs and the other don't."

College News.

The end of this scholastic term is nigh and the faculty and executive committee are making preparation for the events of commencement week. They are also formulating plans, which

will also include the inauguration of Rev. Dr. John A. W. Haas, the new president, and the dedication of the new college building.

The baccalaureate sermon will open commencement week on Sunday, June 19. This will be preached by the Rev. Dr. W. Wackernagel, acting president of this institution in St. Michael's Church.

No president's reception and promenade concert can be held this year.

Freshmen play will take place Tuesday evening, June 21.

On Wednesday, June 22, at 10 A. M., nine of the Juniors will compete in oratory. In the afternoon the literary societies will hold their annual reunions. At 8 P. M. the inauguration of the new president, Dr. John A. W. Haas will take place in the Lyric Theatre, after which there will be a reception.

The commencement exercises will be held Thurday morning at 10. On the same day at 2 P. M. the new college will be dedicated.

—*Deily.*

LECTURES.

SOUTHERN SPAIN THROUGH AMERICAN EYES.

The first of the spring course of lectures took place in the chapel on April 21. The lecturer of the evening was Rev. Oliver P. Smith, D. D., of Pottstown, a member of the class of '71. He was introduced to the audience by Dr. Wackernagle. Dr. Smith presented a most enjoyable and interesting lecture. Having the faculty of occasionally combining humor with his otherwise pleasing delivery, he kept the attention of the audience, who listened to him with great pleasure. The lecturer brought out many interesting features concerning Spain. Among which may be noted the following few.

When one passes through Spain, he is astounded at the primitive method of doing things, and also the low state of most of the common people. This may be charged directly to the Spanish Government, whose disregard for the welfare of its people is remarkable. As in the case of nearly all the countries situated in Europe, the Spanish are a highly superstitious people,

whose narratives of superstitious occurrences pass often into the ridiculous. Agriculture also is in a surprising low state. The methods used many years ago by their forefathers are still in vogue, with very little prospect of eventually progressing. Education is even more deficient than it was many year ago. Less interest being taken in it and generally they are a very illiterate people. This may also be put to the laxness of the government whose contribution for this purpose is very insignificant when compared to that which is given for sports. The low state of religion may be due to the fact that they have too many priests and monastaries, and not enough worshippers. In passing through Spain a person is attracted by the splendor of the ancient Moorish palaces. Especially so by the Alhambra whose beauty is so well portrayed by Washington Irving. In closing, the lecturer entered upon a vivid and interesting account of the bull fights as they now exist in Spain. Fully bringing out the brutality which usually occurs at such fights.

THE GERMAN SCHOOL SYSTBM.

The second in the course of lectures was delivered by Rev. O. S. Kriebel, A. M., Principal of Perkiomen Seminary. The speaker in a pleasing manner delivered an interesting and instructive lecture upon the school system of Germany as seen through the eyes of an American.

Rev. Kriebel considers the German school system on a whole, the best and finest in the world. Much credit must be given to Dr. Martin Luther who was the pioneer in the origin of the public school system and the first man to advocate the necessity of compulsory education. Later this system was developed by such men as Humboldt, Fichte and others. The education of people in Germany progressed so rapidly that in 1870 it showed to the world that the strength of Germany lies in her school system.

The German school of instruction is divided in three great classes, viz., Folkshule, the Gymnasium and the University. The first corresponds in our pubic schools and is the prop of the German Empire. Attendance to which is compulsory and in which they receive thorough training until the age of fourteen. The Gymnasium, similar to our college has a nine years' course. Finally the University where courses are elective and almost

perfect freedom prevails. Besides these there are also some other schools which have sprung up lately.

The lecturer also laid particular stress on what he considered the must important factor in German education. That is the teacher. He must not be a mere hearer of recitations but must emphatically be a teacher, independent of text-book. After a long and through preparation he must possess a certain amount of technical skill before he is allowed to teach. The Germans require much of their teachers but then at the same time the teachers are held in universal respect. After teaching a certain time he is entitled to a pension. There we do not behold the pitiful sight, which is so evident in this country of a man shelved and left stranded after having given the best years of his life to educational work.

However much the school system of Germany may be admired, yet it is not perfect according to Rev. Kriebel's opinion. Among the deficiencies may be mentioned that the Germans are not fully awake to the importance of a higher education for women. Atthough some progress has been shown of late years in this department.

THE TESTS OF MANLINESS.

On May 5, Rev. Dr. James D. Woodring, president of Albright College, Myerstown, delivered his lecture, "Tests of Manliness." Dr. Woodring is a capable lecturer who has a pleasing and entertaining style. Not a sign of weariness was displayed by the audience who followed the lecture throughout with intense interest. Following are a few thoughts gathered from the lecture.

Manliness! The word has a charming sound. It is dynamic, stirring, thrilling, moving the noblest impulses of our nature. It is not a common commodity. Diogenes sought in vain for men. It has been said and often repeated that circumstances make men. Why then, are there not more men? Circumstances abound, men are scare. But this is in some sense wrong, sometimes circumstances make men, that is help to make them, but often men make circumstances.

There are some things in which manliness consists and there are more things in which it does not consist. In the first place body is not man. Yet the physical belongs to the man, it is an

important part of him. Ever since the Son of God tabernacled in human flesh, the body has been dignified and glorified; attention should be given to the full and beautiful developement of every part of man's tripartite nature; body, soul and spirit.

Great intellectual power is no sign of manliness as some of the greatest minds were the most atrocious persons. Mind is the standard of the world. Everything becomes better in being mixed .with brain. Manliness does not consist in following popular feeling whether it be right or wrong. The world is full of men who are not troubled with the question of right or wrong in politics or religion. But blindly follow the blind. Remember that if a man would others respect him he must first respect himself. It is vain to look for manliness where there is no virtue and honor. A liar and cheat does not deserve the name man. Heroism is manliness. The daily life of every one every one teems with occassions for heroism and manliness. Manliness is the opposite of bluster. It embraces tenderness and gentleness. Manliness is purity. Character is manhood. It is the core upon which the world turns. It is a jewel which places a crown of royalty upon every possessors' brow. Again, the secret of true manliness lies in true godliness. A true gentleman is always recognized by his delicate regard for the feelings, opinions and rights of others, even in mattets of trifling importance. —*Deily*.

Athletics.

Once again attempts have been made to revive athletics at this institution. Similar attempts have been made before but have always met with an ignominious death. And no wonder! The crown of laurel does not often rest upon the brow of the athlete from Muhlenberg. But always defeat rings in the ears of the students and so no interest is hardly taken in the different games. These defeats must be placed partly to their own credit. Athletic ventures need the support, the interest, and the encouragement of the students,for unless this is shown how can success meet a team for which there is no enthusiasm. The first baseball game of the season opened somewhat auspiciously. A victory ! But soon the same old tale rang in the ears of the students. A defeat !

The following are the scores of the games which have been played thus far in this season : Slatington, 3; Muhlenberg, 16. Ursinus, 9 ; Muhlenberg, 2. Kutztown, 12; Muhlenberg, 3.

Following is the schedule which had been prepared by the manager of the base-ball team : Slatington, April 23 ; Ursinus, April 30 ; Kutztown, May 4 ; Bethlehem Prep., May 18 ; Catasauqua, May 21 ; Bangor, May 28 ; Allentown Athletics, June 4, Pen Argyl, June 11. —*Deily.*

Intercollegiate Notes.

Attempts have been made by the students of Lehigh University to have the honor system reinstated.

Lebanon Valley College is to have two new buildings—a new ladies' hall and a new library. The latter being presented to the college by Andrew Carnegie.

The Faculty of Dickinson College unanimously decided to appear in hood and gown at the next commencement week.

Arrangements are being made to hold a national convention of College Editors at the World's Fair from June 20 to 30, inclusive. And probably steps may be taken for the making of a permanent organization. The main feature of this convention is to be the banquet that is held at the American Hotel on the night of June 22.

An interesting feature of the St. Louis Exposition will be the great national oratorical contest to determine the best college orator in the United States.

At a recent meeting of the Board of Directors of Ursinus College, the Rev. David W. Ebbert was elected president of the college. He will succeed Dr. Spangler, whose resignation has been accepted by the Board. —*Deily.*

Book Review.

"The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come." by John Fox, Jr.

Despite the disparaging things which may be said in gen-

eral, against American fiction, we occasionally stumble upon a book which receives the laudations of both the critics and the reading public. To this class may be place "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," by Mr. Fox. Some years ago when dialect fiction first came upon the market, many people wondered what place it would receive in the American world of letters and at the same time prophesied that its era would be brief. However, when we notice the number of such books written in the last few years, it must be admitted that it has come to stay as long as there is that peculiar patios among some American people. It is right that it is so. No true and great novel is great unless it is in some sense realistic. Portraying life as it really exists. How would a person then be otherwise able to give a picture of the simple life of the homely mountaineers? By using polysyllabic words and finished sentences? Indeed not. It is but right and proper that the style of dialectic writing should be nurtured and appreciated as the only method of presenting a true American type to the world in general. But this is only to refer to those heterogeneous elements that use a dialect. To this class of novels may be put, "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come." It may be called a *true* American novel although some prefer to call it otherwise. The refreshing portraiture of the different characters is admirable. "Chad," born and nurtured to the life of the mountains, makes a pleasing hero. Each of the characters used in this book stands for a certain temperament. "The "Budford's" and "Dean's" stand for the aristocracy of that time. The "Turner's" and "Dillon's" for the representative of mountain life. The blue grass region seems prolific in novelists greatly given to sentimentalism, but we must give credit to Mr. Fox that never or very little in any circumstance does he appeal for the emotions of the reader. So in this day of the problems and the psychologic in fiction, we may take up this book, read it, and feel exceedingly refreshed in so doing; not confronted the entire time in thinking that you are now wrestling with a serious problem.

"A Forest Hearth" by Charles Major.

Mr. Major's previous works were received with astounding popularity. In a moment he flashed upon the horizon of the literary world as an author who could cater to the tastes of the people. With gratitude and applause, the people received "When Knighthood was in Flower." It bore reputation in

"Dorothy Vernon." But now he breaks away from the heroics of English history, content to portray the simple life of early Indiana. Swords and armor flash no more. Nature in its simplicity is now the scene of action. The simplicity of rustic homes now entrances him. When one picks up the novel, he at least has a right to expect something new. In this he is disappointed. For the plot is one which has so often been used. Although new to this author's pen, yet many others have used the same plot in different surroundings and have sunk into the inmeasurable gloom of forgotten fiction. We often have had the same selfish mother who loved her iniquitious son and misuses her angelic daughter; the poor miserable husband awed into timiidity by his wife; the villain who has it in his power to overthrow the honor and credit of the family by his influence and power over the son and finally a true-hearted hero who in spite of seemingly insurmountable difficulties wins the love and hand of the heroine. The heroine of this book, "Miss Rita Bays" would really be a charming character were it not for the fact that Mr. Major indulges in a practice which is extremely dangerous to most novelists, that is, a persistent over-praise. In addition to what has already been said, it must also be acknowledged that this work lacks the interest, life and action which it should have. When the book is read it leaves an impression of having read something which is lacking in many respects. —*Deily.*

Exchanges.

In writing these, our last exchange notes for the current scholastic year, we cannot help but look back and view the success and failures of the different exchanges which have reached our table. Sarcasms, criticisms and compliments were exchanged in quantity, yet, college journalism is no better than it was in the early part of the school year. Many journals sole ambitions seems to have been to fill space. Some regard it their duty to fill it with articles, although they may be called good literary productions, yet they are not of such a nature that a

student by reading them may refresh himself from the arduous task of study. But still there are many magazines which recognize the fact that college journalism does not consist only in philosophical essays but also in good readable articles intersprinkled with interesting stories. Occasionally a journal reached a position above its common standard but only to relapse again to its former state. And so college journalism passes on still having the same standard.

The Amulet which is devoted entirely to Thomas Buchanan Read contains many well written articles in appreciation of this poet.

We extend our congratulations to the staff of *The Forum* for their effort to enhance the beauty of their magazine by changing its cover to one which presents a very neat appearance.

The Idealist reaches us this month with the usual interesting articles. We assume the liberty of quoting several sentences from the article on physical expression. "No cloak can hide the soul—no mask can hide the mind—no shield the heart—mind, soul and heart cry out too loudly and impress too deeply. * * * Do not thrust your misery, your pain, your headache, nor your petty troubles upon those whose whom you meet in the morning. The man or woman who smiles when his heart is heaviest and says a cherry "good morning" when his throat is tense from unshed tears is the most superb specimen of human unselfishness."

Professor—"Fools sometimes ask questions which wise men cannot answer."

Student—"I guess that is the reason so many of us flunk in exams."—Ex. —*Deily*.

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WILL POLYGAMY OUTLIVE CHRISTIANITY

Contents for May Number.

You should read Cardinal Gibbons' Latest Forceable Sermon

CHRISTIAN MANHOOD.

Delivered Recently.

The Larger Race Problem

By Rev. John Coleman Adams, of Hartford, Conn. Deals with the colored race of American and he takes for his text, 1 Corinthians XII:26 Preached in the Church of the Divine Fraternity.

The Religion of Jesus

By Rev. William S. Rainsford, preached in St. George Church of New York City.

Faith and Duty in the Light of the Risen Christ

By Rev. Samuel Parks Cadman, Central Congregational Church of Brooklyn, N. Y.

Resurrection of Christ

By Rev. Charles L. Goodell, of Hansom Place M. E. Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Ministry of Angels

By Rev. David James Burrell, LL. D., D. D., of the Marble Collegiate Church, New York City.

The Call of Life

By Rev. John Rush, Ph. D., of Chicago, Ill.

Things of our Church that make for our Optimism

By Rev. David Gregg, President of The Western Theological Seminary.

The Nazareths of Common Life

By Rev. Dr. H. O. Rowland, Pastor of the Calvary Baptist Church, Davenport, Ia.

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Vol. XXI.

No. 10

THE MUHLENBERG

JUNE, 1904.

E. A. WRIGHT

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L. G DEILY.
EDITOR 1904 MUHLENBERG.

CHARLES A. SMITH.
BUSINESS MANAGER 1904 MUHLENBERG

THE MUHLENBERG.

"Literae Sine Ingenio Vanae"

VOL. XXI. ALLENTOWN, PA., JUNE, 1904. NO. 10.

Baccalaureate Sermon.

Extract of Baccalaureate Sermon preached in St. Michael's Evangelical Lutheran Church by Rev. W. Wackernagel, D. D acting president of Muhlenberg College, June 19, 1904.

"None of us Liveth to Himself." Roman 14: 7.

"Not long ago, a student, upon receiving his diploma at a college, was asked by an old friend what he intended to do. He replied that he would take a course in a law school. Again the friend asked him 'And afterwards?' 'Oh,' he replied 'then I will receive my degree and enter public life.' And afterwards? 'Then perhaps I shall hold a public office, and gain honors.' and afterwards? 'Then I shall accumulate property, retire and live in ease.' Again the question, Yes, but afterwards?' 'Well I suppose I shall share the common fate of mankind, and die, like the rest.' Then afterwards?'' The young man stopped, looked at his friend, and hung his head. That last question has remained in his memory like a barbed arrow.

Natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God for they are foolishness to him; neither can he know them, for they are spiritually discerned. The gifts of the Spirit are not to be kept laid up in a napkin, they are given to use according to the Master's will. 'Trade ye here with them till I come.'

"The servant lives, not to himself, but to the Lord. The Christian in all things realizes the fact that he is not his own, but belongs to Christ.

"Our end and aim is not self, but the Lord. If we would know what way we walk in, we must inquire what end we walk toward.

"None of us live to ourselves. This is a thing in which all the people of God are one, however they differ in other things.

Though some are weak and others strong, yet all agree in this, not to live to themselves.

"We are not our own masters; we are not at our own disposal. The business of our lives is not to please ourselves, but to please our Lord.

"But we are to live to the Lord, to our Lord Jesus Christ, to whom all power and judgement are committed, and in whose name we are taught as Christians to do everything we do, with an eye to the will of Christ as our rule, and to the glory of Christ as our end. Christ is the centre, in which all the lines of life and death do meet.

"The highest ideal; the God-man, Jesus Christ, did not live to himself, he gave himself 'for you.' Whosoever would become great among you, shall be your minister, and whosoever would be first among you, shall be your servant, even as the son of man came, not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many. Christ took the form of a servant, humbled himself, and became obedient unto death.

"We must give up living to ourselves and live for others. One of the greatest reigning families in Europe has for its motto 'Ich Dien.' The King is the first servant of his country.

"St. Paul's glory was to be a bond servant of Christ. Luther said he was, by love of Christ, the servant of all men.

"Christianity is a life of love to God and men; the Christian is a free man, and yet under authority, rendering willing service in order to be found a faithful steward.

"To do this service right and well, we need education, a leading out of self, selfishhess, narrowness and smallness to wider fields of knowledge and understanding, an interest in God's government of the world. A liberal education is free from the bonds of ignorance, superstition, animalism and materialism. Education without Him results in refined, more intense selfishness and man-worship.

"The late lamented president of our institution always emphasized the fact that Muhlenberg College is a Christian institution and Dr. Haas, our new president, in his first address to the students, emphasized its peculiar character. The cornerstone of the new administration was laid by Dr. Seip in the name of the Trinity. The seal of the college is an open Bible before the cross.

"The natural sciences are interesting, fascinating, because they bring to our eyes the wonders of creation, from the great and infinite to the small and finite. It is not for us to criticise, but to adore the Almighty.

"In business, knowledge is power, is of service and helpful. Money is no object, but a means to improve our conditions and do good.

"The liberal deviseth liberal things. Whether we become architects or builders, we must build well. We must become living stone in the Father's house. It is better to be a living stone within the temple, then a tombstone outside.

"One of your number will follow the profession of medicine the healing art. The care of the body, that wonderful vessel and case of the soul. The ideal physician points the patient to the "Lord that healeth thee; the Great Physician."

"Some of you will follow the legal profession and become wise dispensers of justice, keepers and defenders of law and order. God is the author of social order and government, and ordained civil power. You will study the Mosaic law, the Decalogue, the sermon on the Mount, and Paul's epistles. The magistrate stands as a protector and advocate of the oppressed and wronged; they stand for morality, equity, truth; for the common good, the common wealth.

"Some will become statesmen, and hold positions of higher honor and trust, they will not live to themselves. Some will become journalists, of important service to the public, exposing and opposing wickedness in high and low places; proclaimers of truth and right, and never dipping a pen into poison or living to advance selfish interests, but peace and righteousness instead.

"Many of you are to enter the ministry, not hired, but free, willing. This is the highest possible honor, to be fellow-worker with God. Bond servants, not lords; to help to save souls from destruction, to lead from darkness into light, from sin to grace, from death to life, from earth to heaven, from Satan to God. It is an awful responsibility—hestitate! Do not become unprofitable servants. By the power of Grace, you may become profitable servants. The work of the minister of the Gospel is most blessed; he lives the least to himself; it is worth the sacrifice of body and soul and spirit to do service in the household of God on earth.

"To all servants of Christ, in their respective professions,

all walks of life, it is their life work to honor Him and do His will, deeming it a privilege to be about our Father's business, remembering the gracious promise of the Master, "Where I am there shall also my servant be; if any man serve Me, him will the Father honor."

THE SEASONS—WHAT THEY TELL US.

By Mark L. Burger.

The seasons, how they come and go. They remain with us for a little while, but instantly they are on the wing.

Tick, tock says the clock, time comes, time goes, never to be recalled. The earth moving rapidly in its orbit round the sun, tells us many a tale of the changefulness of humanity. Do not the recurrences of the seasons have their special significances for us? Surely they are a wonderful design of Providence for our delight and welfare. In the later part of March, when gloomy Winter is putting forth the last effort to hold dominion over the land, spreading it with its last discharge of snow and sleet. Spring that harbinger of happiness and joyfulness, comes bringing with it the milder breezes, thawing the ice covered rivers and brooks, putting life and animation into the quiet streams.

Nature is awakening to a realization of its obligation to God. See! how all the land is striving to awaken from its slumber. Down along the river banks, the frogs have begun to croak, the muskrat is making preparations for his summer home. In the naked tree-tops you can hear the first linnet, or robin, or blithe skylark, warbling a happy welcome to sunshine and gladness. The fields and meadows are striving to regain their position in Nature's garden, the happy farmer, who has rested his weary body in his cozy farm-house by a bright and cheerful fireplace, scans the land with that wistful eye and longing expectancy which only a rustic can appreciate. Everything is putting on its coat of green and the variety of colors, preparing to adore God's footstool for man's happiness and sustenance.

Hark ye! the poet sings.

"Come gentle Spring, ethereal mildness come,
And from the bosom of your drooping cloud,
While music wakes around, veiled in a
Shower of roses, on our plains descend."

The progress of Nature is further manifested in the month of June, when roses, lilies of the valley, daisies, violets and all the beautiful flowers and trees and shrubs are in their splendor. The thrushes and the golden robins are pouring out their golden notes to the milkmaid near at hand, and to the plowman who whets his scythe. The golden sun is reaching its zenith in the heavens, pouring down its hot rays on mountain, plain and field ripening the grain, fruit, flowers, which are reserved to serve man in a later season. As time and the summer season roll on, fruit trees exhibit their ripened burdens which tickle the palate. The golden grain is waving in the fields with its superabundance of fruit, waiting patiently for the harvester to gather in the supply. The brown tasseled corn also stands ripe in the fields, each individual stalk boldly keeping vigil over the kine upon the hills by night and plowman by day. The poet again sings, listen to him;

"It is a sultry day, the Sun has drunk the dew that lay
upon the morning grass;
There is no rustling in the lofty elm
That canopies my dwelling, and its shade scarce cools me.
All is silent, save the faint
And interrupted murmur of the bee,
Settling on the flowers and then again
Instantly on the wing."

A little farther does time roll on and Autumn, that season of cool breezes, golden sunsets come upon us The wind is beginning to howl in the pine trees, Nature is falling into the sere and yellow leaf, the birds are taking their flight to the Southland and all things are changing—changing. Spring and Summer brought progression. Autumn brings destruction to Nature's pleasure grounds. What sensations of bewilderment overtake us, as we see the shadows of the gloomy seasons approaching us. The squirrel, that busy creature is already at work, gathering stores for the long winter supply. The hoar-frost has already worked havoc on plants and trees. The prickly burrs of the chestnut trees are releasing their shining treasures, the hickory-nut, walnut, hazel-nut fall rapidly to the ground. The sportmen's season is at hand, the quail in the meadows are calling bob-white, the plovers are shyly keeping under cover, the whip-poor-will is dolefully chirping in the forest. Rabbits are beginning to make their escape from hedges and bushes, from fields and meadows, being-eagerly hunted by hound and horn. All

Nature turns red and yellow, and then dies, seemingly for a long sleep. Let us pause again and hear what the poet sings.

"Winds are swelling
Round our dwelling
All day telling
Us their woe
Autumn's sighing
Moaning, dying
Clouds are flying
On like steeds
And at vesper
Frosts grow crisper
As they whisper
Of the snow
While their shadows
O'er the meadows
Walk like widows
Decked in weeds."

The last season of the year is upon us. Winter, that white monster has come. While the snow comes thick and fast, the squirrels are safely housed in their snug abodes in the tree trunks. All Nature is still, save the occasional cry of the night owl, or the low sounding howl of some wild beast in the forest. The snow is still falling rapidly in forest field and meadows. We look upon this scene with wonder and amazement, and ask ourselves the question why are all these changes wrought in God's calender? The answer comes quickly, "Thou shalt not know the times or the seasons" and thus we can rest assured with the fact that, while Nature and all its attributes change and man and all his affiliations change. God never changes and we can all sing with the poets in the unison chorus.

"All but God is changing every day,
Weep not that the world changes
Did it keep—a stable, changeless state
T'were cause enough to weep."

THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY.

Junior Prize Oration.

By Claude G. Shankweiler.

Though it may seem a contradiction it is nevertheless true, that time only renders the character of Washington more clear, while the circumstances which go to develop it become more and

more indistinct. One would think it indispensable to the correct estimation of a character, that we should have a definite knowledge of the events with which it stood connected, and of the influences that helped to form it. It is true; but we have to lose one thing to gain another, to sacrifice the right understanding which personal knowledge and direct contact give to secure the removed point of an impartial observer.

Perhaps there never was a public character so little understood in the various qualities which go to make it up as that of Washington. He is called, "The Father of His Country," and that phrase embraces the man. We look at the fruit alone, without asking what kind of blossom produced it. If we go back to his boyhood and youth, it is to prove, he was just as grave, moderate and self-collected then, as he was when a man. Washington as he appeared when President of the United States and as a surveyor at the age of seventeen years amid the Alleghanies, are as two different beings as can well be imagined. There are certain moral qualities which adhere to through life. and do not change through all the vicissitudes to which he is exposed. An utterly selfish boy for instance is usually a selfish man; but a child of generous and noble impulses no matter to what depravity in other respects he may descend, generally retains these characteristics to the last. When sixty years of age, repose and calm dignity were his great peculiarities, at twenty, ardor, enthusiasm and love of adventure formed his chief characteristics. In youth, the whistling of bullets was music to his ear; but in riper age there was no sound so sweet to him, as the song of the husbandman. Washington might have been just as good a man, though never so great a one, had he possessed the same mildness and quietness of character in his childhood, that marked his later years. Every good and great man from Moses to Paul, and Paul to Luther has possessed it; much more every wicked or ambitious spirit which has succeeded in changing the world. On a certain occasion while Washington and his men were marching through the wilderness and meeting with the French, a sharp skirmish of a quarter of an hour ensued, in which the French commander and ten of his men killed and the whole of the remainder were taken prisoners. This was Washington's first engagement and the kind of feelings he carried into it and indeed brought out of it, may be inferred from

his own language. In a letter home he said: "I heard the bullets whistle and believe me there was something charming in the sound." There spoke the bold young warrior, to whom the rattle of musketry and the thunder of artillery are music that his stern soul loves. This was the commencement of the French and Indian War, and Washington has been severely condemned by French writers for his attack upon Junonville and the slaughter of the latter and his men, been termed a massacre, but the former simply obeyed orders and did what he was expressly sent into the wilderness to do, to repel the invaders of the soil. Leaving then the bold fearless and resolute youth, taking part in the French and Indian War, we next meet him as a man of calm disposition and mature judgement, assuming command of the continental army at Boston, July 3, 1775. Although a score of years had elapsed, and Washington had arrived at the age of man's estate past middle life, while still retaining the forcible and irresistible qualities of his youth, his actions were tempered by deliberation and caution for his first act upon assuming command of the army was the transforming of his poorly clothed and partly equipped recruits into the well disciplined veterans we see struggling for independence in the succeeding campaigns. Although that noble countenance vouchedsafe no feelings other than those of calmness and serenity, it needed but the spark of action to rouse the latent energy of that massive frame to such an irresistible degree that even the ice blocked Delaware and Hessians hirelings were not able to withstand it. What deed, more brilliant in that hour of gloom when the American cause was so greatly despaired of, than the crossing of the river filled with ice and the capturing of the Hessian veterans at Trenton, can be found on the pages of American history and who but a Washington could have performed it so well. Not alone in the hour of victory did his noble qualities shine. For what more beautiful picture of a noble character than Washington at Valley Forge relieving the distress of his brave comrades in arms could be portrayed. Knowing his cause to be just and buoyed up by the knowledge that the right must prevail, consequently we find him in defeat as well as in victory the same thoughtful and confident man. Always pushing self into the background and ever thrusting forward his country. Is it surprising then that he refused the offer of a crown from the agents of George III with contempt!

No—he was made of sterner stuff, and it was not possible for a man of so strong a purpose and so steadfast a principle to stoop to anything so base. So then in 1783, when he bade farewell to his army, he moves before us like some grand embodiment of virtue and power. Whether bowed in fasting and prayer before God in behalf of his country, or taking the fate of the American army on his brave heart, whether lost in anxious thought as his eye seeks in vain for some ray amid the gloomy prospect that surrounds him, or wearing the wreath of victory which a grateful nation placed with mingled tears and acclamation on his brow, he remains the same self-collected, noble-minded and resolute man.

THE MUHLENBERG.

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Editorial.

With something like a sigh of relief we assume our duties for the last time. Our work is done and a new staff will enter upon the difficult work of publishing a college journal. Knowing some of them to be men of determination we hope that they may have the hearty co operation of everybody in the institution.

Although we do not like to assume a pessimistic point of view yet we think the time has come when radical changes must be made so that THE MUHLENBERG will reach the standard which it should have. Changes both from a literary and financial standpoint. We cannot help but note the many things which help to lower the standard of our journal. Things which should be rectified.

The first thing that we deplore is the lack of interest taken in literary work by the students. Instead of receiving contributions liberally, the editor must spend most of his time in beg-

ging articles for each succeeding number, thus putting himself in the embarrassing position of not being able to refuse them when they have not the quality which they should have. Everyone has the ordinary ability of being able to express his thoughts in writing—some perhaps better than others, but they only reached this ability by writing. Let all remember the motto, "that practice makes perfect" and surprise the staff next year with liberal contributions.

Another evil which should be remedied is the election of members to the staff. We note the fact that men are elected haphazard to fill positions for which they have no qualifications, they have no literary tastes, no liking for literary work. Men whose prominent idea and intention is to secure an empty honor and optional from some duties. Such men usually have no time to write and so the editor in addition to his regular duties is obliged to substitute for the majority of his staff. It is a shame that no greater precaution is taken in the election to such offices and we again express a hope that in the future, men will be elected who will do the work required of them, and appreciate the fact that the editor is merely human, he must also have time to attend to some other work and not spend his entire time writing over half of the college monthly.

One more criticism we desire to make and that refers to the business management. Similiar to the election of associate editors we find men elected to a position who have no marked capabilities of assuming such responsibility. Men who have no desire to work for a financial success but merely have the position because they were more popular than some other men—qualification not considered. A journal of this nature where every student is required to subscribe should, of necessity, be a financial success. They are so at other institutions. Why not here? Whenever a deficit occurs, grumbling is heard. Why not grumble before and see that the man gains the position who will work strenuously and secure more advertisements? A person who will see all outstanding money collected every year, and manage the business systematically. Unless a great change is made in the business management, the days of THE MUHLENBERG are numbered. They will be short and few.

Using the words of a preceeding editor: "May success crown the efforts of the incoming staff," we hope and trust THE MUHLENBERG MONTHLY in Greater Muhlenberg will not only become *better* but also *greater*.

Commencement Week Proceedings

SUNDAY, JULY 19th.

Baccalaureate Sermon. Preached in St. Michael's Evangelical Lutheran Church by Dr. Wackernagel, D.D., on the text as found in Romans 14:7 "None of us liveth to himself."

TUESDAY EVENING, JUNE 21st.

FRESHMEN PLAY.

The Freshmen in the presence of a large number of their friends presented the play "John Brag, Deceased" in the Lyric Theatre. They acquitted themselves well in their Thespian efforts and attained the usual standard of the Freshman plays. Following is the program :

JOHN BRAG, DECEASED.

Dramatis Personae.

John Brag, The Deceased,	*Oliver W. Nickum*
Artemus Gaunt, Brag's Secretary,	*Walter E. Schock*
Jack Schuyler, His Nephew,	*Harold K. Marks*
Blackstone Brief, His Lawyer,	*J. Myron Shimer*
Ceuphus Squills, His Doctor,	*Joseph S. Illick*
Donald McGurk, His Double,	*Arthur F. Gerberich*
New York Life, A Claim Adjusted,	*Jacob W. Bittner*
C. Sneeker, A Detective,	*Charles Ettinger*
Sergeant O'Hooligan,	*Jacob W. Bittner*
Serephina Brag, Brag's Wife,	*Harold L. Kuhns*
Ruby Brag, Pearl Brag, Sapphire Brag, — His Daughters,	*Wm. H. C. Lauer*, *Homer D. Leh*, *Russel C. Mauch*
Bonnie Chick, The Cause of it All,	*H. Leon Bridenbach*

SYNOPSIS.

Act 1—Library in Brag's Home. The Trouble Begins.
Act 2—Same as Act 1. The Trouble Continues.
Act 3—Garden in Front of Brag's Home. More Trouble.
Act 4—Same as Act 1. Trouble Ends.

COMMITTEES.

J. Myron Shimer, Manager.
Oliver W. Nickum, Asst. Manager.

H. Leon Breidenbach, Stage Manager.

EXECUTIVE—J. Myron Shimer, Oliver W. Nickum, Walter E. Schock.

PROGRAM—Walter E. Schock, Wm. H. C. Lauer, H. Leon Breidenbach, Joseph S. Illick.

PATRONESS—Oliver W. Nickum, Solomon J. Boyer, Jacob W. Bittner, Harold L. Kuhns, Harold K. Marks.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 22.

10 A. M.—JUNIOR ORATORICAL CONTEST.

Seven of the eighteen Juniors competed for the Clemmie L. Ulrich, prize of $25 in the Lyric Theatre. The music was furnished by Klingler's Orchestra. The order of exercises was as follows:

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

Music.
Prayer.
Music.

The American Indian, - *Harvey S. Kidd*
A Martyr to Truth, - - *Dallas H. Bastian*

Music

The Significance of True Greatness, *I. Howard Kern*
The Father of His Country, - *Claude Shankweiler*

Music

Unstoried Heroism, - *Frank H. Reiter*
The Eternal City, - *Robert H. Rosenberger*
A Race Problem, - - *William H. Kline*

Music
Benediction

---

2 P. M.—LITERARY REUNIONS.

Sophronian Program.

Opening Selection, - - *by Society*
Address of Welcome, - *Dr. Wackernagel*
Piano Solo, - - *Preston A. Barba*
Recitation, - - *Claude G. Shankweiler*
Hymn, - - - *by Society*
Recitation, - - *Robert Rosenberger*

Selection, - - - *Glee Club*
Impromptu speeches by Alumni and Guests, Refreshments.

EUTERPEAN PROGRAM.

Opening Song, - - *by Society*
Address of Welcome, - *Francis E. Reichard*
Recitation, - - *John D. M. Brown*
Song "Alma Mater," - - *by Society*
Speeches by Alumni and Guests. Refreshments.

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2 P. M.—BOARD OF TRUSTEES MEETING.

The annual session of the Board of Trustees occured on Wednesday at 2 p. m. They had a long and important meeting.

The newly elected Trustees, chosen by the Ministerium at its Philadelphia session in May are: Revs. Drs. Edward T. Horn, S. A. Repass, M. C. Horne and S. A. Ziegenfuss and Rev. W. D. C. Keiter; Judge G. A. Endlich, Reading; Edward M. Young, Colonel Harry C. Trexler and Dr. H. S. Seip, of Allentown; E. Augustus Miller, of Philadelphia.

These are the officers and committees of the Board: Rev. Dr. Repass, President; Rev. Dr. Ziegenfuss, Secretary; Rev. Dr. Cooper, Treasurer.

General Executive Committee—Rev. Dr. Repass, President; Rev. Dr. Ziegenfuss, Secretary; Reuben J. Butz, Rev. Dr. Cooper, Rev. Erb, Dr. H. S. Seip, Thomas Saeger, Rev. Dr. Schindel, E. M. Young and Rev. Keiter.

Examination Committee—Rev. Dr. Cooper, Rev. Erb, Rev. Keiter, Rev. Dr. Repass, Thomas W. Saeger, Rev. Dr. Schindel.

Committee on Degrees—Revs. Drs. Repass, Spieker, Schantz Horine and Schmauk.

Resolutions of sympathy were voted the family of Rev. Dr. J. A. Sweiss, of Philadelphia, who was a Trustee, and Rev. Dr. G. C. Haas, whose Sunday School picnic in New York last week became a horrible holocaust through the burning of the steamer.

Ambrose A. Kunkel, '99 Principle of the Tenth Ward schools, was elected Principal of the Academic Department.

W. H. Reese, M. S., of Philipsburg, was elected instructor in natural and applied sciences and Robert C. Horn '00 of Cambridge, Mass., instructor in Greek.

Treasurer C. J. Cooper presented his annual report showing, among others, these figures :

Permanent fund– Receipts, $99,480.17; expenditures, $93,-867.90; balance, $5612.27.

Endowment Fund—Total, $170,499.10.

Building Fund—Receipts, $82,375.82. The contracts amount to $164,586.46.

Current Fund—Receipts, $16,204.09; expenditures, $16.683.-58; deficit, $479.49.

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8 P. M. INAUGURATION OF REV. JOHN A. W. HAAS, D. D.

The many persons who thronged to the Lyric Theatre to view the formal installation of Dr. John A. W. Haas as fourth President of Muhlenberg College will always remember the impressive ceremony which attended it. The theatre was tastefully decorated with the college color. As a whole, the preceedings were followed with marked interest.

PROGRAM.

Music.

Hymn 248, Church Book.

Prayer, - *Rev. G. F. Krotel, D. D., LL. D.*

Delivery of the Charge and the Installation, *Rev. S. A. Repass, D. D.* President of the Board of Trustees.

Inaugural Address, - *President John A. W. Haas, D. D.*

Hymn 274, Church Book.

Greeting--Of the Evangelical Lutheran Ministerium of Pennsylvania and adjacent States by Rev. M. C. Horine, D. D. President.

Greeting--Of the Theological Seminary, Mt. Airy, Philadelphia, by Rev. Prof. Jacobs, D. D., LL. D., Dean of the Faculty.

Music.

Greetings—Of the University of Pennsylvania by Professor William A. Lamberton, A M., Litt. D.

Of Franklin and Marshall College by Acting President Joseph H. Dubbs, D. D., LL. D.

Of Lafayette College by President Rev. Ethelbert D. Warfield, LL. D.

Of Pennsylvania College by Rev. Philip M. Bikle, Ph. D. Dean of the Faculty.

Of Roanoke College by President James A. Morehead, D. D.
Of Lehigh University by Professor John L. Stewart, A. B. Ph. B.
Of State College by President George W. Atheton, LL. D.

Announcements.

Doxology.

Benediction, - Rev. Pollock, D. D.

Reception and Music.

BANQUET OF CLASS '99.

The first quin-quennial reunion and banquet of the class of 1899 was held at the Hotel Allen, Wednesday evening. Edward Raker, Esq., of Shamokin serving as Toastmaster. The following toasts were given.

"The Class of '99," Rev. W. J. Seiberling; "Our Wives," Ambrose Kunkle; "The First Reunion," James Berg; "Our Sweethearts," Rev. F. N. D. Buchman; "Greater Muhlenberg," L. W. Fritch; Prophecy," Willis Beck; "Our College Days, P. S. Trumbower.

THURSDAY, JUNE 23.

10 A. M.—THIRTY-SEVENTH COMMENCEMENT.

The Thirty-Seventh Annual Commencement was held for the class of 1904 in the Lyric Theatre on Thursday morning. The order of exercises of Commencement was as follows:

Music
Prayer
Music

Latin Salutatory - - *Norman Y. Ritter*

Music

"The Seasons"—What They Tell Us, *Mark L. Burger*
Misanthropy, - - - *John C. Fisher*

Music

Philosophical Oration, - - *Chas. Smith*
"The Ideal Citizen." - - *J. Franklin Kelle*

Music

German Oration, - - - *Horace Rtter*

Music

"A Great Empire," - - *Martin J. Swank*

"Problems Confronting Our Nation" - *Milton M. Dry*

Music

Valedictory, - - - *Daniel I. Sultzbach*

Music

Conferring of Degrees, - - *By the President*

Distribution of Prizes.

Announcements.

Benediction.

After the valedictory by authority of the Board of Trustees of the college, President Haas conferred the degree of Bachelor of Arts to the twenty-seven graduates and Bachelor of Sciences on Mr. Rentzheimer.

Dr. Thomas Leidy Rhoads, who entered the college in 1887 and left in his Junior year to study medicine, was given the degree of Bachelor of Arts. He is a United States army surgeon at San Francisco, and his wife, *nee* Frances N. Kohler, died a week ago.

These degrees were conferred in course:

M. A.—Leidy B. Heist, '99, Limeport; Charles H. Reagle, ,99, Perth Amboy, N. J.; Arthur G. Beck, '00, Allentown; Robert C. Horn, '00, Cambridge Mass.; also on these of the class of '01; Rev. Allen L. Benner, Shoenersville; Wm. P. Fetherolf, Kempton; Fred P. Reagle, Hokendauqua; Geo. K. Rubrecht, Philadelphia; Rev. Irwin O. Schell, Allentown; Rev. John A. Schofer, East Greenville; Howard E. Shimer, Nazareth; Rev. Hiram F. Seiger, Eckert; Rev. Edward J. Wackernagle, Allentown; Rev. S. Martin Wenrich, Reinhold's; J. Howard Worth, Lancaster.

M. S.—Dr. Wm. A. Hausman, Jr., '99, Allentown.

The college bestowed but two honorary degrees this year, namely:

D. D.—Rev. Wilhelm Proehl, President of Wartburg Theological Seminary, Dubuque, Iowa.

Litt. D.—Col. Thomas C. Zimmerman, editor of the Reading Times.

The following prizes were announced:

Amos Ettinger medal, for the highest average grade in the Senior class, to Daniel I. Sultzbach, of Elizabethville.

Clemmie L. Ulrich oratorical prize in the Junior class, to Claude G. Shankweiler of Allentown.

Sophomore Class—Biological prize of $10, to John B. Schneller, of Catasauqua.

Freshman Class—Biological prize of $10, to Solomon J. Boyer, of Allentown.

Physical Culture Prizes—General, $10, to G. Luther Weibel of Bowmansville, a Junior. Freshman, $5 to Wm. H. C. Lauer, of East Mauch Chunk, with honorable mention to Chas. W. Ettinger, of Allentown.

German Oratorical Prizes—Sophomores, Preston A. Barba, of Allentown; John D. M. Brown, of Lebanon, and Willie S. Dry, of New Jerusalem; Freshmen, Jacob W. Bittner, Allentown; Charles W. Ettinger, Allentown,and Russel C. Mauch, of Hellertown.

The committee for the Junior oratorical prize was W. K. Mohr, '85, Allentown; Rev. J. O. Liebensperger, '84, South Bethlehem, and Rev. J. A. Scheffer, '72, Allentown.

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2 P. M. CONSECRATION OF ADMINSITRATION BUILDING.

PROGRAM.

The officiating Ministers, Board of Trustees, Faculty, Alumni, Students and friends went in procession to the front entrance. Rev. M. C. Horine, D. D., the President of the Evangelical Lutheran Ministerium of Pennsylvania and adjacent States leading in the service.

Our help is in the Name of the Lord.

Who made heaven and earth.

Let us Pray.

Direct us, O Lord, in all our doings, with thy most gracious favor, and further us with Thy continual help, that in all our works, begun, continued, and ended in Thee, we may glorify Thy holy Name, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

Then was said responsively:

Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up ye everlasting doors;

And the King of Glory shall come in.

Who is this King of Glory?

The Lord, strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors

And the King of Glory shall come in.

Who is this King of Glory ?

The Lord of hosts, He is the King of Glory.

The contractors Messrs. Ritter and Smith handed the key to the President of the Board of Trustees who handed it to the President of the College, who opened the door, saying:

Peace be to this house,

And to all that enter therein.

Almighty and everlasting God, Who through Thy Son, the Chief Cornerstone, joinest together all believers, and buildest for Thyself a spiritual House; Let Thy favor be upon this house, which, we have built for Thy glory, to be a memorial to Thy Name, a dwelling place for Thine honor, and a House of Instruction for Thy people. Accept it, O Lord, as Thine own, and visit it with Thy Holy Presence, to the end that our going in and our coming out may be blessed, from this time forth, even for evermore; through Jesus Christ our Lord and Saviour. *Amen.*

The procession moved slowly into the chapel where the services were continued by Rev. O. E. Pflueger, English Secretary of the Ministerium, leading:

Psalm 122.

I was glad when they said unto me, let us go into the house of the Lord.

Our feet shall stand within Thy gates, O Jerusalem.

Jerusalem is builded as a city that is compact together.

Whither the tribes go up.

The tribes of the Lord, unto the testimony of Israel,

To give thanks, unto the Name of the Lord.

For there are set thrones of judgement, the thrones of the house of David.

Pray for the peace of Jerusalem.

They shall prosper that love Thee.

Peace be within thy walls,

And prosperity within thy palaces.

For my brethren and companion's sake I will now say, Peace be within thee.

Because of the house of the Lord our God I will seek thy good.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.
As it was the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

The lesson– King's 8:22-30 To be read by Rev H. A. Weller
Of Orwigsburg, Treasurer of the Ministerium.

Prayer

Consecration Act, President John A. W. Hass, D. D.
And now, we do set apart and consecrate this Edifice of the Evangelical Lutheran Church for the Christian education of the young and the advancement of all useful knowledge; in the Name of the Father, and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, *Amen. Amen. Amen.*

The Lord's Prayer.

The procession reformed and repaired to the grove where the services were concluded.

Music.

Hymn 633, Church Book.

Address, - Rev. Theodore E. Schmauk, D. D.,
Of Lebanon, Pa., President of the General Council of the Evangelical Lutheran Church in North America.

Address, - - Rev. Nathan C. Schaeffer, D. D.
Of Harrisburg, Pa., Superintendent of Public Instruction.

Offering.

Music.

Address, - - - Hon. Frank M. Trexler, '79,
Of Allentown, Pa., Judge of the Courts of Lehigh County.

Address, - - Elmer E. Johnson, M. D., '85,
Of Philadelphia.

Address, - - Rev. Oliver P. Smith, D. D., '71,
Of Pottstown.

Address, - Prof. Edgar Dubs Shimer, Ph. D., '74,
Assistant Superintendent of Schools of the City of New York.

Hymn 627, Church Book.

Benediction.

THE NEW INSTRUCTORS.

At the recent meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Muhlenberg College, Prof. Wm. H. Reese was elected Instructor in Chemistry and Physics, and Prof. Robert Chisolm Horn, Instructor in the Greek language and literature. Ambrose A.

Kunkle, son of Rev. George G. Kunkle, has been elected principal of the Academic Department. Prof. Reese is at present teacher of the Natural Sciences and Vice Principal of the High School of Philipsburg, N. J. He is a native of Allentown, but when he was a child his parents removed to Philipsburg. He graduated with the degree of Ph. B. at Lafayette College in 1896, and three years later took the degree of M. S. Ever since his graduation he has been connected with the High School at Phillipsburg, where he has proved himself inspiring and successful teacher. Those connected with the school testify to his eminent qualifications and their regret at losing him. He was first brought to the notice of the college by Rev. Joseph Stump, of Philipsburg, and the recommendation was seconded by Rev. John C. Seegers, of Easton. He is highly commended by Prof. Davidson, of Lafayette, whose book Mammalian Anatomy Mr. Reese illustrated.

Prof. Horn, son of Rev. Dr. E. T. Horn, of Reading, is a native of Charleston, S. C. He graduated from the High School of his native city with the highest honors winning the Peabody medal for general scholarship and an honorary scholarship in the College of the city of Charleston, in which he spent one year. In 1897 he entered the Sophomore Class at Muhlenberg, graduating in 1900 with second honor. He then spent a year in post-graduate study at John Hopkins University. He taught Ancient and Modern Languages for two years in the North Carolina Military Academy with very great success. He has spent the last year at Harvard in special study of Greek Philology, his courses covering the authors demanded by the curriculum of Muhlenberg, and has won the degree of M. A. with distinction. Prof. Horn was not an applicant for the position, but among the candidates, was named by the professors at Harvard (without his knowledge) as "the very man for the place," to whom "no task had ever been that he did not fulfill beyond expectation."

Mr. Kunkle is a graduate of Muhlenberg College, Class of '99, where he distinguished himself as a faithful student, taking one of the honors of his class. He has since been connected with the Allentown public schools, being principal of the Tenth Ward Schools in which capacity he has showed himself to be a capable and inspiring teacher. He is believed by those who know his record as a teacher to be the very man needed to bring new

life and inspiration to the department of which he is chosen head. Mr. Kunkle is married to a daughter of George J. Koch, the shoe dealer. He is President of the Central Luther League of the Allentown Lutheran Conference.—*Allentown City Item.*

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